

Anthea

"Chatter Of The Tube"

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It speaks and grows within
It teaches and gives different views
Opening the fields of the mind
Training the muscles of the thought
Breeding the unborn wise man
It burns and screams inside
It melts and turns to ashes
Closing the doors of knowledge

Leaving all hopes behind
Climbing the stairs of mediocrity
As these ancient yellowed papers perish in flames
A lonely old wise man dies and no one cares
Helping him would be a criminal act
Swarming in new age
Getting it wide and loud
Blistering flashing picture
Hypnotizing howling screen
The chat goes on and on
Saying nothing but words of emptiness
The tube born from the newest technologies
Full of sounds and pictures
It tells you the latest news
But leaves us empty inside

Chatter of the tube...

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