

## Arena "Moviedrome"

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Stay down!

Like a shadow in a hallway

Watching all the blues and greens

As I hide from the glare of a monitor screen

Run fast!

Like a shadow in a subway

Try to remain unseen

As I hide from the glare of the T.V. screen

We're all sucked in

Part of the core collective

We're all dragged in

Blind to the cause we've been selected for...Elected for

Stand still!

Like a ghost in the firewall

Watching all the blues and greens

As I listen to the rhythm of the fax machine

What will I be when winter comes again?

And we're wrapped up in furs, and life has begun again

And it hurts to be away from you

From the world you made so well

What will I be when the summer comes once more?

And we're naked and weak in the eye of the sun once more

We're all sucked in...

"Leave it on the net" demands the optimist

"No room for slaves to high tech reform"

Maybe there's a way to save the pessimist

He could make it to the hills and ride out the storm

"Formulas are set" declares the analyst

"This is the road for everyone"

Maybe we can hide, continue to exist

With a crate of bottled water and a sawn off shot gun

Try to survive - Don't look into his eyes

Try to stay alive - Don't look into his dead, dead eyes

You can send me codes  
From the safety of a chat room  
In your grey ether clothes  
I have looked into your soul  
Looked into your soul!

I'm sitting with my head in the radiogram  
Waiting for some sign of a ghost or a little green man  
Glued to the glowing of a sun behind the plastic hood  
And the bass heavy tones  
That ooze from the pores in the wood  
Oh no...I can't go there again  
Oh no...Was this ever meant to be?

I'm sitting on the floor with the book in my hand  
Dreaming of the world in a way that only children can  
And I listen for the emanating sounds from the hidden  
choirs  
The message in the radiant valves and red hot wires  
Oh no...I can't go there again  
Oh no...Was this ever meant to be?

To think it has come to this  
Ruled by indifference  
Underlying waves of doubt  
Such arrogant self reliance  
Too far we have traveled out  
Nervous in our sentience  
Ordinary people  
Objects and events  
Now is a time of foolish fears  
Emotions run high and needless tears are shed

He has the face of a friend  
And shall reach across the world into every home  
We invite him in and offer no defense  
And with every given soul he reaches for his throne  
He has the face of an Angel  
As he leads us in the dance  
Until we find ourselves...alone!

So we're standing in the Moviedrome  
Staring at the shadows and the falling lights  
Prisoners forever in the Moviedrome  
Letting all the pictures be the  
Guide to our fragile lives  
Did we ever really learn?  
Did we never really learn?  
The human race has found it's own true home  
The dwelling places of these high tech lies

The few that see the world beyond the Moviedrome  
Must march on through the wilderness  
Of fantasy, false images, and pride

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