

## Braintax

### "Future Ghost"

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Braintax:

We lost touch, wish I didn't think so much  
What we had's now faded way beyond my clutch  
Drifted off with the wind, warm breeze through big  
streets  
Summer time in the city but I feel weak  
The air's thick round Oxford St., fountains running by  
Centre Point  
where we used to meet  
It's all changed now since they paved the roads  
And closed the area to traffic cos when bombs explode  
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Cars cause havoc  
Meanwhile, in the area around Piccadilly where I first  
caught malaria  
For 5 years we felt the temperature soar  
Caught a stale water droplet off a roof on my bottom lip  
You can feel the air thick around your body  
The sun looks hazy, enough to drive me crazy  
Stop! Wait! Somebody quick I feel sick  
There's poison in the air you need to get me fixed up  
No food or drink please, I'll only sick it up  
No credit down the oxygen shop, I'll have to stick it up!  
There's something not quite right though  
Politicians let it go and let it grow, now the fog glows  
Kinda eerie, the tourist trade dried up,  
The Japanese are home all wired-up - virtual holidays  
So why the f#@k d'you want to come here ?  
It's 2052 you could put a headset on and disappear  
Who me? I'm just passing,  
Paying homage to my loved ones who were struck  
down in action  
Like Lee and Lisa who were hi-tech geniuses  
They robbed banks to fund the rallies for air rights  
Sabotaged the building of the London Roof  
Lee fell from a crane and maimed Lisa on the way  
down  
Freefall, screaming their slogan - "Tear the roof off !"  
They scraped up the bodies for whatever that was  
proof off

It's like The Day of the Triffids, the day the virus took a grip  
Worse than AIDS, reminiscent of the plague in 26  
And still throughout the city I can feel the devastation  
Headed to the airport, beggars at the train station  
Can't accost me, they can't see me just my reflection  
I scare souls setting off the sniffer dogs  
Messin up the x-ray detection I move unseen  
Untouchable spectre still I feel unclean  
Shanty towns fly by like spots of colour  
Corrugated iron makes a comeback this summer  
Heathrow looks grim, fields of tents  
And families who can't remember if they came or went  
Hold my heaven-breath here cos I smell the scent  
H2O changed formula and floods the gents in terminal  
4  
I pick through the mouldy floor  
I've seen enough here, going on my global tour  
So my plane takes off from the sickly smoke  
It's just me, other ghosts and bunch of rich folk  
On the last flight, heading off to die in peace  
And see sunshine, I guess we'll all soon meet  
As the air pressure changed I could feel the sense  
Of the water on my neck dripping down through the  
vents  
I feel strange - something's wrong here!  
Acid rain, cold as ice, see me slumped in the seat  
Wondering how I died twice!?

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