

Braintax

"Futureghost"

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Braintax:

We lost touch, wish I didn't think so much
What we had 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 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 do 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
Cant 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
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I pick through the mouldy floor
Ive seen enough here, going on my global tour
So my plane takes off from the sickly smoke
Its just me, other ghosts and bunch of rich folk
On the last flight, heading off to die in peace
And see sunshine, I guess well 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 - somethings wrong here!
Acid rain, cold as ice, see me slumped in the seat
Wondering how I died twice!?

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