

## **Dismemberment Plan "Memory Machine"**

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Red wire: right temple  
Black wire: left temple  
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Black wire: left temple  
There are times I think eternal life ain't such a bad gig  
Smoke all you want and see the planets  
If and only if they find a way to cure the longing  
The distant panic  
Someday, I'm telling you  
They'll make a memory machine  
To wax our hearts to a blinding sheen  
To wash away the grief  
Someday, I'm telling you  
They'll make a memory machine  
To wax our hearts to a blinding sheen  
To wash away the grief  
There are folks that say to have a soul you've got to  
suffer  
Well lately I've had my RDA of that  
And call it fascist but I know that someday happy  
Will be all that matters  
Someday, I'm telling you  
They'll make a memory machine

To wax our hearts to a blinding sheen  
To wash away the grief  
Someday, I'm telling you  
They'll make a memory machine  
To wax our hearts to a blinding sheen  
To wash away the grief  
Poetry, Aldous Huxley's "yeah, yeah, yeah, it'll  
be a relief  
If they can make machines to save us labor  
Someday they'll do our hearts the very same favor  
The wails of ruined lives brought to a halt  
By the serene hum of computers in air-conditioned  
vaults  
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