

Factory Of Art

"Luddite Joe"

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Speeding through landscapes stopping for no one
Cutting the air not avoiding the coastline
Don't stop for breath there's no point in breathing
There's dust on your face but it dries up the bleeding

Can you hear me
Are you receiving
Hello, hello this is Luddite Joe
Calling MAYDAY, calling MAYDAY

Scanning the bandwidth frequency skipping
Pinning your hopes on an effigy of yourself
Deus ex machina is the wind that controls you
There's a gun in your mouth but you're frightened to use it

Can you hear me
Do you receive me
Hello, hello this is Luddite Joe
Calling MAYDAY, calling MAYDAY

Watching and waiting nightfall to daybreak
The screen is your window, white noise and fading
Your sex is your own, gotta make do with yourself
How long have you got, better face the facts there's no one else

Can you hear me
Are you receiving
Hello, hello this is Luddite Joe
Calling MAYDAY, calling MAYDAY

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