

Genesis

"The Grand Parade Of Lifeless Packaging"

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When all this revolution is over, he sits down on a highly polished floor while his dizziness fades away. it is an empty modern hallway and the dreamdoll saleslady sits at the reception desk. wi Prompting she goes into her rap: this is the grand parade of lifeless packaging, those you are about to see are all in for servicing, except for a small quantity of our new product, in th Ond gallery. it is all the stock required to cover the existing arrangements of the enterprise. different batches are distributed to area operators, and there are plenty of opportunities for the E investor. they stretch from the costly care-conditioned to the most reasonable mal-nutritioned. we find here that everyones looks become them. except for the low market mal-nutritioned, each Ovided with a guarantee for a successful birth and trouble free infancy. there is however only a small amount of variable choice potential - not too far from the mean differential. you see, the Has predetermined the limits of ac Tion of any group of packages, but individuals may move off the path if their diversions are counter-balanced by others.

Its the last great adventure left to mankind
- screams a drooping lady
Offering her dreamdolls at less than extortionate prices,
And as the notes and coins are taken out
Im taken in, to the factory floor.

For the grand parade of lifeless packaging
- all ready to use
The grand parade of lifeless packaging
- I just need a fuse.

Got people stocked in every shade,
Must be doing well with trade.
Stamped, addressed, in odd fatality.
That evens out their personality.
With profit potential marked by a sign,

I can recognise some of the production line,
No bite at all in labour bondage,
Just wrinkled wrappers or human bandage.

Grand parade of lifeless packaging
- all ready to use
Its the grand parade of lifeless packaging
- I just need a fuse.

As he wanders along the line of packages, rael notices
a familiarity in some of their faces. he finally comes
upon some of the members of his old gang and
worries about his own safety. running o
Rough the factory floor, he catches sight of his brother
john with a number 9 stamped on his forehead.

The hall runs like clockwork
Their hands mark out the time;
Empty in their fullness
Like a frozen pantomime.
Everyones a sales representative
Wearing slogans in their shrine.
Dishing out failsafe superlative,
Brother john is no. 9.

Its the grand parade of lifeless packaging
- all ready to use
Its the grand parade of lifeless packaging
- I just need a fuse.

The decor on the ceiling
Has planned out their future day
I see no sign of free will,
So I guess I have to pay,
Pay my way,
For the grand parade...
Its the grand parade of lifeless packaging
- all ready to use
Its the grand parade of lifeless packaging
- I just need a fuse.

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