

## Coverdale/Page

# "Technical Excess"

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Dancing on the edge of time  
Don't realise what's coming up  
'Til our days the Human race - was undercover  
Out of reach out of approach - Devine  
The human substance - Godnesslike - under shelter  
Attacked by high technology

Genious authority - Attack your personality  
Existence out of microchips - no error  
Censorship without a risk - Great  
Sacrifice idenity - Gone forever  
To control democracy - High tech

Technical Excess - Infernal Fate  
Technical Excess - Elaborate

No Mental reflex control - eliminated heart and soul  
Conversation digital - Indicator - Exchangeable  
community  
Monitors for observation - dictators  
Cancel high tech celebration - Quiet right

Technical Excess - Infernal Fate  
Technical Excess - Elaborate

Here is your command for the next few days  
Everything you gotta do  
Monitors keep watching and lead you through The  
jungle of your life

We Don't want to be part of your inconsiderate,  
constucted world  
No more synthetic, dogmatic rules  
Layed down by Electronic fools

No decision left, No compromise  
You are the underdog  
Accept you're a number in this game  
No break out, no escape

We don't want to be victims of your computerized

dictated law  
No more admiration for high tech  
We are heading for the human rack

[1st solo: Frank]  
[2nd solo: Rene]  
[3rd solo: Frank]  
[4th solo: Rene]

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