

## North Lincoln "Satellite"

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Have we disgraced our modern face or just reality?  
A nation full of idiots and computer screens.  
Dial up connections instead of family,  
Surrogate mothers a digital reality.  
We are breathing in our fumes of our own  
consumption.  
Are we cellular or satellite going global?  
A broken feed, an absent source of information.  
This broken chord has lost it's soul and lost it's signal,  
And it really feels like were going no where.  
Satellite dreams are broadcast on Technicolor screens,  
But all I have is a radio tonight.  
We are so much better then this.

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