

David Sylvian

"Random Acts Of Senseless Violence"

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Under yellow light
Comes the face of tomorrow
Lights the fuse
Gives meaning to
All that was previously hollow

To a soundtrack of sirens
And mute aspiration
The express train to Heathrow
First of the morning
Is leaving the station

Our reckless sun rises
On the tip of the iceberg
Hidden in plain sight
Still alive and full of surprises
A generation gone soft
Over new acquisitions, that can't take the edge off

I've put away my childish things
Abandoned my silence too
For the future will contain
Random acts of senseless violence

The target's hit will be non-specific
We'll roll the numbers play with chance
All suitable locations unplanned in advance

Someone's back kitchen, stacked like a factory
With improvised devices, there's bound to injuries
With improvised devices...

No phone-ins, no courtesy, no kindness
And the future will contain
Random acts of senseless violence

And it's not just the boredom
It's something endemic
It's the fear of disorder
Stretched to its limits

And the safety of numbers is just a contrivance

For the future will contain
Random acts of senseless violence

Democracy is very...
Democracy is very, very...

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