

## **Horrorshow "Inside Story"**

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It's like something just over the horizon,  
wanna take a walk, maybe see what we can find,  
look long and hard, look near and far,  
but above all things remember always look inside,

listen in into these words from a citizen of earths  
surface, lets try and rewire the circuits, determine the  
purpose  
meanwhile i'm striving for perfect but homie perfect  
takes practice, and im finding these days and times  
i'm always so damn distracted,

They hit you like, shop here, wear this, want this, love  
this, be this, buy this, buy that,  
log in, sign up, tune in, click here, watch this, read up,  
write back,

so much too know, and so many things to own,  
tv in your home and your mobile phone make sure that  
your never really alone  
and its pathetic, like a global epidemic,  
attention span so fragmented,  
so addicted to being connected,  
we now getting updates by the second,  
got us all time wasting,  
enough myspace and facebook prime for the taking,  
but the whole world look, getting high on information.

post-generation y babies they call them the digital  
natives, hide behind their monitors,  
this technology kills imagination, excuse my cynicism,  
But a world where every kids best friend is a computer,  
is a system failure headed for an apathetic future.

just a few centuries back they made maps of a flat  
world by candle light  
now the whole worlds at your fingertips, map right  
down to your street by satellite,  
so advanced from where we started its all so  
complexified,  
brand names buy ad-space in your mind, but they'll  
never get whats inside.

I wasn't there when they wrote the rules, but I do my  
best to follow them in this world of machines, we  
starving for oxygen  
all I can offer is these words that I write and I only give  
them what I know so I give them what's inside

said I wasn't there when they wrote the rules, but I do  
my best to follow them in this world of machines, we  
starving for oxygen,  
where were you the day that humanity died, searching  
for signs of life to reconnect with what's inside

Somewhere there's a room full of men in suits looking  
up at rows of numbers,  
terrified by the red in the eyes, as arrows point down  
from the pressure their under,

They say we might drown in our own greediness, living  
beyond our means, chasing dreams that we learn off  
MTV cribs

look at what we did, smog fills the sky and the cars line  
up at the servo, and I can't help but think to myself this  
can't be the way it was supposed to go

on the nightly news floods and bushfires, earthquakes  
and tidal waves, temperatures rising, army's fighting,  
bombs go off and sirens blaze  
we just trying to get by and occupy our spot on the  
timeline,  
so we change the channel to sex, drugs and violence  
program for prime time,  
sit back in our chairs as a living room employerism, as  
reality TV turns all of life into a competition,

airbrushed magazine pages give us false idols to  
worship, got us all so depressed, we can't live up to  
picture perfect,  
sometimes I just want to unplug and go back to basics,  
and I wonder what my story might have been like  
somewhere else in history's pages,

but here we stand, sons and daughters of colonialism  
crossed over water just to be making our homes on  
stolen land, and me,  
I don't know the plan, i'm just here to play my part, do  
my thing, walk my path, fork my shit, make my mark, I  
swear I want to make a difference from the bottom of  
my heart,  
but I don't how to fix it, man, I wouldn't know where to

start, so advanced from where we started, images of  
the production line, we out of touch with what's inside,

I wasn't there when they wrote the rules,  
but I do my best to follow them in this world of  
machines, we starving for oxygen,  
all I can offer is these words that I write and I only give  
them what I know so I give them what's inside,

said I wasn't there when they wrote the rules, but I do  
my best to follow them in this world of machines, we  
starving for oxygen,  
where were you the day that humanity died, searching  
for signs of life to reconnect with what's inside.

Lyrics written out by Henri Rutherford

Corrected by Jack Mason

"sit back in our chairs as a living room employerism, as  
reality TV turns all of life into a competition,"

needs correction.

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