

Pieta Brown

"Information"

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I saw the local cable company
They came and dug up the road
They cut the roots and killed the tree
To give me information overload
They laid an optical vein with a heart of glass
So the rich infuse but the poor are bypassed
No need to qualify distinction
Of any creature if alive or in extinction
Somebody gifted with a scanner and a keypad
Can rustle up an animal in cyberspace and time dad
Can it be as really real as takarazuka
A message that is subtle as a kiss from a bazooka
Come into the water don't be scared of a varrucha
Erase that from your mind the bottom line is filthy lucre
They're going to give you
Information
They want to put in formation
Is it a cause for celebration a non creative re-creation
If you're virtually hungry eat a virtual meal
If you're virtually sick then do the virtual heal
With a virtual brain invent a virtual wheel
You're a virtual slave but the kneeling is real

We're going for a swin in someone else's
Stream of consciousness and I hope that
We don't drown

A change of perception
Under pain of deception
Latest stab into modernity
Chew the flavour of eternity
How does anyone else feel
Who can tell me what's the real deal
Will the glove and goggle free you
Or put your consciousness in turfew

No need to answer any question
The mass of inFORMation giving mental indigestion
Somebody lacking internet without a modem
Is waiting for the chance of overrating what you show
them

Can it be as really real as waking in a fever
Asleep in a dream that's advertising Unilever
Come into the universe of corporate dementia
Where everybody swaps their teeth for permanent
indenture

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