

Pigface

"Binary Stream"

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This is a tale spun straight out of my binary core. This is a vision of my world seen through membranous eyes. This is the oceans filled with technicolor nuclear fish, their mutated metal scales riveted together, glowing iridescent in the pitch-dark depths deep below the steel-belted skies. This is a 122,000 line, dense pixel-field, million-gig of escalators ascending and descending endlessly, shuttling through soaring mega-monuments of tinted glass, mingling subterranean with the worm-hole subway tunnels, underground walkways and maintenance channels, forming a sprawling interconnected warren of damp floro-tube bright veins and hustling faceless humanity, clogged arteries slowly choking and dying, packed and swarming at all hours with sweating hoards, sightless and colourless, moving by program alone.

This is grey skies dense with a patchwork of contrails, the inter-lacing lines that score the sky, that's how you know this is a major nexus. Mid-air collisions flash across the firmament in angry oranges and hot-white black smoke plumes coiling up from strangled wreckage. This is the unfamiliar sky gone faceless once again. The heavens a gritty sagging underbelly, static coloured the same way every day, all day long until it gives over to a burning, jaundiced yellow night, limp and heavy with moisture, keening with sirens and shouting alarms. This is the night air, a foul, backed-up drain, its water slick with oil and plastic and flotsam. This is my poisonous world, endlessly dripping from up above, outlined in chalk from below. Guard in Heaven patrols the electrified fences.

The world is over heated by the mass of televisions and microwave ovens and radio waves and com-sats strung like fuse-burned Christmas lights overhead. Millions of broadcast waves breaking over the globe. We've burned the wings off of angels with our molten heat mobile phones and laptops cross-jamming each-other's frequencies, shuddering, juddering, shivering activity. Everything is moving so fast that if you stand still on the metal-plate platforms you can feel the vibration of tectonic motion.

Safety locks, bolting and unbolting in the flow, the

hissing of their decompression keeps me awake at night. It's the sound of blood passing through the fibrous veins of the world. It's the vibration of information in quantum growth. It's the sound of thought reaching light speed. It's the loneliest sound I've ever heard.

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