

## The Heads

### "451"

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A thought can be a prison cell  
The past has no truth to tell  
A thought can be an atom bomb  
But it will burn at fourfiveone  
A thought can be dangerous  
Protect the people from themselves  
A thought can be a loaded gun  
But it will burn at fourfiveone

It will burn at fourfiveone

A thought can be criminal  
Suppress the individual  
A thought can be a mother's son  
But he will burn at fourfiveone  
A thought can be the enemy  
Betrayer of "the family"  
A thought leads to another one  
But they will burn,,, they all will burn...

Firemen who start fires  
Are you happy?

Watching the walls  
Locking the doors  
Taking the pills  
It'll all be over soon...  
Watching the screens  
Counting the sheep  
Faking the smile  
It'll all be over soon...

White pages burning black  
The jets are overhead  
The clock is turning back  
Tock.. tick... tock...

Pretty holes in rows  
All lined up in nice neat rows  
Drowning in the glow  
Drowning in the deep blue glow

It kills you so slow  
So slow that you don't even notice  
All the lines you tow  
All the dreams that you let go

Firemen who start fires  
Firemen who start fires  
Firemen who start fires  
Purify! Purify!

Are you happy?

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