

On Fire

"Neon Dreams, Glass Fibre Friends"

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Swallowed by the flood of redundancy
What's glooming in the dark was built up from
Debris, dreams are cheap when the neon's bright,
plunge deep into the night
The laser light, find a way to unhide
Cuts it down to size

Common sense or common hell
Which one is for real?

An overflow of goods and graces, a time bomb
On the loose, makes them suffer from starvation for an
image to pursue
Ideas are found in excavating, dig up former years
from stardom into oblivion
The boredom reappears

Neon dreams, reality on the run
Glass fibre friends, artificial sense
The fun has just begun

Guidance through life by helping hands from
cyberfriends, golden opportunities
Second lives to simulate ingenuity

Common sense and common hell
Have never been so near

Neon dreams, reality's on the run
Glass fibre friends, artificial sense
The fun has just begun

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