

On Fire

"Optic Thrill"

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(Now you see me, now you don't)

Welcome to the town, where walls have ears
And clouds have sight, round here the sun
Shines bright, both day and night
If you need sleep, put wool over your eyes, enjoy the
purpose of highstandard life
Define your comfort zone, cause when I get too close I
can just zoom out

Is there a place left that is unseen
Are we aware of real and unreal
We are imprisoned in our homes
Victims of optic thrills
The awkward sense of constant stare
From satellites up in the air
Erase me when you're done
It's always power over will...

Outside our homes, a virtual world
Where all that glitters is not gold
That's what I'm told, by those who behold
And control us over the shoulder
Feed them fear to keep it calm, why allow them to walk
if they also can crawl
And for those who will resist, proof is on microfilm

I've never been scared to be left behind, when my ears
went deaf and my eyes turned blind
Static noise came to be
The sound of total liberty

The awkward sense of constant stare
From satellites up in the air
Proof is on microfilm
We feed on optic thrills

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