

Innocent Changes

"Icarus"

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Watch the man of science working
See him twist and torture life
Just dissecting, never carving
Wields his scalpel like a knife

See the social planners planning
How to bend us to their mold
For our own good they'll direct us
All they're asking is control

Icarus your wings are melting
never will you reach the sun
Thought you feel your spirit free soaring
Your proud wings shall come undone
Your proud wings shall come undone

See the test-tube babies forming
All alike in even rows
Mutant robots in the making
Numbered tags upon their toes

For the dictocrats convenience
See them catalogue our lives
Hear computer giants ticking
Thought police control our lives

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