

Verso 2

like daydreams, we need not to be  
we die  
and won't return... turn back...  
- I feel Real -

► **I, Android**

I, android  
beside naked steel suns  
will serve humane plans  
berserker within thought  
let us not ignore  
the brain's a machine  
you know the last to die  
but the dream will remain  
Hello, so here am I  
model n# 5  
admire this machinery  
you're looking at eternity  
I, android  
will build you a world  
larger than life  
you'll walk in innocent  
I, assassin  
I'll be your Mother, I know you need  
I'll speak and create you anew  
first will be my verb  
rumours here to be to verb  
do I make you dream?  
all dreams I'd make  
would be sterile for you  
you may cry  
you've all lost  
like young flesh  
your Heaven's dead  
Keep your Remembrances  
keep your Norms  
keep your dreams for you  
that's all there is, really  
young plastic boys

love soaking into organic  
saying: "if you know how to die,  
and could you really lie to me, please"  
there are no Final Reasons  
you should've tried me  
tell me: "Do my dream"  
you would anyway  
I'll be your mirror  
with no face and no name  
I've seen everything  
please don't switch me off  
turn me on, it's time for  
posthumous invocations  
tell me: "do The Priest"  
see the past exist  
Here one only lies  
in this shadow theatre  
these ghosts in my memory...  
and in memories I'd end  
and this dream gone  
nothing means  
anything  
anything

I, android

I...

► **Dream Makers**

where are the Dream Makers?  
where are the Dream Makers... now?  
pictures in blue and white  
I watch the clock and wish... you here

I remember every name  
I remember every face  
I remember every word  
I won't forget anything

Where are the Dream Makers?  
Where are those Wonderful Years... there?



I feel I haven't changed, I  
Can't trade Old Dreams for New... without you

I remember every place  
I remember every song  
I remember every whisper  
I won't forget anything  
... where are the Dream Makers  
where are the Good Ol' Times - now?  
I sit and wait all day  
I watch the sea and dream away...

I remember the Old Days  
I remember how we were - then  
I remember the Good Times  
I can't forget anything

► **We're On Automatic**

we're on automatic  
and the radios play  
some old love song tune  
we're on automatic  
there's nothing to say  
there's nothing to do  
I regret things sometimes  
What do speakers say?  
They say:  
"...ah what a Brave New World!  
oh such a Brave New..."  
we're on automatic  
and the videos show  
some old love film scene  
we're on automatic  
there's nothing to think  
there's nothing to feel  
I regret things sometimes  
What do adverts say?  
They say:  
"...ah what a Brave New World!

oh such a Brave New..."  
... it's a Brave New World  
and the Orpheans sing  
some Gregorian chant  
"Deus, Deus meus"  
Oh such a perfect world  
and the Dream Pol's chant  
some machine-made slogan  
"we're on automatic"

► **America**

am I real?!

I've heard this nonsense before  
fancy this  
they say I'm so 'romantic'  
they're making  
a brand new 'dream' pollution-test  
is that it?  
they could deny life for real  
look out!  
who's real?  
you fear my soul  
you fear my soul apart  
are they real?  
they're looking for 'America'  
look at me  
I'm sending sound emotion  
'on the air'  
they're singing "I'm on Broadway"  
that's OK, huh...  
'verb' adds to consume "The World"  
what world?  
who's real?  
who's real, now?  
you fear my soul  
you fear my soul apart  
... stop...

