

# The Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging

## Genesis

When all this revolution is over, he sits down on a highly polished floor while his dizziness fades away. It is an empty modern hallway and the dreamdoll saleslady sits at the reception desk. Without prompting she goes into her rap: "This is the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging, those you are about to see are all in for servicing, except for a small quantity of our new product, in the second gallery. It is all the stock required to cover the existing arrangements of the enterprise. Different batches are distributed to area operators, and there are plenty of opportunities for the large investor. They stretch from the costly care-conditioned to the most reasonable mal-nutritioned. We find here that everyone's looks become them. Except for the low market mal-nutritioned, each is provided with a guarantee for a successful birth and trouble free infancy. There is however only a small amount of variable choice potential - not too far from the mean differential. You see, the roof has predetermined the limits of ac

tion of any group of packages, but individuals may move off the path if their diversions are counter-balanced by others." "It's the last great adventure left to mankind"

- Screams a drooping lady

offering her dream dolls at less than extortionate prices,

and as the notes and coins are taken out

I'm taken in, to the factory floor.for the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging

- All ready to use

the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging

- I just need a fuse.Got people stocked in every shade,

Must be doing well with trade.

Stamped, addressed, in odd fatality.

That evens out their personality.

With profit potential marked by a sign,

I can recognize some of the production line,

No bite at all in labor bondage,

Just wrinkled wrappers or human bandage.Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging

- All ready to use

it's the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging

- I just need a fuse.As he wanders along the line of packages, Rael notices a familiarity in some of their faces.

He finally comes upon some of the members of his old gang and worries about his own safety. Running out through the factory floor, he catches sight of his brother John with a number 9 stamped on his forehead.The hall runs like clockwork

Their hands mark out the time;

Empty in their fullness

Like a frozen pantomime.

Everyone's a sales representative

Wearing slogans in their shrine.

Dishing out fail safe superlative,

Brother John is No. 9.it's the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging

- All ready to use  
it's the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging  
- I just need a fuse. The decor on the ceiling  
has planned out their future day  
I see no sign of free will,  
so I guess I have to pay,  
pay my way,  
for the Grand Parade  
it's the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging  
- All ready to use  
it's the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging  
- I just need a fuse.

Songwriters

GABRIEL, PETER / HACKETT, STEVE / COLLINS, PHIL / BANKS, ANTHONY / RUTHERFORD,  
MICHAEL Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, IMAGEM U.S. LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent  
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>