

The Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging

Genesis

"It's the last great adventure left to mankind"
Screams a drooping lady
Offering her dreamdoll's 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 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 failsafe superlative
Brother John is number 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 And 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 Grand parade
For the grand parade
Grand parade
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 Grand parade
Grand parade
Grand parade
Grand parade

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>