

# 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  
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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  
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