

# Waltari, Deeper Into The Mud

Deeper into the mud... led by the angel.

John Doe is looking around, delighted and - frankly begins to go insane.

The computerbrain can't find such a "feeling" in it's data banks and becomes alarmed...

[Machine: ]

Outside the breathing space

Like a bunch of metal pushed into my veins

[John Doe: ]

Hasta la vista, oh la-la negras putas, muchos cojones!

It's so beautiful here...

[Machine: ]

Vegetation, out of my files

Weird like death, like rusty metal

[The Angel: ]

How do you feel? Laa-la-laa... you're out of line!

[Machine: ]

Death! Death!

(Hey!) Now it's a crime to walk down here

This is not our property, somebody's charging us

[The Angel: ]

No, no, no! It's not true!

Here we are all free, free from your sins!

[Machine: ]

Sure it's all safe?

Reminds me of an overload

Surrounded by chaos

I'm just a hunter's prey

[The Angel: ]

Benedictus esto inter peccatores, dominus tecum!

John Doe manages to escape from the circuit of the computerbrain, the body impregnated with despair is slowly getting rid of its chronic depression. The Angel is watching from aside with a contented smile.

The computerbrain is starting to feel a reduction of electric charge in itself.

[Machine: ]

I can't find my memory

I'm short of breath, I only feel

Files are messed up, hi-tech gone

Wanna get back, this is not fun!

I escape, I am scared

I'll be lost anyway

Comfortable? It's too hot

I'm afraid of what is not

Why do you smile, don't like it

Feel too much, I feel sorrow

I should stay pale behind my monitor. LET ME GO!

The computerbrain runs away trying to escape...

John Doe is somewhere else...

Revelling deep in pleasure.

[Machine: ]

American dream

You made yourself spoiled

I've been livin' in a dream for too long

They forced me to pay, but now, here, today...

[Choir: ]

YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!

[Machine: ]

Is this way right or wrong?

Should I go... right or left?

It's too hot, faith no more

I feel wet, I will die!

