

Virus

Deltron 3030

"Global controls will have to be imposed,
and a world governing body will be created to enforce them.
Crises precipitate change." Secretly plotting your demise I wanna devise a virus
To bring dire straits to your environments,
Crush your corporations with a mild touch,
Trash your whole computer system
And revert you to papyrus. I wanna make a supervirus
Strong enough to cause blackouts
In every single metropolis,
Cause they don't wanna unify us,
So fuck it, total anarchy
And can't nobody stop us.
You see, late in the evening,
Fucked up on my computer and my mind starts roaming,
I create like a heathen
The first cycles of this virus I can send through a modem.
Infiltration hits your station.
No Microsoft or enhanced DOS will impede.
Society think they're safe when
Bingo! hard-drive crashes from the rending.
A lot of hackers tried viruses before,
Vaporized your text like so much white-out.
I want where file replication is a chore,
Lights-out, shutdown entire White House.
I don't want just a bug that can be corrected.
I'm erecting immaculate design.
Break the nation down, section by section.
Even to the greatest minds it's impossible to find.
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To bring dire straits to your environments,
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And revert you to papyrus. "We have already planned.
The plan is programmed into every one of my thousand robots!
We will not hesitate; we will destroy the--"
"homosapien""please stay where you are" psst! hey, i'm makin some shit in my basement.
i'm gonna do it to 'em. don't tell 'em though.
allright, i love you, p. I wanna develop a supervirus

Better by far than an old Y2K.
This is 3030 the time of global unification
break right through they.
Terminals, burn 'em all.
Slaves to silicon,
Corrupt politicians with leaders and their keywords,
FBI and spies stealing bombs,
(precipitate?) their plans in their face and catch the fever.
Everybody loot the stores, get your canned goods.
Even space stations are having a hard time.
Peacekeepers seek to take our manhood,
Which results in a form of global apartheid.
Ghettos are trash dumps with gas pumps
exploded and burnt out since before the great union.
The last punks walk around like mass monks,
Ready to manipulate the database or break through 'em.
Human rights come in a hundredth place.
Mass production has always been number one.
New Earth has become a repugnant place,
So it's time to spread the fear that funded some."Too long have we tried to extend our glorious
empire out to the stars,
only to be driven back!"I wanna devise a virus
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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