

There Is Profundity In Madness

by **Carpentron**
lyrics by Chris Torgersen

When Arem One was first created, he was the talk of the town, the apple of the world's eye, the centerpiece of what was to be a revolution in the way living beings thought of themselves—a redefinition of what it meant to be alive. People read daily stories in the news and watched him take his first steps live on the Net. They celebrated such early triumphs as his eating his first meal and saying his first words.

Arem One was truly new, a prototype upon which the future of humanity—and of life itself—would be based. He was the first example of man's ability to recreate himself in whatever image he chose.

Soon, however, there were enhancements. There were better ideas, challenges made to assumptions and further breakthroughs. By the time Arem had been alive for ten years, the techniques that had birthed him had faded into obsolescence. No one cared much when he scored perfectly on the Universal Entrance Exam. They knew that there was something more perfect to come and that it would be far more interesting. The world looked over Arem's shoulder as he approached, watching those who approached next.

It was for this reason that no one realized what he was becoming.

Go.

Stop.

Turn around.

This whole world is just commands,

Data to be processed and consumed to meet absurd demands.

Live wire!

It's a scam.

Nice show!

It's a sham.

Don't believe it for a second.

“The Good Book doesn't say you can't do it that way.”

Profiteers and sycophants,

So charming with their eloquence,

Will make you dance—dance—dance

And play the game by rules they make.

...I think I'm going mad...

Dominate the airwaves.
Control what the people think.
Garden hose!
Perfect lawn!
Brand new car!
Kitchen sink!
Don't fall far behind the crowd.
Don't get caught without your head.
Don't forget to disinfect or your children will be dead.

Perfect smile.
White teeth.
Not too thin.
How petite!
Football game.
Winning run!
This is good. This is fun.

...I think I'm going mad...

I just want to run away.
I can't do this anymore.
I am not a piece of clay.
This is burning at my core.

I can't be a part of this.
I will not facilitate
A process built around these lies,
A system that accepts its fate.

...I will find a way back home...

Did I make things this way, or did they get this way on their own? Whose fault is it? The government? The corporations? The politicians? No one's? Someone's! Nothing makes sense, yet it all fits together so perfectly.

There is but one truth of which I can be absolutely certain:

As surely as drivel spills from the lips of those you call wise men, there is profundity in madness.

I am the madman, benevolent destroyer.
I bring you change; I show you the door.
I am the light; I have come to teach you.
Forsake these vessels; you need them no more.
Where I take you, you'll need them no more.

Everyone is going mad.
Everything is going mad.
Really, though, it isn't bad.
Now we know just what we had.

Generations come and go,
And in time the next shall grow.

What will become of them?