

# The Red Tornado

HORSE the band

the red  
TOR NA DO  
the red  
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the red  
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the red  
TOR NA DO  
circuitry and sympathy  
are two different things  
but they come together  
in a robot who dreams  
round and round  
and round he goes  
TOASTER FOR A BODY  
TORNADO FOR A SOUL  
He's lightning in a bottle  
tornado in a cage  
he sees no prison in the lines of his face  
TOR-NA-DO  
Ah  
TOR-NA-DO  
AH  
His emotions spin at destructive speeds  
that he needs to control  
the cumulonimbus inside the machine  
he's half robot and half tornado  
so sad the cyborg cyclone seems  
drifting through the sky  
a willful wisp of machinery  
not born but devised  
still the cyborg cyclone cries  
coolant drips from his eyes  
plastic hands on his heart  
that slowly....  
tear him apart  
tornado tornado tornado go  
tornado tornado tornado go  
wild winds whip when he wishes  
that he were real  
he rarely rusts  
but he's never had a real meal  
by saving the world  
he's saving himself  
a machine that is selfish  
just like everyone else  
tornado tornado tornado go  
tornado tornado  
go go red tornado