

Isolation

Lera Lynn

Dying to feel alive in electronic love
A sense of belonging orbiting above
A true human voice listened in the flesh
Old fashioned rendezvous, the new-age spirit quest

Isolation, romance the stone with
Information, pick up the phone
Can anybody hear me? Is there anyone there?

The lost art of touch, the voyeuristic plague
Junk-food melodies stroke your hidden rage
Hands-free reality, pleasure is a must
When it's just you and machine, there's no need for trust

Isolation, no place like home
Validation, throw me a bone
Can anybody hear me? Is there anyone there?
Can anybody hear me? Is there anyone there?

And when the gold wears off, what
What will we be?
Just a mix of metals at the
Bottom of the sea
Alone at the bottom of the sea
Alone at the bottom of the sea

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Information, pick up the phone
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