

Slip coma deep inside an industrialist's mind
And pour yourself into the creased appeal of a financeman's suit
You keep on exchanging handshakes and smiles
With chatshow hosts like butterflies
Fly down
And hide in the zeros and the ones
And let's all sing
Hallelujah!
The missile can fly!
Decode the cypher
The cryptic message within a government health warning
And it's the same song everytime
Oh no! Your big mushroom cloud
Has gone and it's fucked up my view

Don't matter which way we're facing
So long as we're rolling forward

Well we could seek a world of jackpots
And corporate value
And learn to leave our uglieselves behind
You've got to feel the power as it flows
From businessmen and motherlodes
Become a soul of pure caffeine
Live life like a coke machine
Hallelujah!
Praise god for Hollywood teeth!
Crash your karma into little bits of happiness
Now it's ok - I know a quick and easy way
We ain't divine - we all got our faults
But seismic minds think seismic sized thoughts

Mister executive man pick your way through the debris
Lubricate your gun between the devil and the sea
Sleeping solvent and sound
And ethically free
Right upon my back
A panzer running over me
While I had my hands in the air

Invoice me - and then your mother