Some of the chances we take, To make the money we make. Manufacturing disease The creature we can see

I'm pleased it some other day And I've got something to say You don't need love So get under the rock

Now, I have a mutated brain
It is the form that's been made
You got for broke
With your prog rock show

Don't you know what I mean? The sick things that I've seen When you don't fall down There's a piercing sound

It was the sky that we learned That we're to spy on the bird The clouds all feel Where we don't feel real

It was implied to make a caption "It's a pain world", is her reaction We've answered why it's not been action we blow the ghosts, is this our faction

This was the movie we made

And we were shooting to fate

We gather dust when you said it's a must

And in the end that we shake
It is the function that's fake
We don't feel real
You don't know how it feels

Now, we've given up a lot And we've gone right past the spot We're fueled inside It's the must that we hide

It was implied to make a caption
"It's a pain world", is her reaction
We've answered why it's not been action
We blow the ghosts, is this our faction

Now, I have a mutated brain
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It was implied to make a caption "It's a pain world", is her reaction We've answered why it's not been action

We blow the ghosts, is this our faction $$\operatorname{\mathtt{Blow}}$$