

In the God pod singing no God but Allah
You always the crude oil I pumped from the Shah
And the cold world thaw, break Murphy's Law
Inshallah, get cut by a circular saw
Iron fist future, make millions, see billions
Sidestepping neutrons with eyes on the ceiling
Flat screen scenes driving magazines
To lean towards right-leaning thieves
Fiends in the terminal with limousines
Carrying my network dreams
Can you find the fingerprint in dark tint
Bottom lines, high percents, pipelines, sinking in Alaska
I'm drinking in disaster, I had Mexico locked way before NAFTA
Don't mention Iraq if I don't have to, trade in ballads
Domination challenge, childhood commodities
Embrace the malice, through the looking glass, find me with Alice
I got diamond cutters, guns and butter
Carpet bomb the unneeded clutter, go ahead and shutter
I'll be damned if I'm not driving the nicest prices
My incoming shadow on the right list
Fix prices with tax shelter devices
Who's dealing to who? I got meals for two at the Seasons
How about you, looking conglomerate profit targets
Is there anything more beautiful than the market

Turmoil in Africa, hello, hello, can you hear me, hello
We're having some problems with our satellite uplink
Hello, there we go, hello, hello, this is Gavin McSpinach
Live from West Africa, where it seems like as soon as
One battle's finished, another one's just beginning
Earlier today there was heavy shelling, and from what
The locals are telling, rebel forces have surrounded the
Capital, refugees are trapped between Dem and loyalist
Irregulars, the brutal battle pitting orthodox and secular
Ethnic rivalry, we can hear kalashnikovs firing and the
Thud of mortars, it appears to be a battle without borders
Or conscience as the region is torn by disorder, I came
Across an old man by the roadside of [?], when he learned
I was a BBC reporter he had this to say:
"In our hearts of darkness literate and poor
But by the light of civilization however dim we can make war
Rifles and bibles, that's what we got two hands for
The village is no more, weeds push through the floor
And the earth nourishes minds like yams' harvest times
Artillery shells are tangled in vines, reap what you sow
We need bullets now, vultures preening atop the
Sun-bleached bones of a cow, remains of a dowry unpaid
The ancestors wander alone and afraid, bondage frayed
History unmade, nothing left to trade, sold and paid
With useless tradition, give me a rocket propel grenade
Bits of plastic and glass, that which it seizes, better yet
A visa Manchester, Nice, Rotterdam, when life is easier
Hello Herodotus, Leopold, Livingstone and Rhodes, a prodigal
Returns to the metropole, to temples built with blood and gold
As you instructed we have sold our souls
Can it be you've forgotten, we have not lessened
So righteously taught, Moses is a snake head

Part the Mediterranean, things'll never be the same again"
[?] the regime is in danger of being overrun