

# That Brahmatron Song

Closure in Moscow

I was born on the precipice  
Born into retrograde  
In the bleak distant future of my mind is orbital decay  
I was born a son of famine  
Born into the knee of the curve  
Caught in a grip so foreign, that I'm wonderin' if it's a phantom Earth

Now I'm livin' in a toxic nightmare warhead ball  
(Hanging by two-thirds of a thread)  
One hand hovers over it with nail scissors  
(That is all it takes)  
Baby please don't listen out for sacred octaves  
'Cause if it falls, it falls on deaf ears  
And all you will feel is a white-hot mess

I wouldn't say it's a god's kinda music, that we can listen to  
It's that Brahmatron song  
You know we've been singin' it all along  
Not a god's kinda music  
I wanna dance around the pit of the truth  
Singin' Brahmatrons song  
Just another level gone

This is the year of the reboot, the sequel  
The satellite dish is servin' up 12 kinds of evil  
Year of the television fizz turnin' me off  
Well it don't add up, guess I gotta do some math again  
See if the bull has reigns  
Cause in the bleak distant future of my mind, lambs reach killing weight  
Oh the sounds they make

I wouldn't say it's a god's kinda music, that we can listen to  
It's that Brahmatron song  
You know we've been singin' it all along  
Not a god's kinda music  
I wanna dance around the pit of the truth  
Singin' Brahmatrons song  
Just another level gone

Baby tell me what you hear down there  
Even silence whispers cold, ringing out between the words

I wouldn't say it's a god's kinda music, that we can listen to  
It's that Brahmatron song  
You know we've been singin' it all along  
Not a god's kinda music  
I wanna dance around the pit of the truth  
Singin' Brahmatrons song  
Just another level gone, it's gone

Now if the void starts flickerin'  
We gotta show just a little bit of grace  
There ain't no power, savin' our souls now

Brahmatron yawns at you. (Na na na na na na na)  
Brahmatron yawns at me, too

Plenty of drugs,  
Dominion over animals,  
Children of dogs, and skin deep cannibals  
Sip from the font, lap it up! You're just rugs!  
Taste the placenta of Miss Nightingale  
While she sutures the signs of attack!  
It's the new zodiac! Say it now, the new zodiac!

Brahmatron yawns at you. (Na na na na na na na)  
Brahmatron yawns at me, too

Sounds of alarm, reverberating strange;  
Equilateral, bisexual triangles intersecting at parallel planes!  
They struck chords in serpent circles, echoed through the age!  
It's the new zodiac! You heard me, the new zodiac!