

What shape now, is the coast I grew up by?
And what price now, is the hate that I'm fuelling?

I'm king of a very small tribe
Scorn on the minuscule enemies
Let's all go to heaven at once
Just one blast for justice, then
UP!

Holy wires and a blessed detonator
Inside out like the Pope in a teleport

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But he's not like you at all
No he smiles at the passers by
And he works his digits raw
And he's beige as a hearing aid

And all the things just slide away from me
And all desires are slipping out the door
So leave me where I lay my faithless head
Join your dots and keep it to yourself
Just leave me where I lay

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