

The Ecstatic Static

Stereolab

The pimp's going round extinguishing the flame
Digging the tranches in which to bury hearts
The dim and cold climate of awareness
Where the reptiles thrive and people are made to walk the streets

This heat, the purpose in my heart generates infinite energy
Oh this heat, the purpose in my heart generates infinite energy
There's nothing to worry, share the immensity

He went round switching the people's hearts off
Promising to deal with reality
We bought it, because anything seemed
More bearable than immensity