

Blacklights, corridors of power, lost without a map
We skipped the tripwires, searched for hours, tiptoed
through the traps
We slipped through empty rooms with white walls,
crystal chandeliers
Carpets we could drown in, bells ringing in my ears.

We slipped through borders, skipped the lasers,
murmuring a code
We'd wade through holes, we dodged patrols,
we swam through sewers, walked on coals
Climbed the scaffold. Hell, they even left the rope.
We saw our spinning friends descend, tortured.

[live version: swinging friends descend, choked.]

Through passages we danced, we glanced at fat men
smoking fat cigars
Who spun their webs on screens, threw telegrams in
trays
Candy soldiers raised the table, wearing labels,
muttered curses,
Hung the [sheep's heads], naked from their collars to
their
Blessed cotton socks

Every handshake gave a shock, a buzz, a charge
We saw them stab the stars with sugar knives
Then they fell in heaps of lard
We watched but kept on moving higher

Through a hall of 2-way mirrors I spied a boy-scout
shackled to a chair
Could hear the wood snap in the [...] made a parting in
his hair
Still he dared to [bait] his master 'till the red wheel
rolled from room to room

We padded past his tomb, kicked the door down
The door that said 'No Entry'
In the lift, we flicked a switch and flew to floor
6666...

No one stood there waiting. No gaurd stood in our path.
There was just a window wide open and a note pinned to
the chair.

It said, ``Welcome, friends, you've passed the test.
I'm glad that you could make it.
From here you'll watch the world go by and doesn't it
look sad?
So Come to Daddy!''