

# Good Morning Beautiful

The The

Satellite oh, satellite  
Who sits upon our skies  
How deep do you see  
When you spy into our lives?

"I know that God lives  
In everybody's souls  
And the only Devil in your world  
Lives in the human heart

So now ask yourself  
What is human  
And what is truth?  
Ask yourself  
Whose voice is it  
That whispers unto you?  
From the cellars of your homes  
From the tops of your city roofs  
Ask yourself  
Whose voice is it  
That whispers unto you?

Who is it?  
That turns your blood into spirit  
And your spirit into blood?  
Who is it?  
That can reach down from above  
And set your souls ablaze with love?  
Or fill you with the insanity of violence  
And it's brother, lust?

Who is it?  
Whose words have been twisted  
Beyond recognition  
In order to build  
Your planet Earth's religions?  
Who is it?  
Who could make your little armies of the left  
And your little armies of the right  
Light up your skies tonight  
TONIGHT!?

Now, some of you may live  
And some of you will die  
But remember!  
That nothing in your world  
Can kill you inside  
For He is thinking of you  
In your great cities of great solitude

Oh, children  
You've still got a lot to fucking learn  
The only path to heaven is via hell

Good morning beautiful  
Good morning beautiful  
Good morning beautiful

Good-bye world"