

## A Self-Made Man

UFO

I've worked so hard, like Hyde on the chaos theory

I've found my madness quite complete

No sign of light or love divine intervention

While I was scoring on your street

I am the demon of your darkest thoughts

Wired to self destruct

A greedy, nasty, selfish little man

Who could never have or get too much

\*

But if the very thought makes you shiver

I am just one of the many lost

And I will change the course of the river

And never stop to count the cost

\*\*

But everythings light on a Sunday

The choir singing all in tune

But such a small congregation

Will someone send up the balloon

\*\*\*

Oh I'm a self made man

The fruits of yes you can

Oh I'm a self made man

And I'll take what I can

Out of the darkness and into the light

See the army grow and grow

And like a storm, a reign of terror

This ill wind will blow and blow

Repeat \*

I'll take great pride and pleasure in your misery

And delight in your living hell  
There's no known act of human kindness left  
My very mother I would sell  
I'm not uncouthed, but educated  
Now isn't that a scary thing  
And elected to a place of power  
Your slavery will be my sting