

Amplifier, Panzer

slip coma deep inside an industrialists mind
pour yourself into the creased appeal of a financeman's suit
you keep on exchanging handshakes and smiles
with chatshow hosts like butterflies
fly down and hide in the zeros and the ones
and let's all sing:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
the missile can fly -
decode the cypher
the cryptic message within a government health warning
and it's the same song everytime
oh no! -
your big mushroom cloud
it's gone and it's fucked up my view
well we could gleem a world of jackpots
and corpoptate value
learn to leave our uglieselves behind
you've got to feel the power as it flows
from businessmen and motherloads
become a soul of pure caffeine
live life like a coke machine
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
praise god for hollywood teeth
crash your karma into little bits of happiness
it's okay - i know a quick and easy way
we ain't devine we've all got our faults
seismic minds
think seismic sized thoughts

don't matter which way we're facing
so long as we're rolling forwards
you'd better look out below
relentlessly and without tiring
we're gonna keep rolling forwards
here we go

mister executive man
pick your way through the debris
lubricate your gun
between the devil and the sea
sleeping solvent and sound
and ethically free
right upon my back
a panzer running over me
when i had my hands in the air
invoice me
and then your mother