

Germs, The Slave

It starts in your head
And moves to your hands
Your body starts shakin'
'cause you're in demand
You do the slave to the beat
Of the neuro-sutra can can...

You're lashed 'twixt the stars
With your ice and motor cars:
You do the slave to the beat
Of the neuro-sutra can can
Oh yea! Yea! Pull out the zen
I've got a Buddhist principle in my hand
Your life seems wasted your bodies laced in
Don't stop now you've got to trace it...

You put your hands together
Writhe in the shackle
You twist your body round
Till it starts to crackle:
You do the slave to the beat
Of the neuro-sutra can can...

Right here right now shake it in and out some
Lights on off now make it spin and fight now