

Grace Jones, Corporate Cannibal

Pleased to meet you, pleased to have you on my plate
your meat is sweet to me
your destiny
your fate

you're my life support, your life is my sport

I'm a man-eating machine X2

you won't hear me laughing, as i terminate your day
you can't trace my footsteps, as i walk the other way

i can't get enough prey, pray for me X2
(i'm a man-eating machine)
corporate cannibal, digital criminal
corporate cannibal, eat you like an animal

employer of the year, grandmaster of fear
my blood flows satanical,
mechanical, masonical and chemical
habitual ritual

i'm a man-eating machine.. X2

i deal in the market, every man, woman and child is a target
a closet full of faceless nameless pay more for less emptiness

i'll make you scrounge, in my executive lounge
you pay less tax, but i'll gain more back

my rules, you fools

we can play the money game
greedgame, power game, stay insane
lost in the cell, in this hell
slave to the rhythm of the corporate prison

i'm a man-eating machine
i can't get enough prey
pray for me
corporate cannibal
digital criminal

i'll consume my consumers, with no sense of humour
i'll give you a uniform, chloroform
sanatize, homogenize, vaporize you

i'm the spark, make the world explode
i'm a man-eating machine, i'll make the world explode
corporate cannibal