

# Kecak, Co-Pilot

Man made God in his image  
God made Man in his image  
God made Man as a blemish

A species founded on scurmish  
A culture sculpted by hermits  
Convinced that they'll never vanish  
A notion quaint and outlandish

Air traffic control: come in

Stick of a DC10  
I am not your slave

A plane begins its decent  
And lives in fear of descent  
Spared the trouble of having to try

Prepare: evacuate soul  
Some of its parts now a whole  
While they bit their thumbs at the sky

I will be your end  
Take a good look around  
Kiss your sweet ass goodbye  
I'll fly us into the ground

Did you think you'd get away from my ever-watchfull eye

Shut up  
###  
Sit down  
###  
Sit Down  
Shut up  
###  
It's time it happened again