

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