

Ministry, Isle Of Man

Nice place
Clean water
Fresh air
Blue skies
Like pirates
We tried it
We took what we deserved
Half million
Years later
We'd used up
Our reserves
We're crying
'What happened?'
We get what we deserve
We get what we deserve
We get instead the isle of man
The isle of man

I've wandered
Through forests
With our garbage
Waist-high
Can't clean it
I mean it
We get what we deserve
Rainy mornings
Dry evenings
It's growing
On my nerves
Just gases
You fascists
You get what you deserve
You get what you deserve
You get instead the isle of man
The isle of man

I'm writing
This letter
So no one
Will forget
Some future
Cave dweller
Will find these notes an isle of man