

# Moonspell, Adaptables

To live is to collaborate  
All the spineless people  
won't capitulate  
Will walk again  
Will evacuate  
And stimulate

And they will wait for the Man  
With that ridiculous fairy hand  
To work on their lives  
And to re-adjust their faith

All the spineless people  
Will walk again  
Will agitate  
And ejaculate

A great act of Sex will be lived here  
We will call it The Great and Only Shame  
We will make love to ourselves  
And tomorrow we will make the same

All the Insect actors  
Want to participate  
Will perform again  
Will dissociate  
And fabricate

And they will wait for the Director  
With that apocalyptic Lizard Head  
To review their births  
And invert their pains

All the Insect actors  
(really) want to participate  
Will perform again  
Will imitate  
And simulate

An emergency will be staged<sup>6</sup>  
We will call it The Great Accident  
We will act as someone else  
The very ones we learnt to hate

All of us the ultra-Human  
Wish to associate  
will hesitate  
will adequate  
and collaborate.

A great act of Free Will will be lived here  
They already call it the Golden Age  
We will adapt and celebrate  
But we will perish just the same