## Mr. Bungle, None Of Them Knew They Were Rok

Mendel's machines replicate in the night

In the black iron prison of St. Augustine's light

He's paying the bills and they're doing him proud

They can float their burnt offerings on assembler clouds

With omega point in the sight

The new Franklins fly their kites

And the post modern empire is ended tonight

From history

The flood of counterfeits released

The black cloud

Reductionism and the beast

Automatons gather all the pieces

So the world may be increased

In simulation jubilation

For the deceased...

Spray-on clothes and diamond jaws

Wrinkles smoothed by nanoclaws

With my machines I can dispatch you

From this world without a trace

Our nostalgia ghosts are ready to take your place

Content-shifting shopping malls

Gasoline trees and walk-through walls

None of them knew...

I feel the grey goo boiling my blood

As I watch the dead rise up out of the earth

Try to hide from the lies as they all come true

Deus absconditus

Deus nullus deus nisi deus

I feel the grey goo boiling my blood

As the fenris wolf slowly bites through his chain

Try to hide the myth as it becomes a man

None of them knew they were robots

Buying an X or an O

In state craft tic tac toe

Cats game for Joe Blow

Post industrial bliss

A binary hug or kiss

Can be wrung from utility mist

They stole the great arcanum

The secret fire

Moloch found his gold

For the new empire

Once again

The necrophage becomes saint

Lindy hop around the truth

Jump back wolf pack attack

Slap back white shark attack

Swingin' up there in the noose

Jump back wolf pack attack

Slap back white shark attack

Phased array diffraction nets

From full-wall paint-on TV sets

Migratory home sublets

And time shared diamond fiber sets

Recombinant logos keys

Bitic Qabalistic trees

I feel the grey goo boiling my blood

As leviathan and his bugs freeze the sea

Try to save the world by immolating myself

From history

The flood of counterfeits released

The black cloud

The resurrection of the deceased

Automatons gather all the pieces

So the world may be increased In simulation jubilation For the builders Of the body of the beast