

Acumen Nation, Cowboy God

have you ever.. seen the sun
cringe and wither as it becomes
a memory in a mutant's mind
they call it glory, i call it crime
a million bodies marching
to pomp and circumstance
while the cabinet is watching
do or die becomes the code
hallucination stage
while eating a mushroom cloud
turning the page
the hand of god can do anything

impending your dilemmas
of fire quenching change surreal
that kitchen's got a sex appeal
god is in my sheets
and he's in my hair, he's everywhere
if you were he would you laugh as we
go to bed with the living dead?
back to basics, back and forth
the back to back lovestopper
a masterminded people popper
reckless abuse of sporadic intention
which christ will you gravitate me to
or did you mention?

which christ will you -- gravitate me to?
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if you were god would you find it odd
people buzzing on your blood
if it were you he'd spoken through
would you ask him of his color
if you became jesus
would you stop and please us
with elvis anecdotes or would you
shake my diseases
if you were he would you still rob me
of my doubtful shred

clock ticks out the bossman shouts
let's get down to work
crack the head that dares to doubt
and mock the weary soldier

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let's get down to work
crack the head that dares to doubt
and mock the weary soldier..

weary soldier...
clock ticks out the bossman shouts
let's get down to work
crack the head that dares to doubt
and mock the weary soldier
mock the weary soldier
mock the weary soldier

mock the weary soldier
mock the weary....