

# Adelleda, Mr. Huxley

Work hard, play nice, then send your souls to paradise  
That's your choice, one beekeeper, several billion bees  
My honey quota will land me a spot inside  
But just in case I'll soak my legs in the deepest pollen vats and then  
Transform worker to drone  
I'll dig the biggest hole  
Die all alone and watch my soul  
Just rot in dirt without a home  
Give us this day our daily bread  
But not too much, please  
My appetite has dried out in the last few centuries  
But I'm still not going hungry  
The few, the proud, the rebel merchants selling science  
Intrepid volunteers just easing in a new-school doctrine  
Giant lab coats and explosions, powdered old-wave revelations  
Dodging smoke and mirrors in the dark  
Transform worker to drone  
I'll dig the biggest hole  
Die all alone and watch my soul  
Just rot in dirt without a home  
The only ones with complex eyes  
That scan and recognize  
Sources soaked in hearsay  
These words polarize us  
Outdated blueprints  
Obsolete framework  
With foundations in the mud  
Let's show the new world how it's done  
So here we are  
And it's just me  
And Mr. Huxley  
We're right outside  
Open the door  
Because it's me  
And freakin' Huxley  
Leading not deep into deception  
Ladies and gentlemen, the situation has evolved  
Direct your attention overhead and watch the curtain fall  
Take a good look at the hive tonight and watch the fireflies  
Cut it down and say goodbye  
Tired bugs with complex eyes  
So let's utilize them and behold  
Ladies and gentlemen, the situation has evolved