

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Outdated blueprints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