

Beck, 1000BPM

Electronic actors and astromagnetic
Corrupted files from galactical planets
Writing interplanet code
Thoughts get transported
From neanderthal skulls
Digital food malls
Telemarketing people
With cellular headsets on their skulls
Selling you wisdom
From a plexiglass prism
Biochemical jism
Hits you with its rhythm
They act like Earth
Was a terrestrial prison
A zoo for humans
Put their cities into ruins
Now we can feel what we're doing
We move the stratosphere in plastic
When you're out alive, spastic
What else can the dust try to tell us?
Comin' to you
One thousand beats per minute
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Comin' to you
One thousand beats per minute

Categorizing in a crash
Taking pictures
And a backstage pass
Gasoline on fire
Tried to pull off this mask
But there was really a face
Which I just read from a plan
Security cameras strapped to his back
Fulfilled prescriptions, antidotes
Media in a quarantined submission
Consultants with remote souls
Unanimous votes
Portions of the proceeds
Go to chain store victims
In the midget conditions
With remodeled kitchens
Comin' to you
One thousand beats per minute
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