Clutch, Mice And Gods

Silver women on the OMNI magazine
They got the future precisely laid out as I need.
That Lux Aeterna sound is so frightening.
Holding hands with Lucifer is never that enlightening.
So fire it up, fire it up,fire it up and the flesh be damned.
Fire it up, fire it up, fire it up yeah that's the ticket now kick out the jams.

Engineer the future now. Damn tommorow, future now!
Throw the switches, prime the charge,
Yesterday's for mice and gods.

Life inside the biosphere, dodecahedron fever's here.
Sporting scarlet letters of genetic imperfection, dear
Love child in the reeds. Take a sample for the breed.
Should have left him in the stream. Cooing at the smitten queen.
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Slowly, broken windows returning to the sand
The economic factors are no longer relevant
That empty city sound is so frightening
Neolithic fear is such a motivating factory.
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