

Dead Milkmen, Belafonte's Inferno

He would sit in the class and dream
While the teacher lectured
Until the school bell would ring
He'd be President
Philosopher king

He was a dreamer, he was a creator
He would dream what he wished to be
He was a God, he was a creator
He fell in love with a mystery

He made up rock bands and TV stations
He invented the music
He invented the shows
He would lie on his bed at night
Spinning records on his chest while he sang

I am your God, I am your creator
But you can do what you want to do
I am your God, I am your creator
You can love me or hate me
It's up to you

Then one night
Some people landed a spaceship
In his bedroom and he got in
They took him to the land that he created
And tied him to a tree and killed him

He was their God, He was their creator
To others that created them(?)
I am your God, I am your creator
Even loved the ones who hated him