

Himsa, Carrier

Red eyes break the silence of night skies
Our alarm clocks make the sun rise
Espresso controls the tides
Programs and numbers keep everything under control
All circuits busy Another digit Here in the
Emerald City Swarms of giant silver flies are buzzing all over head
The decomposing masters of Kung-fu, rock and roll
All these luxuries are very
Tangled up in a big scary
Web of systems
Are we ready for what happens
When all the systems fail
Were the Right Bros.
Fucking high On some kind of LSD ?
When they got up in the air
What did they see
Everybody here on the ground
Doing the Y2K countdown
Left wing Right wing 99 you better duck!