

Serra Eric, The Babylonauts

It's crazy what we can do with satellite technology
We can now home order a lobotomy from another country
Last but not least we have the key to this old mystery
If extra-terrestrials are green, it's... jealousy
Zappin' on satellite TV
All night long
Nihilism hypnotizing me
Zappin' on satellite TV
All night long
The paradise of parasites, to me
So many babylonauts livin' in a plastic age
Silicone women, built-in-baby-bottles, how odd...
So many babylonauts livin' in a plastic age
Anatomic bombs, bottom models high heel shod
Channel five, you suddenly materialise
Naked in a liquid crystal bath
Deep inside a fantasy game
Far beyond vice, hmm... right at the edge of shame
An afflux of bilirubin exceeding everything
The remote controller falls down right under my bed
Donald Duck soft-landing on the moon appears on the screen
The Disney channel logo now in a corner displayed
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So many babylonauts livin' in a money age
One man's sorrow is another viewer's joy, how odd...
So many babylonauts livin' in a money age
Not any scruples if a dollar, God superseded by gold
Channel six his Holiness still alive and direct
Mumbles his latest brand new poppycock
Watch out for the judgement day
And in the meantime carry on starving, St. Big Money hears you pray
An afflux of adrenalin blows out all my inner gates
The remote controller in my hand... disintegrates
Switches to commercials
Now I'm a zero if I don't have this ultimate love-letter typewriter
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