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 Nihility 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 Zappin' on satellite TV All night long Nihility hypnotizing me Zappin' on a satellite TV All night long The paradise of parasites, to me 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 So many babylonauts livin' in a money age Not any scruples if a dollar, God superseded by gold Channel six his Holiness still alive and direct Mumbles his latest brand new poppycock Watch out for the judgement day And in the meantime carry on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 Zappin' on satellite TV All night long Nihility hypnotizing me Zappin' on a 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