

# Styx, Heavy Water

(James Young)

Sittin' here on terra firma  
It's the kind of place we were meant to be  
Out here kinda lost in space now  
Pondering life's mysteries  
All of mankind worship at the altar  
Of old mythology  
But the genie's out of the bottle  
Collision course with eternity

Young children playing in the chat room  
With the freaks and the satellites  
Upload the nearset planet  
Burnin' out at the speed of light  
Better living for the masses  
With the new technology  
But some fool went and pushed the button  
He didn't get an apology

Feeling good is a new sensation  
Panacea for the Prozac nation

Heavy, heavy water  
Won't wash away the sins of the father

Sacred cow sizzling in the fire  
As we all go up in flames  
With millions of true believers  
And their unfamiliar names  
On the road to good intentions  
Blown to hell by our own inventions  
Heavy, heavy water  
Won't wash away the sins of the father  
Unholy, holy water  
Leading us like lambs to the...

Custom made for the self reliant  
Lemonade for the thirsty giant

Heavy, heavy water  
Won't wash away the sins of the father  
Unholy, holy water  
Leading us like lambs to the (slaughter)