

Utopia, The Seven Rays

My great grandfather was a satisfied man
Contented in every way
Such was the course of his everyday life
'Til he heard of the seven rays.
Every modern man, in the back of his mind
Has a problem to face.
He wants security for the home in his head
All he needs is the seven rays.
And when you think about tomorrow
What goes through your mind?
Now don't nobody get uptight
Do you think that we can put up
With this shit one more night
All you need is just six more rays
Take one beam of light
Prism acquire
Break the white light down
Seven rays appear