

Slip coma deep inside an industrialist's mind  
And pour yourself into the creased appeal of a financeman's suit  
You keep on exchanging handshakes and smiles  
With chatshow hosts like butterflies  
Fly down  
And hide in the zeros and the ones  
And let's all sing  
Hallelujah!  
The missile can fly!  
Decode the cypher  
The cryptic message within a government health warning  
And it's the same song everytime  
Oh no! Your big mushroom cloud  
Has gone and it's fucked up my view

Don't matter which way we're facing  
So long as we're rolling forward

Well we could seek a world of jackpots  
And corporate value  
And learn to leave our uglieselves behind  
You've got to feel the power as it flows  
From businessmen and motherlodes  
Become a soul of pure caffeine  
Live life like a coke machine  
Hallelujah!  
Praise god for Hollywood teeth!  
Crash your karma into little bits of happiness  
Now it's ok - I know a quick and easy way  
We ain't divine - we all got our faults  
But seismic minds think seismic sized thoughts

Mister executive man pick your way through the debris  
Lubricate your gun between the devil and the sea  
Sleeping solvent and sound  
And ethically free  
Right upon my back  
A panzer running over me  
While I had my hands in the air

Invoice me - and then your mother