

Life In The D

Brendan Benson

My life in the D is a tragicomedy, a poetic verse
Its voodoo, some say black magic ettouffe, a dead mans curse
Its just like the Egyptian tombs, tunnels leading to empty room
s
Skeptics think its a doctored photo of a U.F.O

Youre wasting your breath on life after death 'cause Im almost
sure
If hell does exist, then the Devils a scientist, finding a cure
Its life, microscopic size, unseen by the naked eye
The answers encoded with ink thats invisible

When God made the earth and saw his net worth, he posed for a s
hot
And life in the D is what was handed to me and thats what Ive g
ot
Its all just a hologram, locked in a vault, its a cryptogram
A lie on the polygraph test, its detectable