

We're world industry's thoughtlords  
The entertainment wing  
We keep you all in line

By fixing your free will  
Surround you with pop fantasies  
Just slightly out of reach  
To soften all the blows  
Of your forced daily routine

We strip-mine your underground culture  
Take the bite out and rinse it clean  
Give ourselves credit for creating it  
Then sell it back to you  
At twice the price

Our pool of talent vampires  
Has blown into your town  
To dazzle, sign and milk you  
All strictly on our own terms

You think you've got a lot to say  
We'll change that real soon  
You're not a person anymore  
We've made you a cartoon

By the time we're through remolding you  
You won't even recognize your face  
There's no end to the eager beavers  
Drawn the moths to our Babylon's mirage

Conveyor belt of fleshdunce  
They all want to do the fleshdance  
Conveyor belt of fleshdunce  
Who all want to do the fleshdance