

What shape now, is the coast I grew up by?  
And what price now, is the hate that I'm fuelling?

I'm king of a very small tribe  
Scorn on the minuscule enemies  
Let's all go to heaven at once  
Just one blast for justice, then  
UP!

Holy wires and a blessed detonator  
Inside out like the Pope in a teleport

I'm king of a very small tribe  
Scorn on the minuscule enemies  
Let's all go to heaven at once  
Just one blast for justice, then  
UP!

But he's not like you at all  
No he smiles at the passers by  
And he works his digits raw  
And he's beige as a hearing aid

And all the things just slide away from me  
And all desires are slipping out the door  
So leave me where I lay my faithless head  
Join your dots and keep it to yourself  
Just leave me where I lay

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Just one blast for justice, then up!

Just leave me where I lay

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Scorn on the minuscule enemies  
Let's all go to heaven at once  
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UP!  
UP!