

Smash The Beauty Machine

Future Bible Heroes

All the birds are singing tra-la-la
As the treetops turn to gold
Still we linger playing baccarat
Wondering why we don't get old
We just stare at the rainbow scene
What could all of this beauty mean?
Suddenly we're all sweet sixteen
Smash the beauty machine
As the stars come out ad nauseam
Everyone stands and applauds
Suddenly we're all remembering
Why we needed all those gods
Was the world always this beautiful?
Could we all have been so blind?
Does the beauty come from your machine
Or the world
Or just the mind?