

# Escalators

## I the Mighty

Floating down escalators  
Your eyes are green, your heart is black  
You've done some ugly things, now it's too late to take them back  
Just money mongers here who never filled their karma cups  
Now death has brought them here, and this room in hell is filling up

From town to town he came  
To build his wealth he bought them out  
Just build the biggest one, then all the smaller ones come down  
We live the golden age 1909, 1909  
Much money to be made monopolize, monopolize

Woah oh, oh you're so  
Deserving of the place you're in  
Escalating down in rows  
Woah oh, oh you're soul  
Was conscious of the path you chose  
Here's proof that somebody knows

On a wooden stage he speaks  
Eloquently about his feast, he swayed a simple folk  
But in the middle of his speech  
A none position screams "A man of one! A man of one!"  
His threat was well received and so he hung and so he hung

And now it's all verse one it's all verse one  
(Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!)

Woah oh, oh you're so  
Deserving of the place you're in  
Escalating down in rows  
Woah oh, oh you're soul  
Was conscious of the path you chose  
Here's proof that somebody knows

And you can call, oh brother call  
Yes, you can call, oh brother call  
No one can hear you, not at all  
But you can call, oh brother call

And you can call, oh brother call  
(Floating down escalators, you're eyes are green you're heart is black)  
Yes, you can call, oh brother call  
(You've done some ugly things, now it's too late to take them back)  
No one can hear you, not at all  
(Just money mongers here, who never filled their karma cups)  
But you can call, oh brother call  
(Now death has brought them here, and this room in hell is filling up)

We give you death by forty-five  
It's what we call your last time out, your last time out  
By forty-five, it's what we call your last time out

Woah oh, oh you're so  
Deserving of the place you're in  
Escalating down in rows  
Woah oh, oh you're soul

Was conscious of the path you chose  
Here's proof that somebody knows

We give you death by forty-five  
It's what we call your last time out, your last time out  
By forty-five, it's what we call your last time out, your last time out