

It's midnight
and our silver tongued obsessions come at us out of the
dark
Scrambling to be recognised before tearing themselves
apart
It's zen and the art of Bollywood
Heroes turning on a spit
The lovers unable to resolve a pre-historic bitch
We don't know the half of it
Clever is as clever does
His drawn lights sparkling on a merry-go-round
Hypnotising everyone on it
In zen and the art of forgery we're losing control of
light
DeLorian, Picasso, Mondrian El Greco some one's gonna
pay the price
If i didn't know you better than that
I'd never let you outta my sight

Where is the art of sorcery
We wanna be fooled again
Staggered by deception charmed into submission
Helpless as a deck of cards.
It's now the art of reality
Calling a spade a spade
Facing the obvious
A monkey and his grinder
But on a different plain.

I see you clearly from day to day
As clearly as i see tonite.
Keep talking said the slow-eyed Mandarin
"I've got nothing to say"
Meet me on the staircase on your way down
We'll see if there's been a mistake
In zen and the art of algebra
There is no value for time
Whatever thrives inside the dark
Decays on the outside.