

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.