

You are becoming Gods
There's a new master of creation, and it's you
You've unraveled DNA
And at the same time, you're cultivating
Bacteria strong enough to kill every living thing
D'you think you are ready for that much power?
You lot? You lot?

Cheeky bastards, you're running around science like kids wi' guns
Creating a new world, while the one you've got is stinking
Go on, 'ands up, 'ands up anyone who thinks you've got it right
Yeah, there's always one I can see you
If you want the position of God, then take the responsibility