

Image of the Beast

Procol Harum

They're putting up monuments to money
Painting them green like dollar bills
They're rejoicing in the big banks
About the beautiful designs
Because they know their pockets will be filled

They're on their knees before the TV
Praying for their choice to win 'Best'
Hear 'em cry, 'The sky's the limit'
Hope's fire will never fade
Like the glitter of their favourite idol's dress

Kings and queens and sheiks and singers
Ghosts and phony light-bringers
And always in the image of the beast

Crowded round the new dictator
They're sure that he's the one to trust
Adoring all his tricky movements
Even though he's gonna lose
With everybody caught up in the bust

Everybody hits on something
Obsessions never will decrease
Shekels, Rand and Pounds and zeros
Creepy priests, iconic heroes
And always in the image of the beast