

Out of the playground's ashes  
Come little men with little games  
They're playing war  
They're planning new crusades like new arcades  
The reason for the season is to flood the media  
With suicidal mania  
And paint this landscape with this human waste

So lets all sing a song of love  
Lets sing sing sing sing  
Sing until our throats bleed

And if this child could sing he would say:  
I don't need anybody  
I don't need anyone  
I don't need your guidance home  
Watch as I build my empire  
Watch as I rise and fall  
Watch as I fight all alone

History's a stage for re-runs  
For 3 A.M. insomniacs who quote the episodes  
If tricycles came with guns we'd all be safe  
Little green men didn't come from outer space  
With coupons in the Sunday Paper  
They came from corporate brains

So until we all confess  
And admit we stole the candy  
These little men are playing games  
>From here to eternity  
But I'll be sitting by myself here  
Waiting oh so patiently  
Waiting for the sky to fall  
And purge frail humanity