

## The Slave

## The Germs

It starts in your head  
And moves to your hands  
Your body starts shakin'  
Cuz you're in demand  
You do the slave to the beat  
Of the neuro-sutra can can...

You're lashed 'twixt the stars  
With your ice and motor cars:  
You do the slave to the beat  
Of the neuro-sutra can can  
Oh yea! Yea! Pull out the zen  
I've got a Buddhist principle in my hand  
Your life seems wasted your bodies laced in  
Don't stop now you've got to trace it...

You put your hands together  
Writhe in the shackle  
You twist your body round  
Till it starts to crackle:  
You do the slave to the beat  
Of the neuro-sutra can can...

Right here right now shake it in and out some  
Lights on off now make it spin and fight now