

Good Morning Beautiful

The The

Satellite oh, satellite
Who sits upon our skies
How deep do you see
When you spy into our lives?

"I know that God lives
In everybody's souls
And the only Devil in your world
Lives in the human heart

So now ask yourself
What is human
And what is truth?
Ask yourself
Whose voice is it
That whispers unto you?
From the cellars of your homes
From the tops of your city roofs
Ask yourself
Whose voice is it
That whispers unto you?

Who is it?
That turns your blood into spirit
And your spirit into blood?
Who is it?
That can reach down from above
And set your souls ablaze with love?
Or fill you with the insanity of violence
And it's brother, lust?

Who is it?
Whose words have been twisted
Beyond recognition
In order to build
Your planet Earth's religions?
Who is it?
Who could make your little armies of the left
And your little armies of the right
Light up your skies tonight
TONIGHT!?

Now, some of you may live
And some of you will die
But remember!
That nothing in your world
Can kill you inside
For He is thinking of you
In your great cities of great solitude

Oh, children
You've still got a lot to fucking learn
The only path to heaven is via hell

Good morning beautiful
Good morning beautiful
Good morning beautiful

Good-bye world"