Proprietors of Red and Priests against Prozac Propose one hour of messainic mozart Wolfgang Amadeus a.k.a. Muzak Got himself a VISA and went wild in the popmart The 23rd player thrashing the rest of his team Flashed his ability to discard the mainstream Largo to presto he grieves the accelerando's finite Headphones on tight more beats per minute Stepping on his watch enters the state of Freedia Fucking the hostility inherent in the media From chronological to kairological Measure of the linear time unjustly installed As the distinguo between work and pleasure Serial time personal sublime Immortalizing the point on the time That's meandered in a circle The revolution of all the small parts that constitute the cosmo In which you speed for a paradise Moving just ahead but slightly faster Middle-aged monster get out of here! Cyclical patterns don't fit your square ear Sensing so slowly you mistake the Sunset of Sole For the longed-for legendary sunrise of old Your sexist ratio pervades the hearts Your racist sexio misinterprets the arts Decay's seized your sensorial protection The only thing evil's your own perception We rest on day seven On day eight we blast heaven