

The Prophet

Thunder

The prophet came from somewhere
Behind the TV screen
To plunder lands of plenty
With teeth so white and clean

Create a new religion
And dumb the masses down
Bite the hand that feeds you
And spread the bland around
Yeah!
Can't you mute the sound?

Through Saturday night wasteland
You spread like a disease
Sweeping all before you
'Til the world was on its knees
Down on its knees

Turn off the TV please

Selling dreams that no one can keep

How do you sleep? How do you sleep?
Running magic into the ground
year after year
Tearing it down

The prophet came from somewhere
Behind the TV screen
To plunder lands of plenty
And teeth so white & clean
Regal, like a queen

You don't love the language you speak
It's just shit at the wall
and laugh at the freaks
With a front that beggars belief
You smile and you wave
and they fall at your feet