

Word Made Flesh

Todd Rundgren

Suck my breast, I'm the word made flesh
Ain't no rest for the word made flesh

My lips are moving but I hear no sound
It's that same old noise, it's in sensurround
Tune yourself up and count yourself down

Word made flesh, word made flesh
Lord help me rise to this occasion
Word made, word made flesh
I've been toiling so hard in the vineyard

Pay your debts to the word made flesh
East meets west in the word made flesh

I see you talking, but I still can't hear
Like a box of glass blocking off my ears
Turn off the charm and prey on your fears

Brainless pests for the word made flesh
Wall Street desks curse the word made flesh