

Doomtree

"The Grand Experiment"

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DESSA

It begins with a flash
I know they say it ends the same
Bit of skill, bit of chance
Now every player guess the game
We start with these planets waltzing through the
darkness
Tip the axis, that one's ours
Zoom the cameras in, cue lights up
Dim the stars
We shape the stone, paint our pictures on the wall
We hunt alone
Plant in spring, learn to harvest in the fall
We choose a king, mine the metal for his forges
To better wage our wars
And all of Olympus is laughing
Until we go and split the atom

SIMS

Push that metal on down the road
We built this city on coal and gold
Money that trickle out
Fill up that cup and sip it down
From the salt in the sails on down the rails,
Everything's for sale is the golden rule
Including... well, I'm no fool.
They get in a rush in a haze
But I get out of mind
Out of body
Out of pocket
I don't mind putting on a bit of mileage but
I won't auto-pilot with my eyelids shut.
I'm still gunning
But I learned what's worth huntin'
And I learn what's worth nothin'
Saw it
Read it
Outdone it

STEF (hook)

There's not escape
They're always looking for that easy out

There's nowhere to go, yeah.
There's no patience
They always looking for that easy out
But there's nowhere to go, yeah.

CECIL

Now all the parts are running
Sparks are spilling out the gears
Over some thousand faces waiting years to see this
work
Aching 'cause they need it first
Patient, but they seem berserk
Waiting for this feast of merch
Yo! Save a slice for me and her!
Isn't it marvelous, just darling
(It's the newest thing)
It's totally harmless, but it's charming
(It's the cutest thing)
But it bites,
Not hard,
Just hard enough to break the skin
And your bones
And your back
And the bank.
But wait, it comes with a warranty
For a week, and that's respectable
It's cheap and it's ethical
Well, it's ethical, well it's magical, really.
See, you put the cash in the till
Fill in the blanks
That's it.
For my next trick
I need your password, and an exit
And then poof.
(Cue the fog machine)

(Hook)

MIKE

Modern man
Out of hand
Motor mind
Off the line
Automate the operator
Can you hear me clearly?
I'm gonna live forever
Gave me guerilla arms
And shot me into outer space
With hyper-colored glitter bombs
We'll make our marks, huh?
They'll put no stop to us

We'll leave our footprints in foothills and dance the
Megatropolis.
Pushing evolution faster
Catching continental drifts
Desperately seeking solutions to problems we know
we'll never fix
In the belly of a robot
Out the valley of a microchip
Dialysis in Wonderland
Apple-Z the viruses
I've never been myself
There is no human experience
You can't Apple-S yourself
This is the grand experiment.

(Hook)

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