

Joke Killing **"The Beautiful Dead"**

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The crowd was one, oblivion ran deep
A consciousness of cannon-fodder walking in it's sleep
Vacant expressions and don't look ahead
Everybody does with the beautiful dead

All queue up and grovel for a hit
Someone pulls the reins and you chew at the bit
Encouraged by commercials to spend beyond my
means
I laughed as it all fell apart the seams

Well take a look at tomorrow

But will i inherit the good green Earth?
Such a lovely world

All mod-cons there was dust on the drums
My electronic beat-box got the job done
Everybody emulate the pulse of the soul
And change your clothes to make you feel old
Effort and sweat was a thing of the past (they said)
Welcome to the world of the beautiful dead

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