

Killing Joke

"The Beautiful Dead"

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You are inspiration to me
You are my inspiration of how not be
You are my inspiration to achieve a better way of life

The crowd was one, oblivion ran deep
Our consciousness of cannon-fodder walking in its
sleep
Vacant expressions and don't look ahead
Everybody dance with the beautiful dead, I said

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

Hey, 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

But will I inherit the good green earth?
Such a lovely world

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