

# Church "Pharaoh"

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Hi to all the people that are selling me  
Here's one straight from the factory  
They've sewn my eyes up in their sockets  
I dip my hand into their pockets  
Is there anybody there  
I could swear I'm not alone  
Show your faces if you dare  
Slaving platinum to bone  
One big man with a good connection  
Takes the whole damn ship in the wrong direction  
I don't mind him misinterpreting me  
I hate it when he gets us lost out to sea  
Late at night when I'm lying in bed  
I've got to say a prayer for my daily bread  
And early in the morning when I'm still asleep  
You sit upon your throne making grown men weep, with  
boredom

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