

## Mott The Hoople

### "Orgasmatron"

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I am the one, Orgasmatron, the outstretched grasping  
hand  
My image is of agony, my servants rape the land  
Obsequious and arrogant, clandestine and vain  
Two thousand years of misery, of torture in my name  
Hypocrisy made paramount, paranoia the law  
My name is called religion, sadistic, sacred whore.

I twist the truth, I rule the world, my crown is called  
deceit  
I am the emperor of lies, you grovel at my feet  
I rob you and I slaughter you, your downfall is my gain  
And still you play the sycophant and revel in you pain  
And all my promises are lies, all my love is hate  
I am the politician, and I decide your fate

I march before a martyred world, an army for the fight  
I speak of great heroic days, of victory and might  
I hold a banner drenched in blood, I urge you to be  
brave  
I lead you to your destiny, I lead you to your grave  
Your bones will build my palaces, your eyes will stud  
my crown  
For I am Mars, the god of war, and I will cut you down.

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