

Mr. Bungle

"None Of Them Knew They Were Robots"

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Mendel's machines replicate in the night
In the black iron prison of St. Augustine's light
He's paying the bills and they're doing him proud
They can float their burnt offerings on assembler
clouds

With omega point in the sight
The new Franklins fly their kites
And the post modern empire is ended tonight

From history
The flood of counterfeits released
The black cloud
Reductionism and the beast
Automatons gather all the pieces
So the world may be increased
In simulation jubilation
For the deceased...

Spray-on clothes and diamond jaws
Wrinkles smoothed by nanoclaws

With my machines I can dispatch you
From this world without a trace
Our nostalgia ghosts are ready to take your place

Content-shifting shopping malls
Gasoline trees and walk-through walls

None of them knew
None of them knew...

I feel the grey goo boiling my blood
As I watch the dead rise up out of the earth
Try to hide from the lies as they all come true

Deus absconditus
Deus nullus deus
Deus nisi deus

I feel the grey goo boiling my blood
As the fenris wolf slowly bites through his chain

Try to hide the myth as it becomes a man

None of them knew
None of them knew
They were robots

Deus absconditus Deus nullus deus
Deus absconditus Deus nisi deus

Buying an X or an O
In state craft tic tac toe
Cats game for Joe Blow

Post industrial bliss
A binary hug or kiss
Can be wrung from utility mist

They stole the great arcanum
The secret fire
Moloch found his gold
For the new empire
Once again
The necrophage becomes saint

Lindy hop around the truth
Jump back wolf pack attack
Slip on the noose
Slap back white shark attack
Lindy hop around the truth
Jump back wolf pack attack
Slip on the noose
Slap back white shark attack

Phased array diffraction nets
From full-wall paint-on TV sets
Migratory home sublets
And time shared diamond fiber sets

Recombinant logos keys
Bitic Qabalistic trees

Deus absconditus
Deus nullus deus
Deus nisi deus

I feel the grey goo boiling my blood
As leviathan and his bugs freeze the sea
Try to save the world by immolating myself

From history
The flood of counterfeits released

The black cloud
The resurrection of the deceased
Automatons gather all the pieces
So the world may be increased
In simulation jubilation
For the builders
Of the body of the beast

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