

Bad Meets Evil

"1,000 More Fools"

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I heard them say that the meek shall reign on earth,
Phantasmal myriads of sane bucolic birth.
I've seen the rapture in a starving baby's eyes,
Inchoate beatitude, the Lord of the Flies.

So what does it mean when your mind starts to stray?
Kaleidoscopic images of love on the way.
Brother, you'd better get down on your knees and pay.
1, 000 more fools are being born every fucking day.

They try to tell me that the lamb is on the way,
With microwave transmissions they bombard us every
day.
The masses are obsequious, contented in their sleep.
The vortex of their minds ensconced within the murky
deep.

So what does it mean when your mind starts to stray?
Kaleidoscopic images of love on the way.
Brother, you'd better get down on your knees and pay.
1, 000 more fools are being born every fucking day.

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