

Omnitron "I Am He"

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Multiple choice in a hightech. submission:
like a doorgunner in a Huey; technology cures
stupidity?

I want to ease right now, LAZILY
I want to dream away, DROWSILY.

Hit...me! Hit...me! Hit...me! Hit...me!

Chorus: I bless the EARTH of which we feed,
I bless the AIR in which we breathe,
I bless the SUN burning in sky.
Bliss of the MOON, no reason why
'cause I am HE
that was and is and shall BE,
grappling with fate as old LVB
reading B. of the D.

Entropic mort-GAG-ization...meaning DEATH,
desovereignization.
I want to sleep, OK? In the noonday sun.
Let's try to make it this time, ALL RISE!

Chorus: I bless the EARTH of which we feed,
I bless the AIR in which we breathe,
I bless the SUN burning in sky.
Bliss of the MOON, no reason why
'cause I am YOU
as you are HE and he is SHE
and they are WE and we are ALL-
-ways together under the moonday sun.

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