

Omnitron "Rock Drill/Iron Ration"

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It took us some time as it's taking up yours
- we had the furnace, the coal and the ore.
But as things stood, we needed a crew
I consider the Pope, I considered you.
But the Pope ain't got enough tanks for me
and he drives no Tatra 603.
So beat is Stef-f, Real Raz joins the chorus
Bass needs Pon-X, Mars needs Humble Boris
Sound is OMNITRON, the walls of steel
- No 98-Olds, no Papamobile
But the Trans-Siberian grind funk railroad,
the sure-win strategy: toad eat toad.
The funny-peculiar jamming station,
the strip-mining district and the Iron Ration:

An I for an I at the current rate of exchange;
another reduction, another target in range.
Burning love - what a smell!
Silly goat - where's my hell?
Got no soul - what to sell?
The better hand with the upper few as it seems
the alarm clock punched the jaw of my jingle-bell
dreams
Dog eat hot dog takes the loss but made no bids
and the sweets lost their taste in the mouths of the
well-behaved kids.

Laughter and noise
drink and rejoice
The future's around.
More often than less
we drink to excess
The past pulls us down.

Honk if you love the Saviour, sing him a song.
If the leopards sing to the bones, should they just sing
along?
Burning love - what a smell!
Silly goat - where's my hell?
Got no soul - what to sell?
Can we have more faith in him than in publicity drives?
or should science fill our heads as it fills our lives?

The Second Coming in a second or maybe too late, or
another fiction seeking another creator.
There are so many futures that we may have to live in
- the past can't be given.

Laughter and noise
drink and rejoice
The future's around.
Amnesia rise
to fill our lives
until we drown.

Honk if you love to bonk up the honky tonk teenies.
Industrial history offers some pretty good sceneries.
Buffalo soldiers, splice your tapes and abide
for the scorched earth policy has us all up for a ride.

The second COMECON in romper suit and felt-pen
moustache;
stone-faced ancestors bought up by hustlers.
Unlike the little pigs and crooks who die in the telly
our ends will be smelly.

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