

Plasmatics

"Propagators"

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We swarm inside you, in your body and your brain
We press your buttons, one for pleasure, one for pain
We ride the satellites, we ride inside your head
We're Albert Einstein, we're the maggots on the dead
We can make you praise the lord, or fuck your
neighbour's wife
While you perform for us, you think you have a life

We are the, we are the, we are the, PROPAGATORS

We're in our prime now, but your time's almost done
Too bad you will not be here to join in on the fun
We are the noise machine plugged straight into your
brain
We amplify ourselves, we overload the gain
Sometime in the future when nirvana will be found
We'll throw a giant party, only you won't be around
Network of molecules, dividing DNA
Cosmic reactor, we're going all the way

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