

Lyapis Trubetskoy

"Capital"

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For dinner I devour gold bars
Diamond desert, oil cream
My name is Baalzebul
Owner of the stratosphere
I am unrealistically cool
My respect is beyond measure

In my left hand is Snickers
In my right hand is Mars
My PR Manager is Karl Marx
In my left hand is Snickers
In my right hand is Mars
My PR Manager is Karl Marx

Capital! Capital! Capital! Capital!

I devour the cities and wash them down with the seas.
My beard covers the sky.
Thunder and lightning, rain and fog
My boots are licked by ministers and leaders.

In my left hand is Snickers
In my right hand is Mars
My PR Manager is Karl Marx
In my left hand is Snickers
In my right hand is Mars
My PR Manager is Karl Marx

Capital! Capital! Capital! Capital!

In my left hand is Snickers
In my right hand is Mars
My PR Manager is Karl Marx
I am the face of Madonna
Within me are rotten apples
Everyone on your knees!
Orchestra! The flourish!

Capital! Capital! Capital! Capital!

