

THC

"Good Morning Beautiful"

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Satellite, oh, satellite
Who sits upon our skies
How deep do you see when you spy into our lives?
I know that God lives in everybody's souls
And the only devil in your world
Lives in the human heart
So now ask yourself
What is human? And what is truth?
Ask yourself
Whose voice is it? That whispers unto you?
From the cellars of your homes
From the tops of your city roofs
Ask yourself
Whose voice is it? That whispers unto you?
Who is it?
That turns your blood into spirit and your spirit into
blood
Who is it?
That can reach down from above and set yours souls
ablaze with love
Or fill you with the insanity of violence and it's brother:
lust
Who is it?
Whose words have been twisted beyond recognition
In order to build your planet Earth's religions
Who is it?
Who could make your little armies of the left
And your little armies of the right
Light up your skies tonight
Now some of you may live and some of you may die
But remember
That nothing in the world can kill you inside
For he is thinking of you
In your great cities of great solitude
Oh children you've still got a lot to fuckin' learn
The only path to heaven is via hell
Good morning beautiful, good morning beautiful
Good morning beautiful, good bye world

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