

Denis Charles**"Virus"**

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Global controls will have to be imposed
And a world governing body will be created to enforce
them
Crises precipitate change

Secretly plotting your demise

I wanna devise a virus to bring Dire Straits to your
environment
Crush your corporations with a mild touch
Trash your whole computer system and revert you to
papyrus

I want to make a super virus
Strong enough to cause blackouts in every single
metropolis
'Cuz they don't wanna unify us
So fuck it total anarchy and can't nobody stop us

You see late in the evening
Fucked up on my computer and my mind starts
roaming
I create like a heathen
The first cycles of this virus I can send through a
modem

Infiltration hits your station
No Microsoft or enhanced DOS will impede
Society thinks their safe when
Bingo, hard drive crashes from the rending

A lot of hackers tried viruses before
Vaporize your text like so much white out
I want it where a file replication is a chore
Lights out, shut down the entire White House

I don't want just a bug that could be corrected
I'm erecting immaculate design
Break the nation down section by section
Even to the greatest minds it's impossible to find

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We have already planned
The plan is programmed into every one of my 1000
robots
We will not hesitate, we will destroy the Homosapien
Please stay where you are

Aey, I'm makin' some shit in my basement
'Bout to do it to 'em, don't tell 'em though
Alright I love you, peace

I want to develop a super virus
Better by far than that old Y2K
This is 3030 the time of global unification
Break right through they terminals

Burn 'em all slaves to silicon
Corrupt politicians with leaders and their keywords
F.B.I and spies stealin' bombs
Decapitate their plans in their face and catch the fever

Everybody loot the stores, get your caned goods
Even space stations are having a hard time
Peacekeepers seek to take our manhood
Which results in the form of global apartheid

Ghettos are trash dumps with gas pumps
Exploding and burnt out since before the great union
The last punks walk around like masked monks
Ready to manipulate the data base or break through
'em

Human rights come in a hundredth place
Mass production has always been number one
New Earth has become a repugnant place
So it's time to spread the fear to thunder some

For long have we tried
To extend our glorious empire out to the stars
Only to be driven back

Reach the stars

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