

## The The "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 soul's  
And the only Devil in your world lives in the human  
heart

So now, ask yourself, what is human? 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 your 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, tonight?

Now, some of you may live and some of you may die  
But remember, that nothing in your world, can kill you  
inside  
For he is thinkin' 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, goodbye world

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