0 + 2 = 1

NoMeansNo

0 +2 =1
Race to the finish line at a dead run
Live is short and love is fleeting -
Before these masks, haloed with snakes
Hissing like rain on the pavement
The blind are deafened and the lame are made dumb
For that queer equation this is the sum:
0 +2 =10 +2 =1
Before the feast, chops on the block!
A word, to the wise, is a fork into flesh.
Everything streched under God's great hand:
A mouth to an breast, an axe to a tree,
The hoot of an owl in the dreams of a mouse -
Count on your fingers, it's the rule of the thumbs, but
0 +2 =10 +2 =1
Yes and no are like day and night,
One breaks as the other is falling.
Questions the answers, stir the solutions,
In the end, for light, you must burn your conclusions;
Night and darkness love silence above all,
Not the equations of sun-loving apes,
Or their prayers for the dead of a world that's to come
0 +2 =10 +2 =1
It may not be nice, it may not be fun,
It may just be a halo of hissing snakes.
But if nothing is something, if to rise is to fall,
Then a child needs a name like a corpse needs a pall -
Nonsense is better than no sense at all.
Hail to the lies by which all truths are hounded!
Teh murder is done, the temple is founded
Where the current is grounded ist circuitry hums:
0 +2 =1

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/