

The Beautiful Dead

Killing Joke

You are an inspiration to me
You are my inspiration of how not to be
You are my inspiration to achieve a better way of life
The crowd was one (oblivion ran deep)
A consciousness of cannon-fodder walking in its sleep
Vacant expressions (and don't look ahead)
Everybody dance with the beautiful dead I said!
All queue up and gravel for a hit
Someone pulls the reins then you chew at the bit
Encouraged by commercials to spend beyond my means
I laughed as it all fell apart at the seams
(Hey! Take a look at tomorrow)
But will I inherit the good green earth?
Such a lovely world
All mod-cons there was dust on the drums
My electronic beat-box got the job done
Everybody emulate the pulse of the soul
And change your clothes (to make you feel whole)
Effort and sweat was a thing of the past (they said!)
Welcome to the world of the beautiful dead

Songwriters

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