Good Morning Beautiful

The The

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 heartSo 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 solitudeOh children, you've still got a lot to fuckin' learn
The only path to Heaven is via HellGood morning beautiful, good morning beautiful
Good morning beautiful, goodbye world

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