

Carrier

Himsa

Red eyes break the silence of night skies Our alarm clocks make the sun rise Espresso controls the tides
Programs and numbers keep everything under control All circuits busy Another digit Here in the Emerald City
Swarms of giant silver flies are buzzing all over head The decomposing masters of Kung-fu, rock and roll All
these luxuries are very Tangled up in a big scary Web of systems Are we ready for what happens When all the
systems fail Were the Right Bros. Fucking high On some kind of LSD ? When they got up in the air What did
they see Everybody here on the ground Doing the Y2K countdown Left wing Right wing 99 you better duck!

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