

# None of Them Knew They Were Robots

## Mr. Bungle

Mendel's machines replicate in the night  
In the black iron prison of St. Augustine's light  
He's paying the bills and they're doing him proud  
They can float their burnt offerings on assembler clouds  
The new Franklins fly their kites  
With omega point in the sight  
And the post modern empire is ended tonight  
From history  
The flood of counterfeits released  
The black cloud  
Reductionism and the beast  
Automatons gather all the pieces  
So the world may be increased  
In simulation jubilation  
For the deceased...  
Spray-on clothes and diamond jaws  
Wrinkles smoothed by nanoclaws  
With my machines I can dispatch you  
From this world without a trace  
Our nostalgia ghosts are ready to take your place  
Content-shifting shopping malls  
Gasoline trees and walk-through walls  
None of them knew...  
As I watch the dead rise up out of the earth  
I feel the gray goo boiling my blood  
Try to hide from the lies as they all come true  
Deus absconditus  
Deus nullus deus nisi deus  
I feel the grey goo boiling my blood  
As the fenris wolf slowly bites through his chain  
Try to hide the myth as it becomes a man  
None of them knew they were robots  
Buying an X or an O  
Cats game for Joe Blow  
In state craft tic tac toe  
A binary hug or kiss  
Post industrial bliss  
Can be wrung from utility mist  
They stole the great arcanum  
The secret fire  
Moloch found his gold  
For the new empire  
Once again  
The necrophage becomes saint  
Lindy hop around the truth  
Jump back wolf pack attack  
Swingin' up there in the noose  
Jump back wolf pack attack  
Slap back white shark attack  
Slap back white shark attack  
Phased array diffraction nets  
From full-wall paint-on TV sets  
Migratory home sublets  
And time shared diamond fiber sets  
Recombinant logos keys  
Bitic Qabalistic trees

I feel the grey goo boiling my blood  
As leviathan and his bugs freeze the sea  
Try to save the world by immolating myself  
The flood of counterfeits released  
From history  
The black cloud  
Automotons gather all the pieces  
The resurrection of the deceased  
In simulation jubilation  
For the builders  
So the world may be increased  
Of the body of the beast

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