All the Surveyors

Shellac

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Who walks the kings road?
Who fears the king?
Fuck the King!
We should have buried you in the desert!
Here come the surveyors.
Let's show them.
Let's show them some respect!
Energy is mass multiplied by the speed of light squared.
That's a big number,
and you're pretty big; we've got more of you
than we can use.
And the cameras in orbit will survey lines on the earth
that show where the corn is,
and the crater that we made out of you
times son-of-a-bitch squared
Here come the surveyors.
Let's show them.
Caw!

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