

# You Lot

## Orbital

You are becoming Gods  
There's a new master of creation, and it's you  
You've unraveled DNA  
And at the same time, you're cultivating  
Bacteria strong enough to kill every living thing  
D'you think you are ready for that much power?  
You lot? You lot? Cheeky bastards, you're running around science like kids wi' guns  
Creating a new world, while the one you've got is stinking  
Go on, 'ands up, 'ands up anyone who thinks you've got it right  
Yeah, there's always one I can see you  
If you want the position of God, then take the responsibility

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