

Suggestion Diabolique

Stereolab

An angel
Always the brightest,
Oh surely will
Fall out of the nest Conscious of the falsifications
And the harnessing
Of our reality The angel
Would never submit
For his eyes were
Wide open and lit We brought oil
Where there was a fire
In this way for good
Were bound to the devil Constantly evolving, curious
Sombre, obscure, dark and luminous
Vitriolic, stringent, prophetic He penetrated
The wheel of modern
Society that
He hated so so much
Hated with all his strength The tumbler stayed standing up
All of his life he flinched not Surpassing of the art
Surpassing cinema
Surpassing life itself
Dang dong dang dong

Songwriters

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