Suggestion Diabolique

Stereolab

An angel
Always the brightest,
Oh surely will
Fall out of the nestConscious of the falsifications
And the harnessing
Of our realityThe angel
Would never submit
For his eyes were
Wide open and litWe brought oil
Where there was a fire
In this way for good
Were bound to the devilConstantly evolving, curious
Sombre, obscure, dark and luminous
Vitriolic, stringent, propheticHe penetrated
The wheel of modern
Society that
He hated so so much
Hated with all his strengthThe tumbler stayed standing up
All of his life he flinched notSurpassing of the art
Surpassing cinema
Surpassing life itself
Dang dong dang dong

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