

We drank the chroma key milk
Rich and creamy and green
We vomit out chroma key silk
And tell of what we've seen

Under the sea, the dead animals sing
Under the rocks, as black as coal
Under the earth, sticky and wet
Over the earth, we bring fire and light

Under the sea, oil is blood
Under the rocks, black coal flows
Under the earth, are barrels of blood
Over the earth, fifty dollars and under

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Over the sea, the rigs are quiet
Over the rocks, golfing oilmen quit
Over the earth, Venezuela to the Granite City
Over the earth, crash and burn

In the sea, the yachts are trashed
On the rocks, the porches are smashed
On the earth, Russians now farm the land
Over the earth, bison walk the land

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Over the sea, a grave yard of rigs
On the rocks, golfmen sigils are etched
Over the earth, bison roam the greens
Over the earth, bi-son-oil-men farm meat

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