

# Grace Jones, Corporate Cannibal

Pleased to meet you, pleased to have you on my plate  
your meat is sweet to me  
your destiny  
your fate

you're my life support, your life is my sport

I'm a man-eating machine X2

you won't hear me laughing, as i terminate your day  
you can't trace my footsteps, as i walk the other way

i can't get enough prey, pray for me X2  
(i'm a man-eating machine)  
corporate cannibal, digital criminal  
corporate cannibal, eat you like an animal

employer of the year, grandmaster of fear  
my blood flows satanical,  
mechanical, masonical and chemical  
habitual ritual

i'm a man-eating machine.. X2

i deal in the market, every man, woman and child is a target  
a closet full of faceless nameless pay more for less empitness

i'll make you scrounge, in my executive lounge  
you pay less tax, but i'll gain more back

my rules, you fools

we can play the money game  
greedgame, power game, stay insane  
lost in the cell, in this hell  
slave to the rhythm of the corporate prison

i'm a man-eating machine  
i can't get enough prey  
pray for me  
corporate cannibal  
digital criminal

i'll consume my consumers, with no sense of humour  
i'll give you a uniform, chloroform  
sanatize, homogenize, vaporize you

i'm the spark, make the world explode  
i'm a man-eating machine, i'll make the world explode  
corporate cannibal