

S.C.R.O.T.U.M. by Adam Baumol & *In Business*

Back in the day in a funky galaxy not so far away  
A nefarious malady was beginning to carve its way  
Into the minds of those who needed a reason to  
Explain away all the pain  
Broken mirrors, pointed fingers, they exclaimed:  
BLAME THEM  
Why do you feel so troubled and afraid?  
BLAME THEM  
Why do you struggle while the "others" got it made?  
BLAME THEM  
And with the seeds of discontent that they did so  
A coalition meant to eradicate the funk began to grow

*(Sacred Coalition Responsible For Orchestrating...)*

The propaganda was relentless  
It battered their senses  
Til the consensus said that what mattered was not unity but  
Disconnection  
Building fences under the guise of "best intentions"  
*(No empathy)*  
Just lies and bigotry and moral condescension  
Their malice spread from planet to planet  
Infecting callous inhabitants with the thought  
"These funky cats are just uneducated savages"  
Whose habits were damaging the fabric of upper classes  
So began the indoctrination of the masses

*Sacred Coalition Responsible for Orchestrating the Total Un-funkification of the Multi-verse*  
*Sacred Coalition Responsible for Orchestrating the Total Un-funkification of...*

The multi-verse is saturated  
With multiple funky worlds that cohabitated, collaborated  
The gods of peace were placated by  
Cantilating sacred dogma in the ancient tongue:  
*We live for the funk*  
*We die for the funk*  
So when that heartless coalition started bringing friction to their jurisdiction  
Charging them with sedition for  
Clinging to their superstitions  
It sparked the ignition of an armed resistance  
Whose only mission was to ensure the funk's very existence

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There was a firefight!  
More like a stick of dynamite  
Up against an army of blast-resistant parasites  
They clashed with the entire might of a thousand hateful nations  
And soon came to the painful realization  
*That's no moon that's a space-station*  
Vacation's over  
Drunk gave way to stone-cold sober  
As the funk was drained and taken from its proper owners  
*Get to the chopper!*  
This storm's a whopper and if the strong can't stop her  
They'll be no one funky left to live long and prosper  
'Cuz this monster's brutal  
Resistance is futile  
And if assistance couldn't be recruited soon  
They'd lose the whole kit-n-kaboodle  
So encrypted musical doodles were broadcast fast as they wrote 'em  
Hoping that those who decode 'em  
Might join the fight against the S.C.R.O.T.U.M.