

Look, it's us, relaxing in the plush interior of a Boeing 747
There's smoke out the window
There's a woman giving birth
In a luxury recliner in first class

This is the height of modern design

Its failure shall inform all design hereafter

There are cocktails on this plane
There are post-cocktail cocktails:
One part bitters, two parts ice, smudged blackberries, blueberries, Pedialyte
Get away from me.

No,
Let's enjoy a weekend getaway
We've gone as a group, we've invited all our friends
A few enemies, and shall compete as if we're at camp
Yeah,

And camp is a popular reality TV show
Filmed inside IKEA. It's open bar, there are sick DJs
And it's like the purge
Our votes finally matter

All the pilots are drug dealers
Wearing T-shirts that read "The Chinese invented pasta"
In Italian. All the stuffed animals are filled with real organs
Which ooze from their fur like spaghetti

There are competitions inside the competition
And one is karaoke, for which I perform the National Anthem and come
In second place

This is the real world
We live in the IKEA on the Boeing and we're all terrorists