

# Land

## Time to Burn

The boy was in the hallway drinking a glass of tea  
From the other end of the hallway a rhythm was generating  
Another boy was sliding up the hallway  
He merged perfectly with the hallway,  
He merged perfectly, the mirror in the hallway  
The boy looked at johnny, johnny wanted to run,  
But the movie kept moving as planned  
The boy took johnny, he pushed him against the locker,  
He drove it in, he drove it home, he drove it deep in johnny  
The boy disappeared, johnny fell on his knees,  
Started crashing his head against the locker,  
Started crashing his head against the locker,  
Started laughing hysterically  
When suddenly johnny gets the feeling he's being surrounded by  
Horses, horses, horses, horses  
Coming in in all directions  
White shining silver studs with their nose in flames,  
He saw horses, horses, horses, horses, horses, horses, horses, horses.  
Do you know how to pony like bony maroney  
Do you know how to twist, well it goes like this, it goes like this  
Baby mash potato, do the alligator, do the alligator  
And you twist the twister like your baby sister  
I want your baby sister, give me your baby sister, dig your baby sister  
Rise up on her knees, do the sweet pea, do the sweet pee pee,  
Roll down on her back, got to lose control, got to lose control,  
Got to lose control and then you take control,  
Then you're rolled down on your back and you like it like that,  
Like it like that, like it like that, like it like that,  
Then you do the watusi, yeah do the watusi  
Life is filled with holes, johnny's laying there, his sperm coffin  
Angel looks down at him and says, 'oh, pretty boy,  
Can't you show me nothing but surrender ? ?  
Johnny gets up, takes off his leather jacket,  
Taped to his chest there's the answer,  
You got pen knives and jack knives and  
Switchblades preferred, switchblades preferred  
Then he cries, then he screams, saying  
Life is full of pain, I'm cruisin' through my brain  
And I fill my nose with snow and go rimbaud,

Go rimbaud, go rimbaud,  
And go johnny go, and do the watusi, oh do the watusi  
There's a little place, a place called space  
It's a pretty little place, it's across the tracks,  
Across the tracks and the name of the place is you like it like that,  
You like it like that, you like it like that, you like it like that,  
And the name of the band is the  
Twistelettes, twistelettes, twistelettes, twistelettes,  
Twistelettes, twistelettes, twistelettes, twistelettes  
Baby calm down, better calm down,  
In the night, in the eye of the forest  
There's a mare black and shining with yellow hair,  
I put my fingers through her silken hair and found a stair,  
I didn't waste time, I just walked right up and saw that  
Up there -- there is a sea  
Up there -- there is a sea  
Up there -- there is a sea  
The sea's the possibility  
There is no land but the land  
(up there is just a sea of possibilities)  
There is no sea but the sea  
(up there is a wall of possibilities)  
There is no keeper but the key  
(up there there are several walls of possibilities)  
Except for one who seizes possibilities, one who seizes possibilities.

(up there)  
I seize the first possibility, is the sea around me  
I was standing there with my legs spread like a sailor  
(in a sea of possibilities) I felt his hand on my knee  
(on the screen)  
And I looked at johnny and handed him a branch of cold flame  
(in the heart of man)  
The waves were coming in like arabian stallions  
Gradually lapping into sea horses  
He picked up the blade and he pressed it against his smooth throat  
(the spoon)  
And let it deep in  
(the veins)  
Dip in to the sea, to the sea of possibilities  
It started hardening  
Dip in to the sea, to the sea of possibilities  
It started hardening in my hand  
And I felt the arrows of desire  
I put my hand inside his cranium, oh we had such a brainiac-amour

But no more, no more, I gotta move from my mind to the area  
(go rimbaud go rimbaud go rimbaud)  
And go johnny go and do the watusi,  
Yeah do the watusi, do the watusi ...  
Shined open coiled snakes white and shiny twirling and encircling  
Our lives are now entwined, we will fall yes we're together twining  
Your nerves, your mane of the black shining horse  
And my fingers all entwined through the air,  
I could feel it, it was the hair going through my fingers,  
(I feel it I feel it I feel it I feel it)  
The hairs were like wires going through my body  
I I that's how i  
That's how i  
I died  
(at that tower of babel they knew what they were after)  
(they knew what they were after)  
[everything on the current] moved up  
I tried to stop it, but it was too warm, too unbelievably smooth,  
Like playing in the sea, in the sea of possibility, the possibility  
Was a blade, a shiny blade, I hold the key to the sea of possibilities  
There's no land but the land  
Looked at my hands, and there's a red stream  
That went streaming through the sands like fingers,  
Like arteries, like fingers  
(how much fits between the eyes of a horse? )  
He lay, pressing it against his throat (your eyes)  
He opened his throat (your eyes)  
His vocal chords started shooting like (of a horse) mad pituitary glands  
The scream he made (and my heart) was so high (my heart) pitched that nobody heard,  
No one heard that cry,  
No one heard (johnny) the butterfly flapping in his throat,  
(his fingers)  
Nobody heard, he was on that bed, it was like a sea of jelly,  
And so he seized the first  
(his vocal chords shot up)  
(possibility)  
(like mad pituitary glands)  
It was a black tube, he felt himself disintegrate  
(there is nothing happening at all)  
And go inside the black tube, so when he looked out into the steep  
Saw this sweet young thing (fender one)  
Humping on the parking meter, leaning on the parking meter  
In the sheets  
There was a man  
Dancing around

To the simple  
Rock & roll  
Song

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