Citronella

Nazzy

i stood before the glittery borders of new radius in search of the fabled city of mud and crushed velvet, what i found was a gutter where the love of entertainment meets the lust for blood and demerits, cutters of the pie throw your summers in the sky, collar pop jolly roger, die motherfucker die, apache on the ship shape and bristol fashion snuck a jammy through the red tape and tip toe past him. worm teeth grinding feverishly below, as little organic hacksaws eager to feed and grow, so when it's blackhawk over the glass walk, they surface up through the cash crops with clippers for your belly-up mascots, and never dine alone, meanwhile back at sea level it was home by home zone for zone, bloom county's homeless riot for home ownership, i hope you put gas in the motor-home and know the roads, i studied with the finest combs stuck under my thumb as opposed to the loaded nose who pray armageddon is numb and that's unevenly rendered to those who grew up thinking faith was the surrender of reason but not a reason to surrender. catch the liberty fires catalog, 40 torched orchids and citronella for algernon, don and vagabond alike repent, this shit should have gone "beta burns babylon, the end".
chorus:
and when the radio stars climbed up out of the floors to murder the medium that shot 'em 30 years before they said...
and when the cutters of the pie throw your summers in the sky, no love lost baby the future is so bright...
nothing says charm like an armored car taking the clone-farm 'tards to the arms bizarre, we were the homemade marker makers born to pour the marsh ink into right guard parts and march through the gauntlet of car alarms, no harps, no delusions of losing with something prettier than ash around the metacarpal still clutching the teddy bears, we can run with scissors through the city fair or situate the nuzzle with the subtle art of splitting hairs, double park the shuttle, some will arc the funneled cutty sark where budding narcs target the gushing heart in the muddy clarks, these are the vices of the p-noid bastards who will chew whatever tablets blur the axioms fastest, crews lose lunches by the hundreds, lose electricity, lose gas, phone, plumbing, humming keep your mouth closed, keep your cows cloned, go, i am the pulse of this fucking town, homes, no. my what a convenient embargo, at least i'll always know which side of the gun i'm supposed to buy the farm from, the too-far-gone kicks still in the box, fix still in the pill in his sock ,chilling, gill in the slop, and a million watch gideon scribes, but once the arc honor pussy and bribes, the animals will divide and that's a win for the garish who keep charity in the parish while profiting off the lack of a marriage amongst the classes.

chorus
and when the radio stars climbed up out of the floors to murder the medium that shot 'em 30 years before they said...
and when the cutters of the pie throw your summers in the sky, no love lost baby the future is so bright...
the mobile infantry is so postal, coast into the quotient provoking the local pistol pete, choking his liberty and justice quotas and cloaking his folk in smithereens, smokey little pile of bloody pulp and co-dependencies. dopey no surrender bender in effect, sole defenders of the longest night new york had never slept, and there were jumping jacks and whistlers over christmas, like rockets from the crypt spilling the festive morning beverage of your preference, i step in hog heaven, stoney with no weapons, pissing on TelePrompTers, selling megaphones to hecklers, who broadcast 80 million versions of the sermon for that one indisputable masterpiece before the curtains, pale arcadian moon, high definition flat plasma, Imax city-wide transfer, artificial einstein-

rosen out the tenement, ease into the xanadu, let it hammer the tension out, i'm talking cool, calm, dominant phenomenal, monitor face to the wall opposite. u.f.o.'s and locusts sing the same old song while the weathermen get retarded as the day is long

chorus

and when the radio stars climbed up out of the floors to murder the medium that shot 'em 30 years before they said...

and when the cutters of the pie throw your summers in the sky, no love lost baby the future is so bright...

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