Laser Life

The Blood Brothers

Oh, Team Machine!
I'm a pound of flesh in a drum machine's dream.
We watched crabs and lobsters eat a dead cop's throat and stuff our mouths with gutted stereos.
Oh, Team Machine!
Every single piano i've ever met in my life
never sounded as good as melted Casio keys
burning in a sea that sings out in 3-D.
Oh, that Laser Rain kept me up all night again
scratching at the window like a bright colored beast
howling at the dawn like an adulterous priest.
shake your hands like they're full of feathers.
shake your wings like they're laced with sound.
shake your skin like a scrambled tv.
gnash your teeth like a flamingo swarm.and if your night unplugs its life.
Digital sunrise. Digital sunset.
Digital sunrise.Oh, Team Machine!
The world's got no end and got no beginning.
Now I'm coughing up maracas and tambourines, looking over cliffs of eternity.
shake your hands like they're full of disaster.
shake your wings like they're painted with tar.
shake your skin like it's sewn with insects.
gnash your teeth like an exploding car.and if your night unplugs its life
blame it on the laser rain.and if your life unplugs its eyes
blame it on the laser rain.because you can't blame the sun, it's been bought and sold to a day that's never dawning.
and you can't blame the sky, it collapsed twleve times;
now it's buried in a digital coffin.
So you climb out to your windowsill
as the drum machines laugh to themselves.

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