Dead Man's Creek

In the Woods...

We've got electric light - electric sight
Electric mother river
You float on down from town to town where they
Think they are in a certain charge
Moody angels and a little tree-goat
- We might even try and we might even float
Far up in the sky where mother Sun put her rays
We can see the garden flow with its electric face
And the knowledge we gained from clouds
Gone insane is the rhythm of the ol' triangle
To gather up some rain
C'mon, the river rape them
- Slaves of the moon
And the monster will turn up in the end
To settle down next JuneSo, why do they strive across their stream of lies
For they might turn vital, mean and wild
And we'll turn them into matchsticks that'll burn
Them 'till they dieI will leave far tonight You'd better find another
Clown for your circus to feed our common enlightenment...
Through and through

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