

# Lazy Flies

Beck

Lazy flies all hovering above  
The magistrate, he puts on his gloves  
And he looks to the clouds, all pink and disheveled  
There must be some blueprints  
Some creed of the Devil inscribed in our minds  
A hideous game vanishes in thin air  
The vanity of slaves, who wants to be there?  
To sweep the debris, to harness dead-horses  
To ride in the sun, a life of confessions  
Written in the dust  
Out in the mangroves, the mynah birds cry  
In the shadows of sulfur, the trawlers drift by  
They're chewing dried meat  
A house of disrepute, the dust of opiates  
And syphilis patients on brochure vacations  
Fear has a glare that traps you like searchlights  
The puritans stare their souls are fluorescent  
The skin of a robot vibrates with pleasure  
Matrons and gigolos carouse in the parlor  
Their hand-grenade eyes, invalid and blind  
A hideous game vanishes in thin air  
The vanity of slaves, who wants to be there?  
To sweep the debris, to harness dead horses  
To ride in the sun, a life of confessions  
Written in the dust  
La la la  
La la la  
La la la  
...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>