Eleven

Ã‚Â¡Forward, Russia!

Quit making faces at the one I love
These errant tightropes that you're thinkin' of
Can't be undone the instant that they're set
Above this scorched and torrid hallowed groundOr so they say in the city
So they say in the sea
Set your watch round the corner
While they bleedI heard a rumor that you lost your job
Was it just hearsay or of factual ground?
This tightrope's set now there's no going back
To Sepiata and the Plastic Surgeons withPineapple cones bleaching your bones
Pineapple cones bleaching your bones
Pineapple conesThey came on the crest of a wave
The cusp of Equinox today but they'll surely go
This pillar of sleep orbited
By thousands of delicate thoughts that will surely goThese satellites fleeced at the door
Comprised of the reason of years that will surely goAs life flashes fitfully down
This spirit so fitfully drowns
A signal is sent from the core
To bring all the satellites home, home, home, yeahA quart of the way
A quart of the ghost still remains
Tsunami that rip at the skin
Anonymous wrenches of blameA great tidal wave
Over the house on the hill
The snakes are all burden with lead
Plum bum dementia for them, just don't forget

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