

Summer's Cauldron

Xtc

Drowning here in summer's cauldron under mats of flower lava

Please don't pull me out, this is how I would want to go

Breathing in the boiling butter, fruit of sweating golden Inca

Please don't heed my shout, I'm relaxing the undertow

When Miss Moon lays down and Sir Sun stands up

Me, I'm found floating round and round

Like a bug in brandy in this big bronze cup

Drowning here in summer's cauldron

Trees are dancing drunk with nectar, grass is waving underwater

Please don't pull me out, this is how I would want to go

Insect bomber Buddhist droning, copper chord of August's organ

Please don't heed my shout, I'm relaxing the undertow

When Miss Moon lays down

(In her hilltop bed)

And Sir Sun stands up

(Raise his regal head)

Me, I'm found floating round and round

Like a bug in brandy in this big bronze cup

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