Moon Sammy

Soul Coughing

Moon Sammy walks across the floor
Below the floor, there is a wall
Behind the wall, there is a chair
Moon Sammy knows, the chair is thereBut that's okay, that's okay, you can do that
If you're wound up, full of tension, incoherent
Your mouth is buttered with lies, you ask why, but you could call it
Enigmatic, all your thoughts about the chair are full of staticAnd automatically your mind
Goes down the stairwell to the chair
Your body says Moon Sammy
Can you come back? Strum itMoon Sammy washes in the sink
Below the sink, there is a drain
The drain goes straight into the sea
The sink itself is porcelainObsess yourself with causality
The information you hear is a loophole technicality
Behind every object is a mathematic
An obscure substance infused with a kinetic force, energyAn obscure conscience shoots a gun at the feet the world dances
Shoots a gun at the feet the world dances
Shoots a gun at the feet the world dances
Shoots a gun at the feet the world dances
Shoots a gun at the feet the worldBabylon, mystery, mother of harlots
And all these abominations of the earth
That sits on many waters
Drunk with the blood of the martyrs of JesusAnd I wondered with great admiration
And I wondered with great admiration
And I wondered with great admiration
And I wondered with great admirationMoon Sammy
Moon Sammy
Moon Sammy
Moon Sammy

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