

# Summer's Cauldron

[XTC](#)

Drowning here in summers cauldron under mats of flower lava  
Please dont pull me out, this is how I would want to go  
Breathing in the boiling butter, fruit of sweating golden Inca  
Please dont heed my shout, Im relaxing the undertow When Miss Moon lays down and Sir Sun stands up  
Me, Im found floating round and round  
Like a bug in brandy in this big bronze cup  
Drowning here in summers cauldron Trees are dancing drunk with nectar, grass is waving underwater  
Please dont pull me out, this is how I would want to go  
Insect bomber Buddhist droning, copper chord of Augusts organ  
Please dont heed my shout, Im relaxing the undertow When Miss Moon lays down  
(In her hilltop bed)  
And Sir Sun stands up  
(Raise his regal head)  
Me, Im found floating round and round  
Like a bug in brandy in this big bronze cup  
Drowning here in summers cauldron Drowning here in summers cauldron  
Drowning here in summers cauldron  
Drowning here in summers cauldron  
Drowning here in summers cauldron

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>