

Blue Oyster Cult

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I am becalmed in virtue
Lost to nothing on a bay of dreams
Warm weather and a holocaust
The tears of God flow as I bleed
Left to die by two good friends
Abandoned me and put to sleep
On a shore where oyster beds
Seem plush as down
And ripe enough for the Luxor dream
Recall the dream of Luxor
How fluids will arrive
As if by call or schedule
Resume through the morning tide
Where entry is by seaweed gate
And plan the plan of dreams
To lose oneself in reverie
In all that is and all that seems
So ladies, fish, and gentlemen
Here's my angled dream
To see me in the blue sky bag
And meet me by the sea
The oyster boys are swimming now
To claim me back from the dead
The creatures back from vertigo
They fear to fall but haven't fell
Will reclaim tries and try again
The oyster boys are swimming now
Hear them chatter on the tide
Of the lost and language lost
Hear them chatter on the tide
We understand, we understand
We understand and so do I
We understand, we understand
But fright is real and so am I
So ladies, fish, and gentlemen
Here's my angled dream
To see me in the blue sky bag
And meet me by the sea
The entry to lost vestibule opens on the bay

An instant shape of mercury
Lost and then retained
An instant is an eyelash
Caught on the tide
Imaginos
Below this bay and then besides
The oyster boys are swimming now
One deal is what we made
Forest keys and whirlwind cold
Green keys too and keys of gold
Even locks that won't explode
When the skies become a scroll
Having lost its interest
See that's the deal we made
Just to join the Oyster Cult
The Blue Oyster Cult
We understand, we understand
Blue Oyster Cult

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