Chain Reaction

Beck

Comin' through the barricades, cuttin' the lines
The red lights goin' round like insanity sirens
The end of the galaxy, the middle of the road
Where the blackout moons cut the weather of [unverified]Black engines grind down, teeth are raw
The rubber juggernaut rots in a shattering jaw
Helter skelter bulldozers runnin' over the block
Where a pawn shop clock is ticking out like a bombIt's a chain reactionLike a chain reactor blowing out of my arms
Shoot every paranoid phantom that's done me harm
Like a desolate specter in a pummel of fists
Kicking against the pricks, burning black like wicksThey spit pig iron, tell you nothing is wrong
Put a heart on a pike, sing a resurrection song
For a paralyzed mind in a kerosene jar
Barracuda believer with a heathen guitarApocalyptic nostalgia tokens
Dark arts sell sail for Antarctica oceans
It's a chain reaction

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