

Severed Goddess Hand

Meat Puppets

The horizon breaks to pieces
And the mainline is the twilight
And the giant net has a perfect window
Passage through has the ticket screaming I want a mind
I'll tell you what I find
No severed goddess hand
No plaster in my eye No picture of a lamb
No goddess hand have I
I'm a picture of a goddess
Of a planet in the window Through a tiny hole in the giant curtain
I have watched as it stood undressing
I want more more eyes
I want to see more lies In the silence of the neurons
Where the pathway has been printed
There's a gleaming hope for an understanding
Timing's gone and there's been no planning Two heads, one dream
Two-thirds a crowd it seems

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