

Puppets Meat

"Sweet Ammonia"

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Thieves have brought us invisible make-up
The fires are growing hypnotically thin
Fish are leading us out of the water
Spineless majesty swallows a grin

There's a seed on the wind
There's a rose in the seed
On the petals of the rose
Is the smell of sweet ammonia

Frozen cherubs alight in a glowing tree
Copper locust, invisible string
Fried robots are blowing sweet melodies
Silver frogs in lava stream sing

I am the light beam I am the rock
I think I am I think I am
I am the lime doll I am the dog
I think I am I think I am

Pulled a muscle inside my thinking
Not using my head for while
Unearthing the tunneling underground
I bury my head in the sky

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