

At The Drive In "Alpha Centauri"

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Widows an antique replacement
A briefcase filled with mace
Widows six legged, lost and found, found

Students spray, the Kent state mist
Wishing wills, missing clientele
Widows six legged, lost and found, found

Parkas worn in summer apparel
Sweat, lodge, comatose of broken arrows

Widows veiled in rebound sheets
This is the ghost of a chance, the lonely
Widows six legged, lost and found, found

Precision watch, the scalpel make roads
Hear them talk in paranoid parables
Widows six legged, lost and found, found

Storefront chairmans fingering buttons
This running of the bulls will trample
All the life support system

Madrid, space station, Spain
E space, e space, flesh versus machine
Matadors chase the bulls in a china shop

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Gored my neck, don't spare me death
I'm running circles, red cape paper
Taste the vapor

Gored my neck, don't spare me death
I'm running circles, red cape paper
Taste the vapor, taste the vapor

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