

## Estopa

### "Danse Of Tosho & Slavi / Randy's Desert Adventure"

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Go into the sand, cell-phone in hand, but with no  
bottled water

Big Sun-I praise you, the only one that can kill me with  
passivity  
Lavaging, as you pour down invisible death tentacles  
of no mercy  
Blood rushes to my head  
My knee hits the hot earth  
The heat-it burns!!!  
My pores, Blood boils- Skin peels as you....  
DIE!!!!!!!!!!

This adventure I regret as death tears into me from  
above  
My body-now a well I've abandoned for modernity  
This cell-phone can't save from the swelling dunes that  
wait to cover my charred corpse  
My flesh cooks-insipid, and is ripped apart by vultures  
From severed eyes I take a final look into the sky  
Radiance blinding as it gives-and now takes.

YEAH!!!!!!!!!!  
Will they miss me Monday morning.

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