

Estradasphere

"Danse Of Toshi & 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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