

## **Kashmir**

### **"Beamed"**

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sun is shining, I can only imagine clouds in the sky  
and the beams cry loud in my eyes and I'm fried as I  
lay me down I am beamed  
rain left a caustic shroud on my skin  
drained all the healthy clouds off the wind  
stains on my cheeks in my head took my long hair  
snakes bit my feet, ate my toes  
snow left a carpet.....  
cold on my knees  
blew all the 'mid june heat' off the seas  
clouds grew a shade, a mushroom shape on the ceiling  
flies rub your hands, its all yours!  
I have got one finger left  
I saved it for my 'ray gun trigger'

all the toes I lost I did preserve in piles  
they're gettin' bigger  
beamed flies rub your hands its all yours!  
have your dance  
plastic seasons are here  
so please have a little toast to me  
go and get pissed on me!

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