

The Doors "Severed Garden"

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Wow! I'm sick of doubt
Live in the light of certain South
Cruel bindings

The servants have the power
Dog, men and their mean women
Pulling poor blankets over our sailors

I'm sick of dour faces
Staring at me from the T.V. tower
I want roses in my garden bower, dig

Royal babies, rubies must now replace
Aborted strangers in the mud
These mutants, blood-meal
For the plant that's plowed

They are waiting to take us into
The severed garden
Do you know how pale and wanton thrillful
Comes death on a strange hour

Unannounced, unplanned for
Like a scaring over-friendly guest
You've brought to bed

Death makes angels of us all
And gives us wings
Where we had shoulders
Smooth as raven's claws

No more money, no more fancy dress
This other kingdom seems by far the best
Until it's other jaw reveals incest
And loose obedience to a vegetable law

I will not go
Prefer a feast of friends
To the giant family

