

Meat Puppets "Chemical Garden"

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Saw it in Braille
Come randomly pouring out
In a wave of black ice
And night time and then

In a fast moving storm
With singalong thunderclouds
The soft explosion
Of dayfall and then

Orange and blue
The fire is starting
Shimmering through
The chemical garden

I am not alone
Stumbling through
The chemical garden

Behind these black eyes
A story is playing out
Atop a cloudy hill
The verdict is read

On every lip the sound
Of the feather falls
A wave of nighttime's
Electrical head

Though I refuse to see
I'm suddenly shown
Cut through the sweetest parts
To get to the bone

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