

## The Church

### "Oxydental"

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Sixteen spirit voices in a menal melange  
The disembodied chorus in a bucket of flange  
Baby serpents dreaming at the bottom of their eggs  
Occidental drone driving their legs

Somebody somewhere must have figured it out  
Leaving it open for apostles of doubt  
Banging on a tabla till the kingdom comes  
Feel it in my fingers and my thimbles and thumbs

Einstein sent a cruiser to another dimension  
Strange little beasties on the surface tension  
A plague of maharishis in a post-ecstatic haze  
Is this the way you've been wasting your days

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