

The Psychedelic Ensemble

"The Psychedelic Furs"

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Title - Flowers

See the people dead in cars
See their bodies bleed
I know he's so dead and gone
I think that is free
His body is upon the wall
His teeth are sharp and white
We cut his eyes with razorblades
And out of him comes foul white light
In the eastern carpet store
He is made of dreams
Put his picture on the wall
Just where the mirror gleams
His body is upon the wall
His teeth are sharp and white
We cut his face with razorblades
And out of him comes foul white light
His power's all around his feet
There's flowers in his heart
If you take the needles out
His body falls apart
His body is upon the wall
His teeth are sharp and white
We cut his hands with razorblades
And out of him comes foul white light
Make a god of politics
Make a god of police
Worship it with automobiles
Worship it with screams
His body is upon the wall
His teeth are sharp and white
He cuts his feet with razorblades
And out of him comes foul white light
Make a god of useless drivel
Sew it at the seams
Float it down the river
Where the sewage is the sea
His body is upon the wall
His teeth are sharp and white
He cuts his teeth with razorblades

And out of him came stupid light
That's flowers

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