

Amplifier, Post Acid Youth

Drugged a million words
Just like ourselves
Formed a straight line
Plucking at sound-waves
And oh,
For no-one ever
Darkest singing
The days of tripping upon snakes
Are over now

Do you feel empty now
Inside the fascist city?

And I'm thinking of euphoria
Spiked on golden splinters
With the church of relativity
All under my fingers
Head up into the bluest skies
Stuck in the glue with the dying flies
Inside the vapour you were grown
In the LSD of the speaker cone
Been given the cobwebs to blow away
Been celebrating each wasted day
In unconditional luxury
Comatose, living life in a sugar cube

Do you feel pleasure now
Inside the fascist body?

Dumb and hooked on fossil fuels
A gorged generation
Speckled and smackey
Singing Prozac is golden
Escaped the prison they called the head
And glittered the bones of the young and dead
On big Imperial chemistry
Elastic, dumb and vulnerable
But somewhere down south -
Where the birds are singing
You'll hear the barbed wire doves
Of a million mothers

Is there fulfilment now
Inside the fascist psyche?