

Beck, Erase the Sun

Offices and fountains they named for you
Stacks and zealots wither in shit-filled rooms
Hari-karis barely a tear for you
Hairy fairies spinning the golden looms

Wake up the ghosts and lepers
Aching in their slavery smoke
Delinquent hygienes atrocious
We'll shoot out the great white crescent
We'll shoot out the great white crescent

Fisticuffs and zithers of Zanzibar
Body pills and shiver and caviar
Dazzlements and accidents body's chart
Choice cut meats of derelict boulevards

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