

# Beck, Lazy Flies

Lazy flies all hovering above  
The magistrate, he puts on his gloves  
And he looks to the clouds  
All pink and disheveled  
There must be some blueprints,  
Some creed of the devil  
Inscribed in our minds  
A hideous game  
Vanishes in thin air  
The vanity of slaves  
Who wants to be there?  
To sweep the debris  
To harness dead-horses  
To ride in the sun  
A life of confessions  
Written in the dust  
Out in the mangroves  
The mynah birds cry  
In the shadows of sulfur  
The trawlers drift by  
They're chewing dried meat  
House of disrepute  
The dust of opiates  
And syphilis patients  
On brochure vacations  
Fear has a glare that traps you  
Like searchlights  
The puritans stare  
Their souls are fluorescent  
The skin of a robot  
Vibrates with pleasure  
Matrons and gigolos  
Carouse in the parlor  
Their hand-grenade eyes  
Invalid and blind  
Vanishes in thin air  
The vanity of slaves  
Who wants to be there?  
To sweep the debris  
To harness dead-horses  
To ride in the sun  
A life of confessions  
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