

Daiquiri, Babies Making Babies

More water in the air than air
And little bags of jelly there

An angel falling off a cloud
A birth that God would not allow

There's a little bag on the ground
With a vein on the side
Wet enough to survive
It's alive that's inside
Make a hole drain it dry
It's the son it's the one
There's a light from the sky

A fluid fills a million eyes
The goop is dripping from the sky

Placenta at you feet
The universe is underneath