

Guided By Voices, Burning Flag Birthday Suit

Don't open life alone
Contact the empire solutionaries
They cut the skin, they peel back the onion
Reveal the ghost blood
Fat black gas exudes
Moves into the mirrored halls of empty values

Canned sister Iowa
Drive me to the changing room
Where the counterfeit meets
And brings its collection of orphans

Leave them in the state grip
The nurses hate them
But it's up to you and me, my faithful sin-eater
To give them a glorious lightbath
And remove their wrapping
Their burning flag birthday suit