

Guided By Voices, Electric Indians

Are we ready? We are
Get a load of that
And get a taste of freedom
Your campaign for holy host is not all that easy
I promised you a garden
Not an empire of worms
That flood you with possession && sailboats && seasons
Not now - forever in love with death
Not now - taking an intoxicating breathe
Of sweet victory on the sea
'Til the morning arrives with her litter of trash
Bathing in the new grapes of wrath
I could make him a political savior
And I minor mutant of the cosmos

This waffle of religion
And Catholic infiltration
Smoke with Indians
Electric Indians
True blue Indians
Guru Indians
Not now - forever in love with death
Not now - taking an intoxicating breathe
Of sweet victory on the sea
'Til the morning arrives with her offspring of filth
Bathing in the product of her wealth