

Idiot Flesh, Motherfucker

Hillside building, falling grass
Forest filling, velvet pass
Steplike structure, view commanding
Flatland feeding, homeland breeding

Can we see the years fast ticking
Bringing us what will be past?
Should I not say of my own land
I will never build a house?

Human rabbits feeding, breeding, leading, needing normal lives
Bringing, banging, clanging, breathing smoke and soot, the man arrives!

Some are thinkers with ideals.
Some are running around waving their arms in the air
With no idea what they are trying to accomplish here

Electric growing, telecom going deeper and deeper into space
One day coming, all have plumbing, save us from this frantic pace!

Fearful feeling not withstanding
Hillside dream I not abandon
Still I stir this troubled question

Shall I wear my last clean sox?
Shall I put them in a box?
Should I wear them out?
Should I have another stout?

When I think I'm only spinning wheels
In hopes of slowly pinning down in mind a firm conclusion
How the fuck to live my life
Motherfucker