

Lard, Sidewinder

Snake on a dune
Sand so moist and cool
Crawls up to a ledge
To survey the valley below

Slither into town
In the velvet Elvis night
Spiralling remains
Of a garden of delights

The builders are all gone
Their monuments remain
Outlasted by what they once controlled
How on earth is this explained

Sidewind
Refine
Survive
What's left behind

Can't burrow a home down here
Old asphalt lies below
Goodbyes from the dead play on
Half-cured video gravestones

Cracked patches of neon
Flickers as the wind blows
What kind of drugs were these creatures on
To want so much it ate them whole

Aversion to detergent
Always naturally clean
Sleep all day, crush mice by night
More civilized if you ask me

Sidewind
Refine
Survive
What's left behind

Wake up in the bushes
Brush the crust out of my eyes
Fluff the dirt out of my hair
As the bright sun's beatin' down

Time to hit the road
Time to find the rain
Away from the cage where the light bulbs
blaze
Hitch a ride to another plain

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