

The Doors, Severed Garden

wow, im sick of doubt
live in the light of certain south, cruel bindings
the servants have the power
dogmen and their mean women
pulling poor blankets over our assailers

i'm sick of dour faces staring at me from the tv tower
i want roses in my garden bower, dig?
royal babies, rubies, must now replace aborted strangers in the mud
these mutants blood meal for the plant that's ploughed

they are waiting to take us into the severed garden
you know how pale and wanton, thrillful comes death
in the strange hour
unannounced, unplanned for
like a scary over-friendly guest you've brought to bed

death makes angels of us all and gives us wings
where we had shoulders smooth as ravens' claws

no more money, no more fancy dress
this other kingdom seems by far the best
until its other jaw reveals incest
and loose obedience to a vegetable law

i will not go
prefer a feast of friends to the giant family