

Dan Deacon, Wham City

There is a mountain of snow
up past the big glen
We have a castle enclosed
There is a fountain
Out of the fountain flows gold
into a huge hand
That handsa held by a bear
who had a sick band

Of goats and cats and pigs and bats
with brooms and bats and wings and rats
That play big dogs like queens and kings
and everyone plays drums and sings
'Bout big sharks sharp swords
Beast bees bead lords
Sweet cakes maste lakes
a ma ma ma ma ma ma ma oooooo

I hope in my heart that we on a whole
will die and the earth be left alone
just beast and bee and fish and tree
this hope I wish will someday be
that bacteria will have ate our remains
that all knowledge of us has decayed
our burden raised the world set free
the earth returns to land and sea
our buildings burned and highways gone
I love my friends and everyone
but we've had our chance let's move aside
let time wash us out with the tide