

Dog Fashion Disco, Nude In The Wilderness

if I was the son of god
I'd live alone nude in the wilderness
the animals would speak to me
and approach me without hesitation
the birds would sing to scarecrows
in circadian rhythm
inside the garden of desperation
a voice could be heard
and all the plastic politician devils cry
as all the skyscrapers come crashing to the ground
what ever happened to a quiet simple life
innocence is lost as we near our final day
deep in the forest
the apparitions are all in attendance
phantoms and specters
converge in silence under the moonlight
behind this illusion
is a union of theanthropism
inside the garden of desperation
a voice could be heard
and all the plastic politician devils cry
as all the skyscrapers come crashing to the ground
what ever happened to a quiet simple life
innocence is lost as we near our final day
falling bombs on babylon
what a perfect ending to it all
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