

# 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  
falling bombs on babylon  
what a perfect ending to it all