

# Guided By Voices, Avalanche Aminos

Give him hope  
Give him progress  
Give him time

Sell him communion  
Dream angels telepathy  
It's an item  
Of appropriate backing  
Regardless of enemies

Things are fine beneath your zodiac sign  
The dancing monsters  
Have all gone home to bed  
To find their secret hideaways

If this is the reason  
That I have no recall  
Each man has his fuss  
It's not a thing  
You think you can run  
But you know you must fall  
Ever spiralling down  
Afraid forever

It fazes me slightly  
It dazes me nightly  
But these things won't hurt me  
And I feel like a completely different person