

# Guided By Voices, Evil Speakers

(R. Pollard)

I am breathing, yet I feel no sky  
Things without wings have begun to fly  
Unhitched trailers---I see trailers trail  
From the well i pull an empty pail  
Little man bleeding, little heart beating so  
Evil speaker blow my circuits---oh no  
Brothers, sisters---all transistors, you know  
Father logic sometimes gets cosmic, you know