

Guided By Voices, Jane Of The Waking Universe

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A wrinkled rose snapped back, and the flies on flowers
Spreading out to all sickness of humanity
Listen to our queen as she is offering free samples
Of her lovely garden spoils

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And undulating always, like the tide, the devil's bride
Is calling all toward her skirt
And in the loving folds there we will hide inside
From any would-be sneak attack
Until it's safe to journey back

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