

Guided By Voices, Mushroom Art

Living without you is difficult
But our dead dreams awake
In my mushroom art

Do not observe her beauty
Cloud-faced old man winking
You see, he tests me
He wants I should join him in gratitude
For his craft
He calls this love
But hardly so

Happy the universe
Happy is the act
A bejewelled crow on a quilted tent
Yea, at the zenith
Our dead dreams awake

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