Kashmir, Beamed

sun is shining, I can only imagine clouds in the sky and the beams cry loud in my eyes and I'm fried as I lay me down I am beamed rain left a caustic shroud on my skin drained all the healthy clouds off the wind stains on my cheeks in my head took my long hair snakes bit my feet, ate my toes snow left a carpet..... cold on my knees blew all the 'mid june heat' off the seas clouds grew a shade, a mushroom shape on the ceiling flies rub your hands, its all yours! I have got one finger left I saved it for my 'ray gun trigger' all the toes I lost I did preserve in piles they're gettin' bigger beamed flies rub your hands its all yours! have your dance plastic seasons are here so please have a little toast to me go and get pissed on me!