

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!