

Meat Puppets, Chemical Garden

Saw it in Braille
Come randomly pouring out
In a wave of black ice
And nighttime and then
In a fast moving storm
With singalong thunderclouds
The soft explosion
Of dayfall and then

Orange and blue
The fire is starting
Shimmering through
The chemical garden
I am not alone
Stumbling through
The chemical garden

Behind these black eyes
A story is playing out
Atop a cloudy hill
The verdict is read
On every lip
The sound of the feather falls
A wave of nighttime's
Electrical head

Though I refuse to see
I'm suddenly shown
Cut through the sweetest parts
To get to the bone