

Meat Puppets, Mirage

SCANNING ALL AROUND
NOTHING THERE TO SEE
SUDDENLY FROM NOWHERE
THINGS THAT SHOULDN'T BE
BIG GUNPOWDER FALLS
TUMBLES UNDERGROUND
DROPS OF CARDBOARD WATER
ANCIENT BLOCKS OF SOUND
MIRAGE..
WATER SETS THE FIRE
SPINNING ON ITS TAIL
SHADE GROWS TO NIGHTTIME
PLEASURES THERE FOR SALE
NOBODY SEES
THE WAY IT GOES
TIME LESS LAND
NOBODY KNOWS
MIRAGE...