

# Mercury Rev, Meth Of A Rockette's Kick

mounds of feeble trouble drop from the skies  
I've seen an ailing nothing where the outer space lies  
Powder kegs and marbles [of mumbles?] turn from gray to green eyes  
I won't be sentimental  
stay at a hospital tonight  
hydrophonic sonic rhymes  
submerge me in the water until i'm free of all crimes  
[brussle?] propulsive healthy mouses  
gurgle in slime  
and fondle all the fishes and make them all cheer up  
rage in their souls gotta be controlled  
I'm often confused  
waves in the pool  
burr in my side  
make it come back  
you make it connect  
you make it come true  
and that's it  
holes in my head  
I'm holding my head  
and it's slow motion blues  
I'm free  
I'm free  
I'm free  
cutting burned spiders  
worshipping twine  
laughing out the sugars in the sticky strange shrine  
drinking mountain cider by the suicide mines  
I want to be fighter when the pilots not light up  
screaming, sucking, slurping chimes  
it often makes me wonder if we'll be through in time  
[ ? ] boces  
gurgle in grime  
shoot it like a loon till you make the skin clear up  
rage in the soul gotta be controled  
and I'm often confused  
often confused  
waves in the water  
burr in my side  
make it come back  
you make it connect  
you make it come true  
and that's it  
holes in my head  
I'm holding my head  
and it's coming from you  
I'm free  
I'm free  
I'm free  
make it come back  
you make it connect  
you make it come true  
and that's it  
holes in my head  
I'm holding my head  
and it's slow motion blues  
I'm free  
I'm free  
I'm free  
I'm free  
I'm free  
I'm free  
I'm free