

The Church, Oxydental

Sixteen spirit voices in a menal melange
The disembodied chorus in a bucket of flange
Baby serpents dreaming at the bottom of their eggs
Occidental drone driving their legs

Somebody somewhere must have figured it out
Leaving it open for apostles of doubt
Banging on a tabla till the kingdom comes
Feel it in my fingers and my thimbles and thumbs

Einstein sent a cruiser to another dimension
Strange little beasties on the surface tension
A plague of maharishis in a post-ecstatic haze
Is this the way you've been wasting your days