

The Residents, Blue Rosebuds

I love you and 'cause I do
My sky has changed
>From grey to blue
But blue's not just
A color of the rainbow
It's shade is not a hazy hue
But pure and hard
My blue sky blue
It's like a Roman candle
Coming rosebuds
"Your words are empty hollow bleatings
Of a mental crutch
They're open-festered indigestion
With a velvet touch
An ether-eating Eskimo
Would gag upon your sight
Convulsed into oblivion
>From laughter or from fright
A coma with a sweet aroma
Is your only dream
Malignant with the misconception
That a grunt can gleam
Your lichen-covered corpuscles
Are filthy to my fist
Infection is your finest flower
Mildewed in the mist."
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