

Lemonade

Beck

Kiss a girl, slay a hag
Feel the flavor, freedom fag
Get up early, do your chores
Chase the murder with the rancid pores

The thyroids with friendly blade
The haunted beast with faces flayed
Silver chicken make a fuss
Reveling in molten puss

Favorite patrons crack their death
With arteries and tinsel breath
Revolution, purple fist
Pummeling your angel piss

Sour powered, wussy soul
Solid darkness, goddess show
Weaving heirlooms through the hour
From the cradle monster cowered

Waking up, delicious ghost
They eat themselves from coast to coast
Dancing in their bandages
The victims grow, leaving messages

Hear the commune, cocaine blast
Earthly mothers with flattened chests
Sleepy gardens, mystic hours
Fried, vibrations, overpowered

In the mangles of their hair
Shrouded spirits and underwear
Crazy wires fuse their brains
Drinking water, sugar cane

Bang drums and broken flutes
Homeless gods and iron boots
Flying wicked, love control
Circus storm and demon skull

Entering the solar sphere
Planets meld crystal clear
Thrashing in the astral glow
Flashing in their fleshly show

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