

# The Horrible Fanfare/Landslide/Exoskeleton

Beck

Ashes of ancients  
The nations repainted  
The chain gang chatelaine  
Changing the station  
The theme song playing  
The anthem of normal  
The horrible fanfare  
The horns get distorted  
On a public announcement  
The towns are impounded  
Where the order resounded  
Cowards towered around it  
Powerline buzzards  
Surveilling the night  
Talons in flight  
The fake horizons ignite

Banality lives  
Where hysteria kills  
Civilian jungles  
With malaria pills  
Animals bleed  
To buy a star from the night  
Avenue kids  
Wear a scar like a stripe  
Send up a signal  
To the heavenly rescue  
When the poison's coming  
From the person you're next to  
Let the voltage of thought  
Pull the plug from the wound  
'Cause if the soul is a symptom  
The condition is you

We know it's a letter bomb hand-me-down  
This thought is a perjury blindfold  
When she crawls from the Himalayan rain  
With the birds of prey and weapons on fire

She's ridin' a landslide down to me  
Cuttin' the shackles off of me  
Shakin' the dead birds from the trees  
She's takin' the only air I breathe

Iron lungs and a plate glass sermon  
Don't call it death on the installment plan

She's pulling the armour on my back  
Raking the coals over the tracks  
Taking the knife out from the stack  
She's bringing the blood that I have back

She's coming to see it's all a sin  
Coming to see the sun again  
Coming to wash it off again  
Coming to see herself again  
Coming to see herself again

Coming to wash it off again

I picture like a...like an illuminated manuscript, you know? Made by monks. They hand-  
do them... in record form. And you'd have to have them handdone each time.

Like, depending, like change depending on what mood you're in. Like the best ...or depending on like when you assume from a different age, they'll mean something different.

I don't like it when they change. It frightens me.

You want them to stay the same more?

It makes me feel like someone's pushing me from below. Or trying to put me, turn me over, and put me down. That's what it makes me feel like when they change.

It has to tell you how to live. It is an instruction guide. It's subtle, It's--it doesn't push, it nudges...i-it entices...it seduces. It has to encompass the whole world, everything that has been, is, and will be, and could take it into space. And that's why we build a spaceship. Because that's ultimately what space travel is all about, is sending a shuttle from Earth into space. And not just in some, like, space shuttle. It's got a little phone coming off of it, you need your own...glowing...you know, multicolor...spaceship. It would be inside the spaceship, and also the spaceship. Like an exoskeleton.