

Atlantis to Interzone

Klaxons

Good thieves of burning cars encircle poisoned rivers minds and hearts

Horses want to dance but find their wings are damaged, water damaged

Gold is selling now but hurry mighty ocean rising fast

A big man with a Plan has got a storm a coming

Monster coming

From Atlantis to Interzone

You start at the edge and you end on your own.

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You start at the edge and you end on the throne.

With Fragments of Fiction!

Yer dead man half alive who hangs from helping numbers 1,2,5

His ears pricked with their knife hears that the east are coming, west are coming

From Gravity's Rainbow the axis here is still unknown

The children's faces glow.

The wasteland guides them wasteland guides them

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