

I stood before the glittery borders of new radius
In search of the fabled city of mud and crushed velvet
What I found was a gutter where the love of entertainment
Meets the lust for blood and demerits

Cutters of the pie, throw your summers in the sky
Collar-pop Jolly Roger die, motherfucker, die!
Apache on a ship shape, in Bristol fashion
Snuck a jammy through the red tape and tiptoed past him
Worm teeth grinding feverishly below
As little organic hacksaws eager to feed and grow
So when it's Blackhawk over the glass walk
They surface up through the cash crops
With clippers for your belly-up mascots and never dine alone
Meanwhile, back at sea level, it was home by home zone for zone
Bloom County's homeless riot for home ownership;
I hope you put gas in the motor-home and know the roads
I studied with the finest combs stuck under my thumb
As opposed to the loaded nose who pray Armageddon is numb
And that's unevenly rendered
To those who grew up thinking faith was a surrender of reason, but not a reason to surrender
Catch the Liberty Fires' catalog:
40 torched orchids and citronella for Algernon
Don and Vagabond, alike, repent
This shit should have been, "Beta burns Babylon. The End."

And when the radio stars climbed up out of the floors
To murder the medium that shot 'em 30 years before
They said...
(Kill... television! Kill... television! Kill... television!)
(Difficult... isn't it?)

And when the cutters of the pie throw their summers in the sky
No love lost, baby, the future is so bright
(Kill... television! Kill... television! Kill... television!)
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Nothing says "charm" like an armored car
Taking the clone-farm 'tards to the arms bazaar
We were the homemade marker makers born to pour the marsh ink into right guard parts
And march through the gauntlet of car alarms
No harps, no delusions of losing with something prettier
Than ash around the metacarpal still clutching the teddy bears
But we can run with scissors through the city fair
Or situate the nuzzle with the subtle art of splitting hairs!
Double park the shuttle, some will arc the funneled cutty sark
Where budding narcs target the gushing heart in the muddy Clarks
These are the vices of the p-noid bastards
Who will chew whatever tablets blur the axioms fastest
But crews lose lunches by the hundreds
Lose electricity, lose gas, phone, plumbing
Humming, "Keep your mouth closed. Keep your cows cloned. Go!"
"I am the pulse of this fucking town, homes, no!"
My, what a convenient embargo
At least I'll always know which side of the gun I'm supposed to buy the farm

from
The too-far-gone kicks, still in the box
Fix, still in the pill in his sock
Chilling, gill in the slop, and a million watch Gideon scribes
But once the arc honor pussy and bribes, the animals will divide
And that's a win for the garish who keep charity in the parish
While profiting off the lack of a marriage (amongst the classes.)

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The mobile infantry is so postal
Coast into the quotient provoking the local Pistol Pete
Choking his liberty and justice quotas and cloaking his folk in smithereens;
Smokey little pile of bloody pulp and co-dependencies
Dopey, no surrender, bender in effect
Sole defenders of the longest night New York had never slept
And there were jumping jacks and whistlers over Christmas
Like Rockets From The Crypt spilling the festive morning beverage of your preference
I step in Hog Heaven, stony, with no weapons
Pissing on teleprompters, selling megaphones to hecklers
Who broadcast 80 million versions of the sermon
For that one indisputable masterpiece before the curtains
Pale, Arcadian moon, high-definition, flat plasma
IMAX, city-wide transfer
Artificial Einstein-Rosen out the tenement
Ease into the "Xanadu", let it hammer the tension out
I'm talking cool, calm, dominant phenomenal
Monitor face to the wall opposite
U.F.O.'s and locusts sing the same old song
While the Weathermen get retarded as the day is long

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