

## Post Acid Youth

Amplifier

Drugged a million words  
Just like ourselves  
Formed a straight line  
Plucking at sound-waves  
And oh,  
For no-one ever  
Darkest singing  
The days of tripping upon snakes  
Are over now

Do you feel empty now  
Inside the fascist city?

And I'm thinking of euphoria  
Spiked on golden splinters  
With the church of relativity  
All under my fingers  
Head up into the bluest skies  
Stuck in the glue with the dying flies  
Inside the vapour you were grown  
In the LSD of the speaker cone  
Been given the cobwebs to blow away  
Been celebrating each wasted day  
In unconditional luxury  
Comatose, living life in a sugar cube

Do you feel pleasure now  
Inside the fascist body?

Dumb and hooked on fossil fuels  
A gorged generation  
Speckled and smackey  
Singing Prozac is golden  
Escaped the prison they called the head  
And glittered the bones of the young and dead  
On big Imperial chemistry  
Elastic, dumb and vulnerable  
But somewhere down south -  
Where the birds are singing  
You'll hear the barbed wire doves  
Of a million mothers

Is there fulfilment now  
Inside the fascist psyche?