

Completely nuts  
she is crazy and she looks at me  
as if she never saw me before  
no place for me in her dewy asteroid  
it's the season of the witch  
she lies down under trees  
a sudden death or still living on?  
she lives around here  
but I never saw htat face before

she's stripped of pride  
she won't walk she can only roll  
she is been like that for five weeks  
every day I laugh my head off  
so I won't have to cry

she talks to rainbows  
in her own strange ways  
there's no life beside her  
she's an orange nowadays

always first in line in the modern world  
where good taste is bad  
and bad taste becomes good

I want to conquer it all

the danger trying to touch her  
better not say a word  
she has a mouth like a machine gun

she's not bathing anymore  
letting go of all her dirt  
is this the smell of the future?