

# Lemonade

Beck

Kiss a girl, slay a hag  
Feel the flavor, freedom fag  
Get up early, do your chores  
Chase the murder with the rancid pores

The thyroids with friendly blade  
The haunted beast with faces flayed  
Silver chicken make a fuss  
Reveling in molten puss

Favorite patrons crack their death  
With arteries and tinsel breath  
Revolution, purple fist  
Pummeling your angel piss

Sour powered, wussy soul  
Solid darkness, goddess show  
Weaving heirlooms through the hour  
From the cradle monster cowered

Waking up, delicious ghost  
They eat themselves from coast to coast  
Dancing in their bandages  
The victims grow, leaving messages

Hear the commune, cocaine blast  
Earthly mothers with flattened chests  
Sleepy gardens, mystic hours  
Fried, vibrations, overpowered

In the mangles of their hair  
Shrouded spirits and underwear  
Crazy wires fuse their brains  
Drinking water, sugar cane

Bang drums and broken flutes  
Homeless gods and iron boots  
Flying wicked, love control  
Circus storm and demon skull

Entering the solar sphere  
Planets meld crystal clear  
Thrashing in the astral glow  
Flashing in their fleshly show

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