

## In Stitches

Guided by Voices

What have we here?  
Where the fragmented mind is  
Re-assembled  
A new gift for crying out loud  
A small token of our appreciation  
Human amusements at hourly rates?  
It all makes for trouble math  
But when the light comes on  
You leave me in stitches  
I hear you singing the spiritual getaway  
Yearning to hike away  
From hurt and spiny things  
Who use you for their practice  
And settlements  
Permanent holy wars dissolve  
And crash  
On the red horizon  
Busted bottle red sunshine  
Moonfire flickering