

Holding on, with both eyes, to things that don't exist
Peering through the cutting wrist, at grand old mother greedy
Rolling out the cotton ship, upon the carpet pillow
Throttling children callously, a messy day with clancy

Gideon lied and gideon died
The force of china felt
Gideon smiled as gideon died
The thought of china held.

Rolling out the golden robes and other foreign language
Stretching out the verbs and nouns together in the greeting
Some that felt the blade often, some deep confused emotion
Struck eye first against the wall of china under fire.

Gideon lied and gideon died
The force of china felt
Gideon smiled as gideon died
The thought of china held.