

Bags

John Lydon

Black rubber bags.
Sunburns in a perfect day.
Now smell the air of this perfect sky.
Silent sweet, a precious place, desirable shade.
Beneath the pinyon pine.
Drawn by the beauty of my own terror.
Close to the edge.
Swallow the void.
Vultures fly the arizona sky.
These tell-tale signs.
Bloated body like a tv dinner.
Let the (guest/death) move in and let the feast begin.
Flock of flowers, desert develops feverblister after the rain.
Black rubber bags...(
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