Good thieves of burning cars encirle poisoned rivers minds and hearts

Horses want to dance but find their wings are damaged, water da maged

Gold is selling now but hurry mighty ocean rising fast A big man with a Plan has got a storm a coming Monster coming

From Atlantis to Interzone
You start at the edge and you end on your own.
From Atlantis to Interzone
You start at the edge and you end on the throne.

With Fragments of Fiction!

Yer dead man half alive who hangs from helping numbers 1,2,5 His ears pricked with their knife hears that the east are coming, west are coming

From Gravity's Rainbow the axis here is still unknown The children's faces glow.

The wasteland guides them wasteland guides them

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