

Boymilk Waltz

Masters of Reality

The milk is sour and the words profound
The babes in the woods are all cowlic bound
Dreams are nixed
Blessings are mixed
And the road to the slaughterhouse
Soon to be fixed

The tide falls back with the bones it's found
The night sits waiting because the world is round
All good things lost in time
Now the audience dozes at the drop of a dime

The milk is sour and the words profound
The babes in the woods are all cowlic bound
The tempo's false
The boymilk waltz
Has the ushers in the aisles doing sommersaults