

30 Seconds Over Tokyo

Pere Ubu

Flew off early in the haze of dawn
in a metal dragon locked in time,
skimming waves of an underground sea
in some kind of a dream world fantasy

Sun a hot circle on a canopy,
'25 a racing blot on a bright green sea
Ahead the dim blur of an alien land,
time to give ourselves to strange gods' hands

Dark flak spiders bursting in the sky,
reaching twisted claws on every side
No place to run,
no place to hide,
no turning back on a suicide ride

Toy city streets crawling through my sights,
sprouting clumps of mushrooms like a world surreal
This dream won't ever seem to end,
and time seems like it'll never begin
30 seconds,
and a one way ride
30 seconds,
and no place to hide
30 seconds over Tokyo