

Flowers

The Psychedelic Furs

See the people dead in cars
see the bodies bleed
i know he's so dead and gone
i think that is free

his body is upon the wall
his teeth are sharp and white
we cut his eyes with razorblades
and out of him comes foul white light

in the eastern carpet store
he is made of dreams
put his picture on the wall
just where the mirror gleams

his body is upon the wall
his teeth are sharp and white
we cut his face with razorblades
and out of him comes foul white light

there's flowers all around his feet
there's flowers in his heart
if you take the needles out
his body falls apart

his body is upon the wall
his teeth are sharp and white
we cut his hands with razorblades
and out of him comes foul white light

make a god of politics
make a god of police
worship it with automobiles
worship it with screams

his body is upon the wall
his teeth are sharp and white
we cut his feet with razorblades
and out of him comes foul white light

make a god of useless drivels
sew it at the seams
float it down the river
where the sewage is the sea

his body is upon the wall
his teeth are sharp and white
we cut his teeth on razorblades
and out of him came stupid light
that's flowers