

Pulsing Pulsing

XTC

Pulsing pulsing,
There's a beat in his arm still.
Pulsing pulsing,
Like the throb of an anthill.
Pulsing pulsing,
No death in the rain.
I've been washing my hands,
In the stuff I wash my brains.

I'm pulsing.
You're pulsing.
Who's pulsing?..
What's pulsing?..

Pulsing pulsing,
There's a lump in his throat still.
Pulsing pulsing,
At the site of a crash throw.
Pulsing pulsing,
No push in the vein.
I've been washing my hands,
In the stuff I wash my brains.