

Where Emperors Grow

GAUPA

Let's sleepwalk through utopia
And tweak where to go
In my head there's a garden

With burning heads and dried up words
The snakelike hands scratch to see you die

Your Goddess of hay
Are leaving us with dysfunctional laws

The giant wave sought us out
But misguided took out the wrong lawyer

Your Goddess of hay burn
As the abstract logic finally let us go
My head is a garden where Emperors grow