

## Radioactive Pigeons

Guided by Voices

Minted waxed  
Left overtaxed  
Then undisturbed  
Fallen trapped  
Bereft  
Hard to touch

Last of days  
The ocean speaks  
And sparks the darks  
And it begs they do not kill themselves

Flying off the rail  
Speak for lying  
And signal an orange changeling  
Dawned upon us  
On her ancient eye lids

Heat the rivers  
For religion  
Time the bottle  
May you always know yourself

Drink the fish man  
Dismal is what man  
Is what does  
Impression of an image that was

Flying off the rail  
Speak for lying  
And signal an orange changeling  
Dawned upon us  
On her ancient eye lids

Board the bird man  
Spark the dark where oceans speak  
Of what they drink to not kill themselves  
Please