

The whole world shakes me down  
The Holy Ghost in rags  
I've been burning up this town  
And flipping tiny bags

Zeus gave a blade  
Apollo stuck him up  
I committed to the fade  
But then drank another cup

It's a dirty song that runs  
For your fingers in your chest  
Trying to feel for bombs and guns  
Or a heart without a vest

Bullet proof, good or not  
Wrecked the weekend coming now  
I will see you at the spot  
With my murdered sacred cow

Shadows are red inside  
Shadows they dream in rainbows  
Shadows cave into fountains of color  
When we close and avert our eyes  
Shadows recognize our poverty

Kandinsky is in my room  
So is Edgar Allan Poe  
The shadows dream in color  
And that is their final revenge  
When we go under  
It's nothing but art deco black and white  
Andy Warhol submarines  
Frying fish of the ages

Shadows are red inside  
Shadows dream in rainbows  
Shadows cave into fountains of color  
We close and avert our eyes  
Shadows recognize our poverty

And even pray over us  
With minds full of grey  
And rapid eyes scanning the bottom of the ocean  
On the middle of the day  
Kandinsky is in my room  
Smoking a brown cigarette  
And I ignore him and read my orange book  
Until suddenly he says 'hey'  
And as I look up  
He turns into a shadow  
So that the cigarette falls  
And the smoke rises slow  
Filling the space where his body once was  
Filling the space where his body once was  
Filling the space where his body once was