

Invocation

MGMT

The bluest band takes my fear into its hands
And holds it close
And on its word all my senses scream
"I'm not alone"
Wind-up faces in the coldest void
Cosmic sleeping bag
Blacked out by the dreams of oceans and hills
Like I've always had, ooh
Instead of blood, she might open tiny floods
The heart away
In grandish love where the canyons roar
Or lasers spray
All the sweetness of a can of fresh-squeezed thought
Not from concentrate
Give me comfort, I feel strength
Laughing spacey Chinese fire drill