

## 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