

Neo-Clone

Oh Sees

When rain finally comes
We'll make the neo-clone again
Wet eyes aloft
Like sticky balloons

Sweet mellow hum
Thoughts starting up and then
It's a wily time
It's a stupid parade

The mother's undone
At news of a famous pseudo-son
It's a slimy time
It's a puerile parade

Eyes like the sun
Pointing fingers, training guns
It's a violent
A violent display

Again [repeated]

Kicking all the drugs again
Falling on your face again
Living on your knees again
Pounding on the walls again
Staring at the bars again
Crawling on the ground again
Kicking at the gods again
Kicking at the gods again, again