The panorama of the city is wrong in fact the city seems to be gone! burning rubber and smoke in my eyes there's a flat burning junkheap for twenty square miles! they took it into the nuclear mine judging by this, they left nothing behind down in the bunkers in the crust of the earth now crouch the wealthy and the noble of birth

If I could a ride a train around the city that holds this as our fate
I'd hide from electro-circuit central to the shock inducer gate not forgetting the by-pass across the washington hooks through the phones and desks and screens of the kremlin's crook of crooks

There's some panel in a circuit board destination of the override scanning the wild wind blowing through the berlin corridor spotlit in a palace, shielded from dust malfunction or not, the failsafe is the crux so far away from us, shaking with the mystery tears one lonely night in ladbroke grove far away in the deserts of omaha! they got it nailed down-swiss tight! the bank notes of europe the emperors and kings curl in the autumn as the burning of leaves and I've cleaned my black guitar...