

At The Helm Of Hells Ships

The Desert Sessions

Cat's eyes
Circle the globe on protruding white stalks
Dancers with green trays, baskets
Snakes slither and probe
A bridge of dog size
A bench, a chair
She's so fine that naked lady of mine
Slight turn in repose
The lings out on the moan
The churbs so small
A chorus of fogs step on into streets
Of forest greens, lanes

We all walk in the straight line
Nice and tight
We all walk in a straight line
Nice and tight

Elvis bleeds from the eyes
Madonnas light up the skies
Kneel before the potato
And kiss the forehead of Siva
Sunset and Vine

Walk in the straight line
With my knee on
My knee on
Walk in the straight line
Nice and tight

Jesus t-shirts
Airport chieftains
Blow-dried smiles
Nothing is sacred
No one is safe
Whispers of secrets walk
Through these streets where my lady lies
Sacredness

Walkin with my knee on
Knee on
Walkin the straight line
Nice and Tight

Human chases at their Jesse Helms
Guiding the gnomes and
Their clone children, the king's dominion
Here, kitty, kitty
Here, kitty, kitty

With my knee on