

## Pulsing Pulsing

XTC

Pulsing pulsing,  
There's a beat in his arm still.  
Pulsing pulsing,  
Like the throb of an anthill.  
Pulsing pulsing,  
No death in the rain.  
I've been washing my hands,  
In the stuff I wash my brains.

I'm pulsing.  
You're pulsing.  
Who's pulsing?..  
What's pulsing?..

Pulsing pulsing,  
There's a lump in his throat still.  
Pulsing pulsing,  
At the site of a crash throw.  
Pulsing pulsing,  
No push in the vein.  
I've been washing my hands,  
In the stuff I wash my brains.