

## So Soleil

(1980's)

So so lie  
So so low  
So so lie  
So so low  
So soleil  
Soleil?  
Send me to the sun  
Send me to some sun  
Son  
I want to bake  
My big  
Bare  
Blossoming bosoms  
My blasphemous buns  
Hon  
I want to burn  
I want to burn  
My bridges  
Britches?  
"Bitches Brew"  
Who?  
I'm on the edges  
Of these sacrificial  
Sequential stages  
Of blessed birth  
Birth?  
Help weirdly whelped  
Help weirdly whelped  
From this eerie earth  
Bound to begin  
To beat  
The bare baby  
Try in time to take heart  
Take whole heart  
Hon  
I want a new start  
I need a new start

Sun rise roars really  
Sunrise  
Rub my eyes  
Rub my innocently  
Inundated eyes  
Clean and clear  
Of accumulated fear  
It appears  
Last night was  
Blindingly  
Blazingly  
Bright  
Blindingly  
Blazingly  
Bright

All right  
But  
Blink  
Bold  
Bald  
Baby  
And now  
How to get going?  
How to get going?  
With worn will  
And still somewhat soberly  
Don't silently space-it  
Son  
Find it  
To fucking face it  
One  
Can pause  
To prostrate  
At the feet of fate  
To so simply  
Simplify it  
Submit to it  
Shit  
Go on  
Get up  
Good morning  
Go on  
Get up

Good morning  
Go on  
Get up  
Good morning  
I've been pining  
In terrified mortified mourning  
Clearly merely missing  
My free admission  
Nearly missing  
My mission

Sun rise  
Really rub  
Our embryonic eyes  
Really rub  
Our embryonic eyes  
Rise to appreciate it  
Not too late for it  
Really  
Remove  
The fecal fog  
Remove  
The fecal fog  
Don't dare hog  
The harvest  
In haste  
It's best to share it  
You want it?  
Well shit  
Give it  
Gate-way  
Give-way  
That's the way to go  
Gateway  
Give away  
That's the way to go  
Gateway  
Give away  
That's the way to go