

# Guided By Voices, Electric Indians

Are we ready? We are  
Get a load of that  
And get a taste of freedom  
Your campaign for holy host is not all that easy  
I promised you a garden  
Not an empire of worms  
That flood you with possession && sailboats && seasons  
Not now - forever in love with death  
Not now - taking an intoxicating breathe  
Of sweet victory on the sea  
'Til the morning arrives with her litter of trash  
Bathing in the new grapes of wrath  
I could make him a political savior  
And I minor mutant of the cosmos

This waffle of religion  
And Catholic infiltration  
Smoke with Indians  
Electric Indians  
True blue Indians  
Guru Indians  
Not now - forever in love with death  
Not now - taking an intoxicating breathe  
Of sweet victory on the sea  
'Til the morning arrives with her offspring of filth  
Bathing in the product of her wealth