

# Guided By Voices, Mushroom Art

Living without you is difficult  
But our dead dreams awake  
In my mushroom art

Do not observe her beauty  
Cloud-faced old man winking  
You see, he tests me  
He wants I should join him in gratitude  
For his craft  
He calls this love  
But hardly so

Happy the universe  
Happy is the act  
A bejewelled crow on a quilted tent  
Yea, at the zenith  
Our dead dreams awake

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