

# Flash Delirium

## MGMT

Mild apprehension  
Blank dreams of the coming fun  
Distort the odds of a turnaround  
Gut screams out next to none So turn it on, tune it in  
And stay inert You say "I've got the backbone"  
the back way to escape the gun  
Climbing a tree with a missing limb  
And not saving anyone And now it hurts  
to stay at home  
and see flash  
The mirror ball's throwing mold  
you can't get a grip if there's nothing to hold  
see the flash catch a white lily laugh and wilt  
but if you must smash a glass first fill it to the hilt  
Plants, as far as i know are still  
still bending toward the light  
and if we dance  
until the heart explodes  
it'll make this place ignite  
and even if this hall collapses I can stand by my pillar of hope it's just  
a case of Flash delirium  
Here's a growing culture  
Deep inside a corpse  
Ages stuck together  
Takin it to the source  
Timeless desperation  
Pictures on a screen scream  
"Hey people, what does it mean?"  
Comfort keeps us nice  
So quick to donate everything  
die wolken drifting blinding smiles circling (einkreisen)  
and time's tingling spines attaching hands to floor  
the rosy-tinted (flash)  
The hot dog's getting cold  
and you'll never be as good as the Rolling Stones watch the birds in the airport gathering dirt  
crowd the clean magazine chick lifting up her skirt  
Lines when I close my eyes and just (why close one eye and try to)  
Aim blindly at the sun (pledge allegiance to the sun)  
And hear love  
When the ghosts start singing terrorizing everyone (when plastic ghosts start terrorizing  
everyone)  
(geometric troops aligning)

(carried up to the burial mounds) with gold  
It's a heavy load but your (my earthbound heart is heavy)  
You rhythm makes it light (your heartbeat keeps things light)  
and explode  
Like a violent star keeps threatening the night (with the violence forever threatening the night)  
and even if this hall collapses  
I can stand by my pillar of hope and trust  
That our heads won't bust  
66 55 red battleships  
40 earthlike planets  
3 holes 2 tits  
1 fork in its side  
zero tears in their eyes  
Sue the spiders  
sink the Welsh  
sell sell sell  
undercooked  
overdone  
mass adulation not so funny  
poisoned honey  
pseudo science  
silly money  
you're my honey

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>