

Strange young girls  
Covered with sadness;  
Eyes of innocence  
Hiding their madness.  
Walking the strip--  
Sweet,soft,and placid---  
Offering their youth  
On the alter of acid.

Thinking these gifts  
Were sent by the dove;  
All for the trip  
Accompanied by love.

Gentle young girls,  
Holding and walking;  
Wisdom flows childlike  
While softly talking.  
Colors surround them  
Bejewling their hair;  
Visions astound them,  
Demanding their share.  
Children of Orpheus  
Called by the dove--  
All for the trip  
Accompanied by love.

Thinking these gifts  
Were sent by the dove--  
All for the trip  
Accompanied by love.