

In the inmost Aceldama
Of my private Idaho
I will worship Good King Gama
Friend to everyone below

As I crawl beneath the boulders
Thirsting for the tumbleweed
Darkness cloaks his ample shoulders
Emptying my every need

While the plastic sun sets each up-
Reckoning of all I've cost
Sand grains trickling through my teacups
Drown the islands of the lost

In the deepest Aceldama
Of my secret Idaho
I still worship Good King Gama
End to everyone below