

Councillor

Arthur Beatrice

Lay down
He might come
Hear the dearest threats
All young
Exercising taste
Oh, that feels wrong
Know me as the best
You've ever loved
Never hurt
Till a throne
Far from home
An awful long
Only lone

So how this pour
Down on all his fours
Retches with the words you've never heard
Full grown and fearless

No, those arms
I cannot find the face
Who owns them
Dream me off all this
And I'm done

Hollow as the best
Ever had
For the first

Till a throne
Far from home
An awful long

So how this pour
Down on all his fours
Retching with the words you've never heard
Full grown and fearless