

"What's there to lose?" Said the General  
Selling our dead meat by the pound  
Accidents of existence  
Will make us all feel duty bound  
To send along their one or to pursue a new curriculum  
With stinky fingers takes a chair  
Tum ti tum ti tum tum tum

A door is opened up for me  
I think again and then decline  
The need be not so great  
If all descent in perfect peace of mind  
Some consider childish dreams a matter of necessity  
I almost screw myself to the point of my lifes expectancy

"I'll break off all of your charm!" says World  
Her egg will burst and will arrive  
A man who calls his own tune  
Thinking it's so good to be alive  
Says, "If these are the best what are the rest to be life?"  
As for me I struggle with words and wisdom accusing  
"It's you, it's me, it's him", you see  
For all I know it's coming fast  
To colonise my infancy  
The space is clean but in between  
It's coloured with anxiety  
The failing clause is "Victory Complete with Words"  
It's hard to see  
That after all it's over  
And done with supreme variety  
A friend indeed is all I need  
To show me to an open door  
I can only trust myself  
I should of thought of that before  
They need a catch before I'm under  
I will give myself to the war

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