

A Month In The Country

Destroyer

After a month in the country, nothing
A boring nation at war with itself
But not really at war with itself
Is it true you had fantasies to awake to
You were there way before the breakthrough

After a month in the country, nothing
A boring nation at war with itself
Its figures laid flat on the shelf
Is it true you had fantasies to awake to
You were there way before the breakthrough

It's only fair to duly note
Demoted, two ranks slashed, for your fatness
Was far-ranging from gold to not so gold
Sealing those secrets, down goes another mouth
A better cause there never was, a better cause
There never was
For a giant among smaller giants

Blessed kingpin,
Barring the appearance of some divine enforcer
I will crush your bones
To make the meats that I come home to

Blessed kingpin,
Barring the appearance of some divine enforcer
I will crush your bones
To make the meats that I come home to

Blessed kingpin,
Barring the appearance of some divine enforcer
I will crush your bones
To make the meats that I come home to