

## European Oils

Destroyer

I made a tomb for all the incompatible cells I could take,  
And I brought bells to the wake.  
And you... you didn't mind shedding your beautiful European blood  
As I screamed: "death to the murderers we've loved all our lives!"

I was good with names, I had a way with faces  
And I was the dominant theme in a number of places.  
And you... you didn't mind... mixing your beautiful European oils  
For a still life. Oh Candice, we should've run for our lives!

When I'm at war I insist on a slaughter,  
And getting it on with the hangman's daughter.  
She needs release. She needs to feel at ease with her father,  
The fucking maniac.

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And I brought bells to the wake. And you...  
you didn't mind shedding your beautiful European blood  
As I screamed: "death to the murderers we've loved all our lives!"

Desperate times call for desperate measures.  
I wanted you, I wanted these treasures, too.