

# The Terror Serves A Purpose

Destroyer

That's one  
Precipice we refuse to fall from  
Straddling  
Two famous worlds isn't real  
We're creating a third one  
That is

You invented a death-  
Wish for us  
To people how we saw fit  
Destroyed by the dust of itself

Struck dumb by lesser things  
I have been a lesser thing  
I have been dumb  
I have been

Oh, how it used to be  
Inevitable that two feet  
At a table might touch  
I never thought I'd miss  
Your triumphs  
That much

From wife to midwife  
From wife to midwife  
From house to halfway house

So let it be known  
The scalps shall be displayed  
Flayed and branded  
I hear you've the stomach  
I hear you can stand it all

See, the terror, it serves a purpose  
And we serve a purpose  
And we serve a purpose  
And we serve it