

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