

Death to Los Campesinos!

Los Campesinos!

You've been broken down I go
War economy
Father fuhrer, don't be mad at me
Peasant child, you're into botany
Splitting necks and calling the dichotomy
"beware" the sign on the door suggests -
I'm better off with artificial intelligence

I invented you
(I invented you)
And I will destroy you.

If you catch me with my hands in the till
I promise, sugar, I wasn't trying to steal
I'm just swimming in copper
To smell and pretend
Like a robot!

Well, if a leopard doesn't change it's spots
You can't change my perceptions just from dots to dots
I swap the bruising for a bumping sensation
I'll be ctrl-alt-deleting your face with no reservations
I will stop flighting once your circuit board's igniting
Singing, "I'm not finished, I'm not finished! no!"

Mistaking cables for veins can be quite misleading,
Friction sparks the metal made it look like bleeding

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