

The Execution of All Things

Rilo Kiley

Soldiers come quickly,
I feel the earth beneath my feet.
I'm feeling badly,
It's not an attempt at decency.
And if you're well off,
Well then I'm happy some for you.
But I'd rather not celebrate
My defeat and humiliation here with you.

Someone come quickly,
This place was built for moving out.
Leave behind buildings,
The city planners got mapped out.
Bring with you history,
And make your hard earned feast.
Then we'll go to Omaha to work and exploit
The booming music scene and humility.

And we've been talking all night

Oh god come quickly,
The execution of all things.
Let's start with the bears and the air
And mountains, rivers, and streams.
Then we'll murder what matters to you
And move on to your neighbors and kids.
Crush all hopes of happiness
With disease 'cause of what you did.

And lastly, you're all alone
With nothing left but sleep.
But sleep never comes to you,
It's just the guilt
And forever wakefulness of the weak.
It's just you and me

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