

Monarchs

The Sheila Divine

well here in the east
we seem to drag
just an assumption
for you to brag
in a tunnel of wrong the sermon is long

all baiting questions
form a line
that seems to happen
all the time
in a puddle of wrong the serum is strong

its space, its a dark force
with a face that could destroy
monarches
boundries
republics
and me

your lucky numbers
once were mine
those shoes you walk in
don't have a spine
in an ocean of wrong the sailors sing songs

its space, its a dark force
with a face that could destroy
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