

## The Increased Sensation Of Dullness

War from a Harlots Mouth

In all his opulence  
He would swallow the world  
All levels at peak, 'cause:  
"What's there we must feed!"

The lack of demand we beget  
Is making him loath  
His blood pressure climbs  
Or does his heartbeat decline?

By his own choice  
He will rot in his cell  
Until the end of time

Over and over  
He would swallow the world  
All levels at peak  
Until the end

He will swallow his last meal  
Windows closed  
At dimmed light

"I'm just a human" he would say  
When it comes back to him

His blood pressure climbs  
And his levels arise  
No end is in sight  
His heartbeat declines

No end is in sight