

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