

Destroyer

"European Oils"

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I made a tomb for all the incompatible cells I could
take.
I brought bells to the wake.
And you, you didn't mind shedding your beautiful
European blood as I
screamed - "Death to the murderers we've loved all our
lives!"

I was good with names.
I had a way with faces.
I was the dominant theme in a number of places.
And you, you didn't mind mixing your beautiful
European oils for a still life.
Oh Candice, we should've run for our lives!

When I'm at war I insist on a slaughter and getting it on
with
the hangman's daughter.
She needs release.
She needs to feel at peace with her father, the fucking
maniac...

Desperate times call for desperate measures.
I wanted you.
I wanted these treasures, too...

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