

## Devendra Banhart

### "Assailant"

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New dawn to fuel the curse  
The winds of plague  
Bring rapture to the I'll  
The is the day you fall  
Wrath of the cunning ones indifferent  
Your excuses and intent  
The forbearance is all

Futile you come undone  
Try to play God - I lust for blood

Treading on bruised ones' backs,  
You hopeless failure of hypocrisy  
Lament the scribe in vain  
Talk and I listen through;  
I'm unspoken of in any tongue  
Here comes the fucking pain

Futile you come undone  
Try to play God - I lust for blood  
And it's yours

Assailand, die in pain  
You know who you are

Bell tolls, beheading you,  
Violence is the setting free of truth  
Can't take away what's true  
Smashing your house of lords,  
Crush you to the bone and lay to waste  
Death warrant is due

Your death is due

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