

Euphoreador "Topography"

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So it brings account with the growing shade
What does it mean what hath god rotten made
We opened the window and even beckoned indeed
That the succubus was Lorealei
Yeah, that's our speed

Back to what we brought to the killing fields
Crescent swords and crosses on shields
We slaughtered and foddered and blundered
Then laundered in blood
We questioned the other's purity
Then we rolled around in mud

Cause I want to get me more
Do what, do you want to get now
You want to get more Gitmo
You want to have
But none of us wants to give anymore

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