

Captain Everything! "Best Intentions"

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Lower the blades ten degrees
Forty more degrees
Forty more degrees
At right angles to your mouth

Lower this ten centigrade
Ninety centigrade
Ninety centigrade
Feeds the fuel that feeds the core.

Sound-crack the barrier
Fall-from the sky
Gage-silence before the impact
Flash-blinds your eyes
Heat-melt the foundation
Burn-your shadow
Ash-felt the remains of the sum of all human existence

Caught up in a frenzy like rats crawling on there belly
Staying low to the ground to escape the hundred-
million K

Reasoning technology has never soothed the taste of
ease
That's running from our lips to blind us in our greedy
eyes

Force us to pave the blind shroud of hell.

This machine was built from the
Metal that we scraped
After the last world war
Hunger for blood
During peace time
Advance

Blood Fist

