

Control Machete

"My Great Devastator"

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No - I'll lay half empty, half finished,
Half written, until my end
I'll leave the lights on just in case
You want to be found again
To the dead, I wrote you countless letters
Dear only some I sent
How easy it was for silence to say
Some of the loudest of things
To speak so effortlessly the words and syllables
That can crush in an instant
To our end, to the dear departed
Are you my last chance or the first chapter
In the greatest fable ever told
For the rope is getting shorter and these days
They are getting longer with every ghosts I find
They leave no heart unbroken
My great devastator
To our end, to the dear departed
Are you my last chance or the first chapter
In the greatest fable ever told
I'll leave the lights on just in case
You want to be found again
My great devastator

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