

## Severed Head Of State

### "Pilot In Hell"

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Fifteen years have passed  
The desert sands adhere to your hands and block your  
airways  
Trickle down your throat, encrusting on your heart  
Every night the flight resumes, the foe replies, the fall  
returns  
Deep in the sands you hold your bible / Deep in the  
heart of enemy land  
Did you leave something behind? / Your televised  
dismay was plain  
Did you leave something behind? (they're here....)  
Was it Romans three or two / that spoke to you of  
crescent lands  
Parked and blessed by tactical flashes / weighed upon  
the heathen hand?  
Did you leave something behind? (they're here....)  
High in the sky the way is clear / The reasons fair and  
the air is yours

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