

Trap Them "Destructioneer Extraordinaire"

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I know how we talk
I know how we work
This is hostility, deceiver
This is hostility, and you can put it wherever you'd like
Amongst the curdled soil in our backdoor bribes
Under our strobe-lit crimbies
Won't concern me anymore
Can't arrest me anymore
Won't defeat me anymore
I am who we are
I am one
A fallen fighter under weight of universal gun
And I want your gold
All of it
Because I'm no god
Because I'm no good
Because I'm your fault
And just like another anticipated autumn crash
We end with earth in our hands
Our knees in distressed walk alongs
And our faces in dry dead grass
Yeah I am one
I am your silver tongue
The pills you take at your humid wake
The pills I've always (never) done
No, I'm not your saint
Not your flesh on stone
This guilt in destination
Or your drunken bag of bones
And this can't be your story, reporter,
Because it's all mind, all mine
And you are not my angle, my distance
We left those days behind
So yeah I'll be your god
I am my father's son
A am my mother's child
And I'll submit to none
I'll be no one's cause
This is all I want
This is hostility, deceiver
To be your greatest failure
To be your darkest sinner

I'll be your greatest failure
I'll be your darkest sinner
I'll beat everyone
I'll be everyone
I know how we talk
I know how we work
I am who we are
I am one

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