

Monks of Doom

"Broadcast at Midday"

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Laughter on his breath
The smell of fish clandestine hits
The thief he will aspire
To take the piece that he desires

Contempt for the rest
Know his past and second guess
Still it's on his shirt
The telltale signs with which he flirts

And it's on the radio today
Ringing in your ears it's in the way

He won't be coming out today
From the void into the fray
From a broken egg the storm is born today

Eyes blind with rage
The deep caress of hell to pay

She is all the world to all of me
She is fascination clandestine

She is burning now
Brilliant flames from off the bow
He is on the deck
Sailing towards untouched points west
She will return
Deep within our veins
We'll add it to our tab and wash away

She is now omnipotent to me
Everywhere in all I think and see
And it's on the radio today
Ringing in your ears it's in the way

I wonder what she'd say
But her face is just a memory
And she hasn't got the new york times to read
If may could see today

If may could speak today

I know just what she's say
To lots of folks you may be a saint
But a death threat still makes you feel faint

If may could speak today
But the worms just eat away
What may was yesterday

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