

## **The Most Serene Republic "Heavens To Purgatory"**

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Now's the time  
For rage of humans care  
For what, can be  
Done for yourself.  
Dark and respectment  
Of the cling of  
The seeming hope falls.  
Now, we sing  
On a bridge for your own,  
Half heavens, to purgatory.

Gadzooks, gadzooks, gadzooks.  
What have you got to lose?

What you are,  
Is faster than you can,  
Telephone ring oh's,  
Portable swing.

Deal with fire,  
Your faulty wire  
With the  
Consonant except for your own.

(Doo doo doo doo doo)  
Records of our contemptment.  
Welcome birds is full of fountains.  
Awfully hard to keep agreements,  
Voltage from another's counting.

We're such plants,  
Oxygen's not falling,  
In the risk,  
Pumps to the green.  
Of your delusion,  
To a blind illusion,  
Certain vultures infant spree.

(Doo doo doo doo doo)  
Records of our contemptment.  
Welcome birds is full of fountains.  
Awfully hard to keep agreements,

Voltage from another's counting.

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