

## **Conquest by The Fiery Furnaces**

### **"Right By Conquest"**

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If you wish to wait until dusk I respect your policy.  
But by all means, my liege, lay siege, lay siege,  
or whatever otherwise you might want to call it. We  
Would only be restoring to the rightful from before the  
migrations of the peoples, you could put it,  
Or, and I'd prefer, Right by Conquest.  
Are the defenses, then, to be let down tonight?  
Yes, or maybe, or not quite?  
Just a rickety old stockade, I heard,  
Half diorama plaster and half recovered water-  
damaged sheet-rock,  
in which is interred .  
It's all that stands in your way, if 'stands' is the right  
word.  
What will you do?  
Carried off to decorate your bordello!  
The person who told me believes  
That the guard, though formerly in the service of  
Duchess of Kent,  
Is an Italian Greyhound bitch that loves thieves.  
So you might sing,  
"Well Rebecca, get your basket, let's go down to the  
wood,  
You might not pick any berries but you'll come back  
feeling good.  
Well, all right then."  
If you wish to wait until dusk I respect your policy.  
But by all means, my liege, lay siege, lay siege,  
or whatever otherwise you might want to call it. We  
Would only be restoring to the rightful from before the  
migrations of the peoples, you could put it,  
or, and I'd prefer, Right by Conquest.  
Are the defenses, then, to be let down tonight?  
Yes, or maybe, or not quite?  
Will you quench these blushes of mine by present  
practice?  
Will you, being invited, crack this Glass?  
Here's poison, and here's gold.  
Quick children! Before you get old!  
"Well Rebecca, get your basket, let's go down to the  
wood,

You might not pick any berries but you'll come back  
feeling good."  
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