

High Llamas

"Thraft Of Cannan"

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Ocean quest upon me, shoreline fades away
The mighty men drifting night and day
The sea has tossed them, beast beheld their eyes
Ready the ships, now it's do or die

Forged of blackened steel, wields the iron hand
Voices loud as thunder, pillaging the land
Drone seeks mortal vision, pulse the silver steed
Riding out to conquer all humanity

I'm high on fire, heads are searing
Give with pain all thy hearing
Promised land never veering
I'm stoned again, reset bearing

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