

Horrors, The "Draw Japan"

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Butcher the paper with a ravenous pen,
Carving out trees and scoring skin
Animals too placed in plastic cages,
Carted around these filthy pages
I will draw Japan, I will draw Japan, hey

Spectres holding sceptres with fingers thin,
Empty vessels asserting, we are still King,
We are still King
Black stuff running like nosebleed danger
Swarming towards the source of the noise
I will draw Japan, with fervent hands, hey

Black cells depict a foreign land, I draw Japan
Sleeping city emits no sound, in this compound
No beast awalks in this compound
No beast awalks in this compound

I will draw Japan with a ravenous pen,
Hungry for oil and iron and tin
To your left a concrete factory,
Smoke billows, fists punch, Victory!
And my hands start shaking, and Japan starts shaking

And I begin to draw out Japan in the shape of a man
Seen rushing through a market town, through the
compound
No beast awalks in this compound
No beast awalks in this compound
No beast awalks in this compound
No beast awalks in this compound

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