

Grüvis Malt

"Percy"

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It is a brisk autumn morning and the leaves circle
'round an approaching figure. The monstrous iron
gates of Castalia open wide, revealing Thomas Jackson
the second; a wicked smile on his face. The Maximum
Unicorn is here, somewhere, he can feel it. He thinks of
his father driven mad by his own determination to
experience the awesome power of this beast. And he
thinks of his long suffering mother, whose lonely heart
knew nothing more than pain and loss. But then, he
pictures himself smiling and caressing the severed
head of the Maximum Unicorn. Draining the magic and
sucking the beauty from its cold, lifeless body.

Many a man
Folded their hand
Angels have scorned this unicorn
You can pretend
Your quest will end
In glory and fame
Forged in the flames
Let madness reduce you
To quivering poop stew
You'll never find the Maximum Unicorn

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