

Vandaveer

"Fistful of Swoon"

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the stench of sulfur
climbing up the drain
open up your chest
your heart would smell the same
you got a lot of nerve
to find your old man's word
mud on your boots
you got lust in your veins

the shriek of sirens
singing out of tune
a dozen black roses
in a hideous room
you got a swagger
you got a fistful of swoon
blood on your hands
steady that silver spoon

though your towers were tall
and your powers were grand
you could not understand
how you fell from great heights
and you burrowed with speed
a kingdom you did lead
from heaven to hell

cast from the garden
with conning the rage
biding your time
through dark and empty days
trade in your cannons
your tenants and rules
for pandemonium
high capital ruse

ashes to ashes
dust to dust
all for not
if not for all of us
mighty king
you held the reins
you drove your chariot

right down the drain

though your towers were tall
and your powers were grand
you could not understand
how you fell from great heights
and you burrowed with speed
a kingdom you did lead
from heaven to hell

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