

# University Hill

Destroyer

And when they come  
To round us up  
To gather us up  
Shadow and air  
I'll think of you  
Standing there  
Lovely in the light

And when they come  
To bag us up  
To make the world  
Invisible  
Oh man it already is...  
Pretty as a picture...

But "pretty as a picture" is "halfway there."  
A fortress of solitude's no contest when you stare at oblivion

The game is rigged in every direction  
You play to win not a goddamn thing  
You climb the walls, you're made of string

You climb the walls, you're made of string  
You climb the walls, you're made of string!

And "pretty as a picture" means "halfway there."  
Your fortress of solitude's no contest when you're staring at oblivion!

So when they come  
To hack us up  
Arms, legs, mouth, eyes  
Used to be so nice  
Used to be such a thrill...  
Come on, University Hill!  
(It's called love...)