

Scavenger, Invader

The Locust

The highways (The Slipstreams of half-sacks)
Are jammed up from pillar to post

Night changes things:
Everything is foul and filthy the reign
The settlers are kicking off their shoes

Flex those comets, bury that asshole
'Cos noxious obnoxious is guilty as hell
Take those smokestacks to your lawyers
And smoke out the lot of them
Drown them all out