

Queen Of Languages

Destroyer

Rock!

We hung from a thread just to prove poetry undead.

We rendered ourselves perfectly suitable to public consumption.

Once again, you've mistaken the minerals for cures,

Confused the catechism with your chores.

My aim is only true when I'm aiming at you!

We swung from a string just to prove poetry unreadable.

We rendered ourselves perfectly-suited to public consumption.

Once again, you've mistaken the minerals for cures,

Confused the catechism with your chores.

My aim is only true when I'm aiming at you!

A lesson to us all: Louise will not be faltering.

She craves a cul de sac to look back upon, and so do we.

If I appear oblivious, it's only 'cause I'm blessed

With the foresight to know that I knew

You had been had before you were through being had!

Go easy on me,

Queen of Languages, please!

Go easy on me,

Queen of Languages, please!

Go easy on me,

Queen of Languages, please!

Go easy on me,

Queen of Languages...

Go!