

South Of London

Everon

Yet another election
In late 2004
(One) stupid little man
Four years more

I saw you on TV
Heard your rhetoric of power
Spoken in the tongue of fear

Star spangled banner
Stained with blood
Coercing allies
In the name of God

You will learn I am the Hydra
Cut my head off and two new ones will
Spring right from the wound
You've been a caring father
I'm the monster you created
In the end I'll be your doom

I'm somewhere south of London
Somewhere north of Rome
Somewhere west of Baghdad
East of LA or near your home
I am waiting for you
Until the day I die
I'm playing tricks on you
So come and catch me, if you dare
To try

I know your secrets
I sense your fear
The scent of your blood
Has led me here

I am feasting in your garden
I am eating at your table
And I am sleeping in your bed
I am the yield of your investment
The assets you have gathered
I'm the big catch in your net

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