

# C

## Oh Sees

Whose smoke I see up on the burning bow?  
I squint my eyes but I still don't know  
I've been smelling fear on you  
Burning buildings, morning dew

Who swings the sword of the violent night?  
Poor baby didn't put up a fight  
Now they're hungry for our blood  
Elbows deep in fetid mud

Creature crawling in the morning light  
Belly dragging, oh, what a sight  
Awfully swollen, eyes askew  
No more human hunting you

Slide down deep, baby, in its lair  
Laying among the bones and hair  
This evening begins anew  
Creature, come on, slay a few