

# Make Total Destroy

Pat The Bunny

I'm growing old in rooms  
Full of kids with unruly hair cuts  
Taking what comfort we can  
In the fact that "every empire's days are numbered, man"

But I don't think that I can count that high  
I should have paid better attention in school or something  
Because I feel like there's something that I don't know  
And if I could just jam it into my skull  
I could stand to live somehow

But I don't know  
The fact is I'm 2.7 decades into a growing ambivalence  
I could count on no hands how many fucks I'm giving  
Or is it a million? Are "God" and "void" equivalent?  
Are we making total destroy  
Or just making a living?

And I know that Rome wasn't burnt in a day  
But it couldn't have been more than a week  
And I know that the children of barbarians  
Become the new tax collectors and priests  
So I don't know

I suppose we've been rolling since the world was round  
And time makes dust of what we can't tear down  
And I suppose dead bodies make soil of the ground  
But what about what we do now?

I'm growing old in rooms  
Full of kids with unruly hair cuts  
Taking what comfort we can  
In the fact that "every empire's days are numbered, man"

But I don't think that I can count that high