

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?

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