

Self-Rule

SubRosa

Fixed bayonets in the crisp autumn air
And I have to wonder why I don't even care
Scarlet epaulets and well-oiled hair
I have to wonder, really have to wonder

I invade the nations of the poor
But I can't fight my own battles, can't find a cure
I'll make them feel my rod till they can't take anymore
Can't find a cure, can't find a cure

A cry of war is heard throughout the land
But all I have is self-blame on hand
I'll crush their kingdom with a fistful of sand
Self-blame on hand, self-blame on hand.

I'll subject you to horror
I'll subject you cause I can't rule myself
I rule a nation
I rule a nation but I can't rule myself

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