

## 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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