

Control

The Rare Occasions

Little vulture, come down from your nest
Until you catch your own the world is not impressed
You built a culture of lies, a fortress fit for no other
So is it any surprise when there's shit to uncover?

Own the sonnets sweeping through their heads
Move the sand that blocks the roots you wish to spread
All you need is control, eyes at every corner
There's nothing you couldn't know, not a speck of disorder

Buildings glisten all around
Cities rising from the ground
Buildings glisten all around
Cities rising from the ground

But I know the shape of your heart
When you drag them out in the dark
Oh, paranoia led you to detain
More than a million getting in your way
You feel that commerce pulsing through your veins
Oh, paranoia led you to detain
More than a million getting in your way
You feel that commerce pulsing through your veins

Little vulture, come down from your nest
Until you catch your own the world is not impressed
You built a culture of lies, a fortress fit for no other
So is it any surprise when it breaks, it breaks, it breaks, it
breaks?
And I know the weight of war
Said I know the weight of war
I've held it off before
Still I cave, I cave, I cave