

Dead Man's Gun

Thee Oh Sees

It's a part of us I see, in ecstasy, we extirpate
Electrifies the night time sky
Squeezing out colossal cries

In the seconds after blast
A dead man's gun lays in the grass
Deemphasized by fusillade
Lain upon hematic graves uh

Houses broken under heft of cloven hoof, the horse of death
Breathing poison gas attack
Raze the people like an axe

Exercise in slow erasure

Human kind and earthly nature
Smoldering, the ashen claw
Closes all the exit doors, uh

Perhaps now Terra can rest
Less this great weight upon her chest
All the system are now gone
No more human persuasion

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