

Chronos Feasts on His Children

Unknown Mortal Orchestra

Listen to the crunching
Music of the crashing mopeds all around her
Painted with the burning
Powders of exotic funerals that surround her

Chronos feasts on his children
Like turning mango flesh
Will the trouble cease
When she pays off the police?

Infection filled my head
Like springtime flower beds and evaporating trash
Pressure in the skull
Like leaking timber hull made dreams so wonderful

Chronos feasts on his children
Like turning mango flesh
Will the trouble cease
When she pays the pigs off?