

# Holland

## Cold Specks

Rotterdam, goddamn  
This starving go against,  
And then tar mulling up the opposed modernity  
And I heard them scream  
We are many, we are many, we are  
And in the Hague, I did proclaim  
'cause then I'll find god in the gutter  
You'll catch the dead and bury them with old words  
When the hours begin to flee I will sing  
Recover me  
We are many  
We are many  
We are dust  
We are many  
We are many  
We are dust  
Into dust we will all return  
Oh I, whole night, I heard you sing  
Only dreamers, dead times, and dirty kings  
Oh I, whole night, I heard you sing  
O death, where is thy sting?  
Does it feed on eager limbs?  
How will the body know?  
I was caught in the eye with a nightingale  
Hold the water, let it burn  
Some lives may dig deep but my cold crime is clean  
If I show you my hands, will you carry the beast?  
We are many  
We are many  
We are dust  
Into dust we will all return

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