

Draw Japan

The Horrors

Butcher the paper, a ravenous pen
Carving out trees and scoring skin
Animals too placed in plastic cages
Carted around these filthy pages I will draw Japan
I will draw Japan
I will Specters holding scepters with fingers thin
Empty vessels asserting we are still king, we are still king
Black stuff running like nosebleed danger
Swarming towards the source of the noise I will draw Japan with fervent hands
Black cells depict a foreign land,
draw draw Japan
Sleeping city emits no sound, in this compound
No beast walks in this compound
No beast walks in this compound I will draw Japan with a ravenous pen
Hungry for oil and iron tin, to you're left a concrete factory
Smoke billows, fists punch, victory
And my hands start shaking and Japan starts shaking And I begin to draw out Japan
In the shape of a man
Seen rushing through a market town
Through the compound No beast walks in this compound
No beast walks in this compound
No beast walks in this compound
No beast walks in this compound

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