

# Termites

## Crusades

Gin, always the gin, always take one on the chin  
The devil dogs and scorpions  
Peel away and wear my skin  
Smokeless flame, the common name  
Less than the angels but more of the same  
No paradise, the grateful will lay their claim  
Whether the intentions are violent or just mundane  
With the wind he disappeared  
Confirming everything that I feared  
The time passed is shown by the length of his beard  
Solomon stands, dead on his feet  
Waiting for termites to resolve his conceit

In the mountains, in the seas, in the air waits the disease  
We are not Gods, death comes to us all  
But tonight I'm invincible, tomorrow I'll crawl  
In the mountains, in the seas, in the air waits the disease  
The gin in this bottle just don't let him drown  
Next lesson you swallow, might be hard to keep down  
Taste the penalty of the blazing fire  
Taste the penalty, sing with the devil's choir  
Gin, always the gin, never thick and never thin  
Thicker than blood, less than kin  
The rattle trap night ends where it begins

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