

Britain and Structure

Eleventh He Reaches London

All I am fiction incarnate, anchored songs from a womb or lair
All I hate Britain and structure, fiscal goals for a house to share
Of the grain and land I'll never have, I'll be
caught in another man's house, though I'll spend my life in prison
I'm the best I'll ever get
You'll wait and write me letters, I'll reply to every one, you'll feel good about being
loyal
But I'm the best you'll ever have
Thoughts will crack my skull, so I lay to sleep through weather, I'll toil away
There's no ship of change, so I lay to sleep through weather, I'll never be home
Thoughts will crack my skull as I dig my fingers into the breach for nothing, I'll toil away
There's no ship of change, so I lay to sleep through weather, I'll never be home
I'll toil away
I'll be held never, so lay and moan
I'll be drained lifeless, and lay and moan
In my head I'll never let you go, bullshit chivalry, extinction is okay to bare
I'll write with my liver, hamstrung literature, explaining my ruin
There's a reason why I drink, there's a reason
why I'll die here singing along to comfortless verses and smashing glasses of wine to prove my point
There's a
reason why I stole, there's a reason for as long as I can remember, I've wanted to kill myself to prove a point
I'll
be held never, so lay and moan
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There's a reason why I drink, there's a reason
why I'll die here singing along to comfortless verses and smashing glasses of wine to prove my point
There's a
reason why I stole, there's a reason for as long as I can remember, I've wanted to kill myself to prove a
point
There's a reason why I stole, there's a reason for as long as I can remember, I've wanted the world to know
me alive through death

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