

Fistful of Swoon

Vandaveer

the stench of sulfur
climbing up the drain
open up your chest
your heart would smell the same
you got a lot of nerve
defyn' your old man's word
blood on your boots
you got lust in your veins the shriek of sirens
singing out of tune
a dozen black roses
in a hideous room
you got a swagger
you got a fistful of swoon
blood on your hands
steady that silver spoon though your towers were tall
and your powers were grand
you could not understand
how you fell from great heights
and you burrowed with speed
a kingdom you did lead
from heaven to hell cast from the garden
with cunning and rage
biding your time
through dark and empty days
trade in your canons
your tenants and rules
for pandemonium
high capital rise ashes to ashes
dust to dust
all for not
if not for all of us
mighty king
you held the reins
you drove your chariot
right down the drain though your towers were tall
and your powers were grand
you could not understand
how you fell from great heights
and you burrowed with speed

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from heaven to hell

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