

Lewis Takes Action

Owen Pallett

I got a message for the acolytes, I am your man for wife he find
I got a thirst for liquid gold, I'll bludgeon 'til the body's cold
The stony hiss of cockatrice has cast us into serfdom
I close my eyes and spur Imelda down the mountainside, for a liberated Spectrum!
I took a No-Face by his beak, and broke his jaw, he'll never speak again
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My every move is guided by the bidding of the singer
The night is split by the whistle of my amber whip, and the fire from my fingers!

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