Termites

ProCity Claim

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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