

Hippos, Going Home

No man should see what these eyes have seen
The mess that I've cleaned
The people so green
Things that were said
Went straight to your head
Evil will show
You know how it's grown
With blood on the path
We will not do the math
We don't care
Oh
So it is told that the air will be cold over there
Please take good care
We're going home
We're going home
We're going home
Finally rest these old bones
His majesty sleeps high in the trees
Sends his palms spinning
From west to the east
Begging him please
To see how it feels
This wasn't agreed on
When they sign the deal
With blood on her path
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