

Odds, King Of The Heap

There was bread
Now it's crumbs
Inside each head
There's a piece that's small and dumb
When something's big and beautiful give it time
I'll make it small and dirty
Just to make it mine

I'll make it mine
I'll be King of the Heap
I'll make it mine
I'll be King of the Heap

There were pools
Now they're murk
Gold dust in mud and
Now all our play is work
Aggression is on every lip like stones on violins
Losing is the end result
Of far too many wins

I'll make it mine
I'll be King of the Heap
I'll make it mine
I'll be King of the Heap
It's bulldozing time
While you're asleep
I'll make it mine
I'll be King of the Heap

Turn the wheel and breathe the blackened sky
Hollow out and suck the marrow dry
Now it's gone

Hey them there hills
Will soon be holes
I will wear them down with files of gain and greed and goals
Under grass and rocks and dirt
It's warm inside the earth
That is where I'm going
I'm gonna pack it in my purse

And make it mine
I'll be King of the Heap
I'll make it mine
I'll be King of the Heap
It's bulldozing time
While you're asleep
I'll make it mine
I'll be King of the Heap
Turn the wheel
Turn the wheel
Breathe the blackened sky
Turn the wheel
Turn it, turn the wheel