

Procol Harum, Still There'll Be More

I'll bathe my eyes in a river of salt
I'll grow myself right up to the sky
I'll sing in the forest, tear down the trees
I'll foul all the fountains and trample the leaves
I'll blacken your Christmas and piss on your door
You'll cry out for mercy, but still there'll be more

I'll put a blight in the orchard
I'll run wild through the fields
I'll waylay your daughter and kidnap your wife
Savage her sexless and burn out her eyes
I'll blacken your Christmas and piss on your door
You'll cry out for mercy, but still there'll be more