

Steve Kilbey, Consider Yourself Conquered

Attracted by the metals in your teeth and in your earth
We faint in amazement
Along congested reefs our leviathans are berthed
In a jagged arrangement
Consider yourself conquered, consider yourself conquered
Of that gray and mournful day when you set foot on the shore
I have dreamed in a fever
I dream about the engines and the noise outside my door
And the grim receiver
Consider yourself conquered, consider yourself conquered

Attracted by the scent of the hunt on the wind
We arrive in profusion
We fight amongst ourselves and prepare for the night
In a drunken confusion
Consider yourself conquered, consider yourself conquered
Consider yourself conquered, consider yourself conquered
Now listen, I don't need no documents or deeds
When I see your defenses
Our war God doesn't care where he spills his seed
Or loses his senses