

# The Drones, The Minotaur

They come, they go  
They never do not go  
They come, they see  
They conquer then they leave

With man-eating beliefs  
Superior of death  
With lineage and myth  
And a half-heartedness at birth

I have the same old dream  
About a tunnel by my bed  
From where the stench of shit of minotaurs  
Yawns like lewd and evil breath

But instinct and a map  
Has set to work inside my head  
Instead of shedding tears  
I've learned to drink and piss instead

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I am in Rome  
And i am going to the games  
I see the gulf  
And it's going to  
Bore my name into the

Green green grass  
The catwalks of the past  
My head is like an oven  
As i rest it in my palms

We were just standing on the beach  
When a bull rose from the surf  
I said "show him the back door my dear  
He'll only paw the turf"

Three seasons came and went  
Tracksuits found the dispossessed  
My wife had other plans  
And now a bastard surfs the web

There's nothing she can do  
He does not talk, he does not move  
He spends all day looking at porn  
Or playing fucking Halo 2

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I am in Rome  
And i am going to the games  
I am the last to find my seat  
I'm standing at the gate

Intermission comes  
Nerves are touched, and smokes are screened  
It's on a pack of cigarettes

Along with all our faults and memes and it says  
Veni Vidi Vici