

# The Fall, R.O.D.

It's approaching  
600 pounds gas and flesh  
Robes in tatters  
It's approaching  
Lips and tongue abhorrent  
Flickering lexicon  
Or a stray dog pack leader

Hide hide, all good people hang out for a result  
Hide dive hide, reasonable people in silence do exult  
Realm of dusk

The Northerns  
Look at the North ones  
Their brains are unhinged by the sun

Rare stone  
Our (faeces/faces) are rare stone  
It comes to take them  
Move out the armies