

British Sea Power, Something Wicked

Where the ancient oak leaf clusters grew, the death's head hawk moth flew,
Something wicked this way comes.
The swallow is depicted there along your fuselage,
Something wicked this way comes.

I'm not waiting for you.

It's breaking up and getting far away,
I used to know what I wanted to say.
Please remove that field grey coverall,
Your works of nature are unnatural.

Well the lake was clear as crystal, the best tea I ever had,
Something wicked this way comes.
It starts with love for foliage and ends in camouflage,
Something wicked this way comes.

I'm not waiting for you.

It's breaking up and getting far away,
I used to know what I wanted to say.
Please remove that field grey coverall,
Your works of nature are unnatural.