

Comecon, How I Won The War

This is a day when everything's sick
My tongue's stuck, my lungs burn all colors are sick
This is everyday, I'll impose it on all
To prove that I am though I'm revoltingly small

My person, my belongings, I break them at will
No classes, no families, no nations, no ties
I'm swallowed screaming by oceans of bile
Feel how it soothes when you take to the skies

How I won the war
How I won the war
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How I won the war

I am what smells when you didn't wash
I'm the remains that smell in your sink
Your world's looking bright and I'm too weak to destroy it
I'm too faint to be seen or else you'd enjoyed it

This is my church and I, myself, built it
I'm the last, I'm the last, Oh god I'm filthy
The world will be the prey, and eventually it'll eat us:
The power of the slime of which I am the phoetus
[Repeat]

How I won the war - You never did
How I won the war - You never did
How I won the war - You never did
How I won the war - You never did