

Death In June, Smashed To Bits (In The Peace C

smashed to bits
in the peace of the night
he craved power
and, to keep in
he'd change his spots
or, shed his skin
(he craved power)
smashed to bits
in the peace of the night
the power in the hour
the art of the few
original and best
perpetuate nature
unending largesse
(she craves power)
in attempts to stultify me
your weakness - your ideology
smashed to bits
in the peace of the night
he craved power
and, to keep in
he'd change his spots
or, shed his skin

like yapping dogs
blind lead the blind
those who chain the future
are those time leaves behind
is glory now gone?
a friendship - worth of fiends
is a rose without thorns.