

# 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.