## Hawksley Workman, General January

The snow came late but who am I to say? You're tough as nails General January

With your lovely calvaries so many beauties to behold Let the enemy trudge on through My nearly everything belongs to you

You're hideous and misunderstood which really shakes you up Hahhhhhhh

Strange, you're so upset that I wished us all for dead Our lips froze to our rifles runny noses all turned red

Your love of Autumn leaves A language that you stole Let the enemy bludgeon through I've given everything I have to you

You're hideous and misunderstood which really freaks you out Ahhhh

You're hideous, A God that no one knew fell for what you said was true Ahhhhh

You're hideous and misunderstood which really fucks you up