

Los Campesinos!, Death To Los Campesinos!

Broken down like a war economy
Father Fhrer, don't be mad at me
Peasant child, you're into botany
Splitting necks and calling it dichotomy
"Beware", the sign on the door suggests
I'm better off with artificial intelligence

I invented you
I invented you
And I will destroy you

If you catch me with my hands in the till
I promise, sugar, I wasn't trying to steal
I'm just swimming in copper
To smell and pretend
Like a robot

Well, if a leopard doesn't change it's spots
You can't change my perceptions just from dots to dots
I swap the bruising for a bumping sensation
I'll be Ctrl-Alt-deleting your face with no reservations
And we'll stop fighting once your circuit board's igniting
Singing, I'm not finished, I'm not finished, no

Mistaking cables for veins can be quite misleading
Friction sparks, the metal made it look like bleeding

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