

# The Drones, Words From The Executioner To Ale

Tell me how are you coping  
Now that it's time to go  
Can you see the chariots  
Swinging low  
Up over the huon pine and out to the snow  
How much treachery  
Can you possibly know

Well your chaplain loves these  
Death row boys  
More than he loves me  
As though I have the choice  
You pour in from the trees  
You say an Irish boy should never  
Wear the hood  
But I wear it for you  
And you are here for me

Tell me how are you coping  
Now that it's time to leave  
How can you burn more  
You've been burning for years  
They assumed when you fled  
You were good as dead  
Was their indifference crueler  
Than your nothing to eat

How much of the venom  
Can a tiger snake eat  
There are no whores in heaven  
No boys at your feet  
And tell me how do we taste  
It's a curious place, a mountain  
To resort to customs of the sea

Well your chaplain loves your  
Death row boys  
More than he loves me  
He abandons you to prayer  
Turns so he won't see  
You standing alone  
As you were all along  
To descend fear first  
Abscond from the earth  
Alone

We were meant to meet  
Your exile is reached  
You're home