

The Fall, H.O.W.

I can treat you to visit to coastal pillboxes
I like to delve in destruction, lust and debauches
And I am the one who stamps on all ages
From 16 to 40, over and under
I'm monolithic, and the black ice on the corner

Hiss...hiss...hiss

As all is as one, as all damp on all stone
I hold all time and can induce at once
Jet trains, lead paint, stamps on border forms
Misread Easter Island, put butter on plague style
Spin complete revolutions and not bat an eyelid
And alter tree-rings so that what you are after
You will not ever find with a surfeit of lumber
And make you imagine from hunger
Bread trees spinning, dripping with butter
Just 6 inches higher than your upstretched middle finger

History of the...

I place minute dust in your microchip vessels
For daring to think all science is immortal
I am the one who'll strike you down at once
For stretching time-bracket, and assuming that what is
Can be maladjusted. A rigid adoption
Of codes you had concocted
I can treat you to visit to coastal pillboxes
And show you all hideous microscope thingies
And Hovis set-up in London's psoriasis

Stockings, jokings, 1780's

History of the wo...

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History of the world