Comecon, How I Won The War

This is a day when everything's sick My tongue's stuck, my lungs burn all colors are sick This is everyday, I'll impose it on all To prove that I am though I'm revoltingly small

My person, my belongings, I break them at will No classes, no families, no nations, no ties I'm swallowed screaming by oceans of bile Feel how it soothes when you take to the skies

How I won the war How I won the war How I won the war How I won the war

I am what smells when you didn't wash I'm the remains that smell in your sink Your world's looking bright and I'm too weak to destroy it I'm too faint to be seen or else you'd enjoyed it

This is my church and I, myself, built it I'm the last, I'm the last, Oh god I'm filthy The world will be the prey, and eventually it'll eat us: The power of the slime of which I am the phoetus [Repeat]

How I won the war - You never did How I won the war - You never did How I won the war - You never did How I won the war - You never did