

# Guided By Voices, Apparent The Red Angus

This is war. And I am king.  
Where to and back at once  
where it starts  
hills of men while all night I fought for  
what pain is borrowed and which souls are bought in  
straight competition first in our hearts

tremble and ponder having loved in the frost  
out to where in the forrester lost  
This is war. And I am king.