

Archers Of Loaf, All The Nations Airports

Shuffling through all the nations airports
Invalids collide with terrorist scum.
Choking on the lag, the headset's spilling over.
Choking on the lag, the exiles plot.

So shovel under rugs, the ones who notice.
Channel into locks, the pilot's drunk.
The resin in his mouth just means he's hated.
The radio is tapped, the bastard's drunk.

Channelling through aviation transport.
Derelicts rely on red light slums.
Scandals interlock, linking all the patrons.
And tourists intertwine in effortless lumps.

So shovel under rugs, the one's who notice.
Channel into locks, the pilot's drunk.
The resin in their eyes just means they're hated.
Tapping on his mike, the pilot's drunk.

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