

Bloc Party, Idea For A Story

Lucean,
Im so tired of flesh and blood
My lord has grown so vile
Shamefulness descends upon the shoulders
Kicking the corpse untill the fun wares off

Bleeding ? and S41
Talking needs to the sun comes up
Rich boys they just need a hand or hand down
From papa

Wouldnt it be too divine
With a start, middle and an end
Wouldnt it be too divine
If we could see a way out

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Theres a blizzard in the after hours bars
Raining my way down the strand
Who are these fags in the red bow ties
ruining it for the rest of us

Self content for the young, the younger beset
that hirstoy will always eat itself
Rich boys they just need a hand
or a good old fashioned war

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