

Constantines, Young Offenders

Curse the corpses, call in the futurists.
This is the ballad of the young offenders.
Leave no manifestos, save graffiti in the train yard.
These legs were made to run.

When the dares pick a victim,
The railhead blues will play.
The drunken brutes on main street
will soon be laid away.

Suppression is a state.
We will not be diplomatic.
Suppression is a state.

Young hearts, be free tonight.
Time is on your side.

Can I get a witness?