

James, Low Low Low

This war's a mother fucker
How many sons will we kill today
On poor little brother
Tell me what the newsline from the ground
Your love is a killer
Killing all this love in me
We are so full of terror
Viscious kiss, your love is longing deep
Love love love wont starve
You don't
Love love love
Where the anger is hot
Where opinion is deep
Understanding is shot
Is dead, is dead, is dead
Where the linen is cheap
Where the weapons are not
Where all the mothers will be
Is dead, is dead, is dead
Will strike you down
Love love love
Will strike you down
Love love love
We're prone to a torture
I can't take it anymore
On poor little mother
Tell me what the newsline from the ground
Love love love
Love will strike you down
Love love will strike us down