

Kensington Gore, Sticks and Stones

I have tried, Ive tried to see around you,
I have tried, and I have failed, Ive failed you,
I have tried, Ive tried to see around you,
I have died, and live again inside you.

Go on, go on,
Take apart the pieces on and on.
Go on, go on,
Building walls will never be done.
Go on, go on,
Put me down and bury me, son.
Go on, go on,
Theres a place and time where we will be one.

Ive taken life without regret,
This pens my sword, dont you forget.
Ill kill you all; my words are death.
Think I am wrong? Well, no-one is spared

From the wrath of my draft Im waging war on my path,
I never wanted this. The man upstairs, He just laughs.
But as long as the voices tell me to fight
Blood will be shed, youre goddamn right!

I carry this sword on my back,
I just want to rest, my lifes a drag.
Make love not war could work out all right,
But no time to think Im off tonight,

To war!
To fight!
What for?
Denied!
My life,
A lie!
Your policies are war crimes!

Your morals just there to hide
Absurd and archaic choices, you decide.
The time has come to make a stand,
Fight your own damn wars, theyre yours not mine!

Ive taken life without regret,
This pens my sword, dont you forget.
Ill kill you all; my words are death.
Think I am wrong? Well, no-one is spared

Ive taken life without regret,
This pens my sword, dont you forget.
Ill kill you all; my words are death.
Think I am wrong? Well, no-one is spared

I have tried, Ive tried to understand you,
The have lied and lie again they will do.
Time will tell, but never tell the whole truth;
The past theyll write, it wont include the dead youths

Sacrificed for a cause no-one believes in,
Bodies on a battlefield, grieving
Families who cant forgive a nation that
Stole like thieves, left pain and devastation.

So march for death, for glory, for the nation,
The infidels will pay in blood for treason.

Hang them high like dogs, for all to watch them
Squirm like gutted pigs, a celebration

For the gods of war. Our men will sacrifice their lives
And dine up high on the Capitoline tonight,
And we will smile, look down on everything.
Territorial wars, the new colonialists!

I've taken life without regret,
This pens my sword, don't you forget.
I'll kill you all; my words are death.
Think I am wrong? Well, no-one is spared

From the wrath of my draft I'm waging war on my path,
I never wanted this. The man upstairs, He just laughs.
But as long as the voices tell me to fight
Blood will be shed, you're goddamn right!

Go on, go on.
(x2)

Go on, go on,
Take apart the pieces on and on.
Go on, go on,
Building walls will never be done.
Go on, go on,
Put me down and bury me, son.
Go on, go on,
There's a place and time where we will be one.
(repeat)