

# Modern Life Is War, Farmer's Holiday Association

We came crashing down  
Right on time  
Like the twenty-ninth  
Of twenty nine

Days spent  
Down on our knees  
Watching stolen soil  
Sift through our fingers

So what the fuck  
Are we still waiting for?  
For some someone to save us,  
From the rains to come?  
Watching strong foundations  
Come undone!

We're not waiting for the dust to settle anymore!  
We're marching in and we're  
(Kicking down the door!)  
We're not waiting for the dust to settle anymore!  
We're marching in and we're  
(Kicking down the door!)

Kicking  
(Down the door!)  
Kicking  
(Down the door!)

All hope died  
When the hunger came  
First the slender cheeks  
Then the sunken eyes

And soon  
Every dirty face  
Just looked the same  
Common graves are calling our names  
Calling us out  
Of a life  
That's plagued by doubt

We used to be so fucking strong  
Do you remember when we sang those songs?  
(Together!)  
Is there no such thing as a heartfelt word,  
In times of fair weather?

We're not waiting for the dust to settle anymore!  
We're marching in and we're  
(Kicking down the door!)  
We're not waiting for the dust to settle anymore!  
We're marching in and we're  
(Kicking down the door!)