

Royden, Dolittle Raids

Holding pistols in their pockets.
Shooting lead flies in the night.
Were hitting targets as these rockets.
Were streaking horror through the sky.
Were closing up the shutters.
And bringing out the dead.
While all the children under covers,
There hiding underneath their beds.

Signing songs to try to sleep.
We sing songs while they try to sleep.
With the morning sun.

Land minds beneath their footsteps.
Smart bombs are wrapped in sheets.
As we are ruined in the wreckage
and scattered in the streets.
So open up our coffins
and save us from ourselves.
Just let the sky fills with explosions
and empty bullet shells.

Ringling sounds through this black hole.
As we try to sleep.
The rain is blasting off the tiles.
And down on the street the damned
silently lurking in the darkness.
Shadows and sirens scream and dance.
They are shooting off in silence.
and all the streets are filled with light.
As all the people in fire are burning up alive.

Their lives are saved by the morning sun.
Thats keeping the fire burning in everyone.
She holds her head to a loaded gun.
Pull the trigger for everyone.
In front of everyone.

The sound of the morning is beautiful. She said.
The ax hits the bell and rings out.
The sound of the morning is beautiful. She said.
Let it go

As all the people in fire are burning up alive