

# Tomahawk, Sir Yes Sir

We all know our place  
Like the trophy in the case  
We are never known  
The wallpaper in the room  
We all know the joys  
See the beauty of our toy  
We are not your song  
Elevator, shopping malls  
We all want what's free  
'Cause we have no memory  
We are coming home  
We know we are not alone  
Sir! Yes sir!

(repeat)

We are not the ones  
Who will take away your guns  
We are not too late  
Also transidental pain  
We will win the fight  
With explosive dynamite  
You are never wrong  
Like the people in your palm  
We will not resist  
Simplify it with a kiss  
We want victory  
Fresh puffed-up celebrity  
We all want what's free  
'Cause we have no memory  
We are coming home  
We know we are not alone  
Sir! Yes sir!

(repeat)

The best of everything is good enough for me, 'nough for me  
We are not the the ones  
Who will take away your sons  
We are not afraid  
Of a splattering of brains  
We won't let them go  
With a touch of (?) makes a crime  
We see from above  
Send a mushroom cloud of love  
We salute  
We even speak the truth  
Shoot a victim man  
'Tis a sacrificial lamb  
We all want what's free  
'Cause we have no memory  
We are coming home  
We know we are not alone