

Xiu Xiu, Child At Arms

foul deeds, indeed, do bring prosperity
we may not know our age, we just fought
the rifle is heavy beyond compassion
so new in destruction
your teeth will be forgotten
war for cricket children
place her foot on the log and chop it off
brown brown makes it light
your idea of dying is gone
your idea of killing is printed on the body
evil is with you all of the time
evil is with you all of the time