

Bombs Over Providence, Class Aptitude Test Res

Keep time to the beat of walls coming down, three cheers for the supernatural.
Tell that to the kid who just joined cadets; breast-fed on state-sponsored radio.
Look at that, us troublemakers got a problem again; I never knew where or when,
This boundless world lost appeal to me, it's by the terms of the enemy.
Chance alone has placed us here.
Our parents' pride condemned us to cross our fingers while we sing these anthems.
Every banner, every flag, I'll help you burn them up.
I cross my heart and hope to tear my tongue out.
I'm meek and I'm calling dibs on everything.
Next stop, not victory, but much worse: Parliament hill.
This form has a function;
but a simple deduction to see the effects of pick up sticks and other games of statecraft.
All glowing hearts, dare you consider the truth of pride worth less
than what little we've done to own our actions.
Such white science abroad, progress with wink and a nod.
One road from the port to the mine to the capital.
It's easy enough to want more when you have it all.
I'll lead this parade of thieves,
still refusing to grieve the loss of millions for something we've always laughed at.
Now who's the sucker left holding the flag?
What are we waiting for?
I'm done with picking teams.
I've got some kerosene and matches are not hard to procure.
Grab the loosest thread.
Grab the loosest thread and run...
(Sing hard, think loud, I dare you)
These dreams are as far-fetched as the nearest nation state.
Run up the flag, run hard, and plant it right through your heart.
Grab the loosest thread and run.