

Bombs Over Providence, May Cruise Missile Dipl

Damned by the wars we wage to a similar fate of the states we imitate.
Forgotten faster than Rome's walls came tumbling down.
Administering "shock and awe" with Tsunami bombs never did stand a chance,
When I was floored at once by the one-two punch of benevolent terror.
This is what I meant by "dying"; this is why I'm terrified of trying.
If we just play dead, they promise they'll stop when we've had enough.
But someone's got to teach the world about Texas-sized justice.
Don't mistake this regret for weakened heart.
We're watching how it works and we're taking notes.
What students we've become!
Don't mistake this regret for weakened heart. Our repertoire of chaos and playing dumb.
Don't think that we never saw you displace your mistakes at home.
Buckle in hold tight, listen up, and go pre-empt yourself sir.
One more tune for the peace parade with threadbare banners that we made.
But if we want to take their ear... (change the speech we use) cut off off, hold it near.
And scream.
Into darkened streets we pour, so easy to ignore.
Gotta speak in kind to blood, bombs, and bottom lines.
And that's just fine, because we've got the time.
I'm sharpening my tongue now.
We hang, we fall.
Singing last words under breath, but... we hang we fall.
And the rope they used came right from us.
Where's Nero with his violin now?
I know to run but I can't explain how.
I've been looking for a way out of this one, truthful, good, and mild.
Won't say where I went wrong.
I am the least of any evil that you'll fight.
Won't say when we've had enough.
Won't beg when you've silence us.
Our words will become firebombs.
As you wage your wars, I swear that's how we will fight ours.