

Boysetsfire, Nostalgic For Guillotines

Breathe,
Breathe in the burning air
Then sigh,
Be relieved there's nothing there

We were free
Long before your free advice
Now the flags,
They will burn in paradise

Rest your head here
Feed our nation for us, please
And retreat
To the back of our lines for your needs

As the blade
Is raised, thoughts get clearer
What if dreams
That you had came crashing down

Would you change
Or erase the memory
Of the day,
Oh, the day you made us bleed

Rest your head here
Feed our nation for us, please
And retreat
To the back of our lines for your needs

We sew
The seeds upon your grave
So you know
You'll feed us either way

Wash away your sins and begin again
Resurrection from empty hands
Back against the wall, watch your tower fall
To the ground with your head

Time to move on
Your power is gone
It's your turn to run
Your hour has come

Let the blade fall
We'll feed our nation as we please
As you grieve
Our children will dance in the streets

We've sewn
The seeds above your grave
So you know
You'll feed us either way

And the meek shall inherit the earth