

Calico System, Ballad of Mr. Gachot

You should've tasted the sweetest part of irony
When you tried to place your hate on me
I know it's hard for you to breathe while drowning in shallows
Thoughts of envy, we'll humour your insecurities
and protect you from the sky at night
Don't think we won't forget your words until our hearts are realised

You watch darkness creeping in fear
Sit back and watch without a care

Today we stand apart from what you've made
To dismantle, to disarm
To tear apart what they've made
We'll never surrender; our black hearts will carry on
No matter what you say,
no matter what you do, no
matter what we go through

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We will not give up our dreams or feel threatened by you
I will decide what's best for me and not be persuaded by you
I'd die before I give into pressure put here by you
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