

Echo And The Bunnymen, Flaming Red

Failure's child is weak and mild
Wide-eyed and
A moment is the most
She'll hang her day upon
Others plan a life
Without the faintest hope of change
And belay all her knowledge
Of where hope has gone

In these ugly times
An ugly mind will have its say
And your betters would not
Have it any other way

Oh my eyes for the sins
I may not shed
Burn like coals
Inside my head
Smoldering black
And flaming red

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Reconciled and pacified
By bread and circus clowns
Who keep you all in stitches
As they keep you down
Dust yourself down

Tell me what on earth
The fuss was for
'Cause what you've seen is nothing
To what's still in store

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