

Every Time I Die, Hit Of The Search Party

No man abandon his post. A gatecrasher has called us to arms. Take up your torch.

I want this ship cleaner than a hospital ward. A radical has polluted our ranks.

Slouch into position men, this is a war. Set the traps.

We'll have that criminal's head marched through the streets on a stick.

Someone will pay for this.

We'll squeeze his goddamn brains out.

Sleep with one knife open. You can't outthink us, we've been out of thoughts for a while.

The warrior with the deadliest weapon is the one without an instruction manual for his gun.

This is a union of dunces and we are the new global menace.

Stalking the land, gnashing dull teeth, tapping our feet, sighing and humming and watching the clock.

That's what you get for fucking with us.

When we find you we will skin you alive, we'll pluck out your eyes

and the cannons will roar as we march to the capitol, dragging your hide.

Drooling polished jackboot monsters, tracking the scent of a sleeping child.

Your composure gave you away, next time it's best to cry havoc.

Keep marching, the bridge is ours. They're coming to get me. They're coming to take me away.

I'll never make love in this town again. Everyone on the dance floor is doomed. Hit the ground. Shut up.

The prisoners have laid waste to the pulpit. You're in for it now. Are these helicopters for me?

Have I been appointed to speak? Then I'm going to Hell, and I'm taking the renaissance with me.