

Malice In Leatherland, Send More Paramedics

And the world,
is turning - burning,
upon the hill,
your city's thriving - thriving,
Pride locked, wage your cost,
at the expense, of us all

Send More Paramedics x 5

We'll raid your Ivory Towers
Storm the calm in your enclave
Your base delights are soured
You cannot steer your feet clear of the grave...
Cannot steer clear of the grave...

Send More Paramedics x 5