

# Ramallah, The Horror And The Gag

Time is the fire in which we burn  
The bitter ash and dust of hate choke what remains  
So don't breathe a mote about fate or faith  
'Cause those words and their toll leave so many so cold (Pick it up)  
And the story's so old yet it never gets told  
But it's written in the scars on the wrists of the lost  
In the cold of life

Yeah, my mother was raped at nine years old (Hoo-ah)  
I guess good ol' fashioned poverty and a violent drunk of a dad was not cliché enough  
So fate tore away her faith on that secret day  
Torn along with her hymen  
Still somewhere in time there's a little bloody girl of nine

Hey Ma, you know  
Been burned? Life is cold  
Hey Ma, you've screamed  
And somewhere lost in time you scream

But life goes on  
Yeah, life goes on  
Yes, life goes on  
Yeah, life goes on  
Say: Na na na

Knock, knock; who's there?  
I've got a little joke about the horror of the world  
The horror and the gag is the soul can die but life goes on  
Hoo-ah! Can you dig it?  
The heart keeps beating but the blood goes cold  
And there's no rock bottom  
So welcome to the joke of un-life (Ha, ha, ha)

Hey Ma, I know:  
You died so long ago  
Hey Ma, now I see:  
You're still a nine-year-old girl screaming

But life goes on  
So, life goes on  
'Cause, life goes on  
So, life goes on  
Say: Na na na

Time is the fire in which we burn  
The heart keeps beating but the blood - goes - cold  
What do you know about horror?  
Horror

Life goes on  
Cold-ass life  
Life goes on

Na, na-na-na, na...