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 cliche 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...