

Wildhearts, Abhorria

The world that I was to ya
So deep and safe and warm
Is peppered by experience
Mutated by the fell

And all the walks in the countryside
Are better done by bike
And now we work along the sacred sites
Don't ensure we ain't so alive
In the light of war we find Abhorria (oh, ow)
(When we do, but it's easy just to be here for yer)

If that was your intention
To take the easy way,
Goodbye to intervention
And damn the game you play

And I'm sore with the kind of scars that never heal in time
Take a tip from company owes
We ain't wrong just cos we ain't right
Should we stay on shore and blame Abhorria (oh, ow)
When I need you I can easily believe you
Abhorria (ow, ow)
When I need you when I true believe to grieve you
Abhorria

Wrap you up in foam to protect you from the fear
Of spending life alone even though I'll be there
And time and time again I wish I wasn't
The cunt you call a friend, maybe then I can send you
Away, away, away

Angel, I carry you across the sea
I don't even mind if you board with harmony
Nobody knows nobody sees, just me, my baby

The cost is not enough for the time spent with killing
You can get a job to appreciate the killing
And why not decide to spit on into fire
A little bit of heaven and a mass of genocide

If what you see and what you feel don't tend to be the same ideal
Just stop and find and hope to share a little piece of heaven out there

Angel Biscuit