

XTC, Chain Of Command

How bright are the fires of thought
In a chain of command
How bright is the medical torch
When it's put in our hand

My microbes and I
Can't wait to lay down and die
We realise that we must be spent
Like the cells that dissolve when a brainwave is sent
How bright are the fires of thought
In a chain of command

My bloodgroup and me
A body of soldiers are we
To the wound we quickly flowed
And we fought with the weapons in our
Chemical code
How bright are the fires of thought
In a chain of command