

XTC, Reign Of Blows

Reign of blows
Reign of blows
Reign of blows cascading down upon your shoulders
Far too many men dressed up as soldiers
The lamb is brought to the ground
Under the weight of the Crown
A crown of thorns and dark deeds
The swastika and the hammer and symbol
Are sickles that reap only weeds
Reign of blows
Reign of blows
Reign of blows precedes a storm of revolution
People have no place in their solution
So torture raises its head
Decked out in blue, white, and red
And iron maidens will slam
And by the half light of burning republics
Joe Stalin looks just like Uncle Sam
Reign of blows
Reign of blows
Reign of blows has washed away the corpse of Abel,
Cain is now the king in every Babel
I just don't care who you are
When death draws up in his car
And talks in terrorist tones
Remember violence is only a vote for the
Black Queen to take back the throne
Reign of blows