

# 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