

The Paddington Frisk

Enter Shikari

To be strung up on a leafless tree,
Where everything dies and nothing grows
Hanging like moulding fruit
One last dance whilst you decompose

On come the paddington spectacles
A black plague over all I admired
A vegetable breakfast, a hearty choke
Seems like the whole world conspired

But there stood a man
He was cut up, distraught and cold
But amongst the wreckage of his ribcage
His heart still thudded as he said

I regard myself as a soldier
Though a soldier of peace
I know the value of discipline and truth
I must ask you to believe me when I say...

No matter if it all backfires kid
No matter if it all goes wrong
We just gotta get ourselves together
We've sat still for far too long
Now this ain't over yet
As far as I can see...
We've only just begun.