

The Killing Revelation

Thieves Like Us

This life is made of numbers and lines
Still we're breathing after dawn
If two and two were dancers
Then they would move across the floor
Altogether, hand in hand

Mother dear
We worry, We worry
Mother dear We've lost control
Look outside We're fighting
Mother dear what shall we do?

The killing generation
Their lives abide by numbers and time
Still we're breathing through the dawn
If two and two were dancers
Then they would move across the floor
Altogether, hand in hand

Mother dear
You're sleeping
Mother dear Open you're eyes
How to love?
We are asking Mother dear
Why are we here?