

When the Sky Comes Down

Trouble

The bastards meeting once again
Disputing territories, breach the lines
they've drawn
Deactivation of the sane
Call out the troops, the mothers kiss their sons

Never coming home

A lovely day to start a war
Sale of a twisted story in a sheep's disguise
Tax out the rich, enslave the poor
All sirens blowing as the rockets fly

Into the sky

When the sky comes down, run for
cover to the underground
When the sky comes down, run for cover,
running on, and on, and on

So long, it's time to say goodbye
Barely a man, now locked and loaded for the kill
Seats at the pub shall be denied
Taken by those who criticize them still

Old enough to die

When the sky comes down, run for
cover to the underground
When the sky comes down, run for cover,
running on, and on, and on

So long...

A lovely day to say goodbye
Dog tags and body bags, the fathers
fight their tears
The bastards' games that we have lost funding
the grief machine for coming years

When the sky comes down, run for
cover to the underground
When the sky comes down, run for cover,
running on, and on, and on

So long, it's time to start a war