

Rejoice the Feast of Quarantine

Warfare

Direct our own true way, although they'll always knock us.
And see the time run out, like sand no guarantees.

A world the face on their clock, we fight them ten to one,
Machines the dial turning, wiped to change TV.
Sell out become so famous, receipt and plug the flame
Oh my and how they tamed us your life in quarantine.

You're future so unreal, but now it's passed you by.
The wounds of war lie still, untouched but they still die.

And so we all rejoice and dancing side by side
We make our mothers life, but never sacrifice
Punching out the clock, time rears its ugly voice
So to the darkness we are pushed, not given second choice.

Half way round the world, my job has just begun
And you turn around and say to me I hope you're having fun.

It's all a farce a real good game,
So mature to listen but far too young to tame,
It's all a farce a real good game
Sorry son, tell me what's your name.