Metronomes

The Blood Brothers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

And every soldier's face is burnt,
and it's a mask of withered flesh.
And their hands have turned to rifles now,
and they kill everything and anything that they touch.So watch the trees swaying in the breeze,
keeping beat to the butchery.And every subway station's wrecked,
it shuts down and off.
And business men in a panic:
"Here they come! Here they come!"
And they collect power killing love.So watch the bat,
a picnic death camp.
Keeping beat to the butchery.So children come burn the skyscrapers
and the cities alive,
Come clean within you.
And the metronome clicks like new,
and the metronome clicks over our skulls.And every single window pane is smashed,
and every cop is smiling broken glass.
Here's a place where the soldiers came,
to rake up all that they could take.So toss another bottle,
pull another pin.
Light up the sky in a butchery.So children come burn the skyscrapers
and the cities alive,
Come clean within you.
And the metronome clicks like new,
and the metronome clicks over our skulls.

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