

# Summer's Last Sound

## Disco Inferno

The gulls are coming in off the coast  
The smell of corpses passed them in  
Mass graves uncovered, must be abroad - it can't be here  
I can sense your violence, but I still don't understand  
How when the past seems dead and you've got the future  
In the palm of your hand  
Run quick through (noble?) streets  
Where killers hide  
Our fruits get bricks in windows  
And foreigners get hushed-up trials  
And you're waiting for a knock at the door  
Which would tell if you spent the next few years  
Free from life attacked by petrol bombs  
The price of bread went up five pence today  
And an immigrant was kicked to death again And I'm scared for my life for the first time in it  
And we've known all along that a home can put your life at risk  
So I guess we'll just disperse again  
And the (...)s are coming off the land  
The easy targets lure them in  
(...)  
Don't be absurd, it can't be here  
Until we find a place to settle  
We'll just keep moving on  
We stay in flocks like birds, no one dares to move along  
Across a sea of bleached skulls  
Chased by death in all its forms  
Over mountains, under suns  
We shoot to kill, let's shoot for fun  
Across a desert's burning skies, we never stop to sleep or eat  
Death always finds us in the end, its (...) shadows (...) weeping  
Over hot (...) and plains, a killer wants to see us slain  
Over fields of wheat and grain, through the endless, pouring rain  
Why can we never find a safe place to land?  
And we find ourselves through God's providing hand  
At the close of every day

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