

The War of All Against All

The Receiving End Of Sirens

Look alive gentleman
Or fake your death
Tour wounds undressed beneath your costumes
Some are so well rehearsed
For hearses it hurts
Always the first to wave the white flag And barricade themselves
In false pretenses, fox holed in trenches
Forged casualties with casual pleas
Dying to please the enemy We die to stay alive
We kill to survive We are the corp of corpses
We are up in arms and armed
Bring all the king's horses and all the king's men We are the corp of corpses
We are up in arms and armed
Bring all the king's horses and all the king's men
Bring all the king's horses and all the king's men Push on, plod on these legs
Like pistons pumping forward motion
Convalescent men in uniform
We have fallen to friendly fire
Shrapnel freckles our spine
Still our feet fall one by one We are the corp of corpses
We are up in arms and armed
Bring all the king's horses and all the king's men We are the corp of corpses
We are up in arms and armed
Bring all the king's horses and all the king's men We were led to lead lovers
Marching to the beat, to the beat
We were led to lead lovers
'Cause we kissed so well, we kissed so well We were led to lead lovers
Marching to the beat, to the beat
We were led to lead lovers
We kissed so well, we kissed so well The cannon's calling our name
I hear her singing to me
The cannon's calling our name
I hear her singing to me In Morse code
"This is our revolution!"
In Morse code
"This is our revolution!" In Morse code
"This is our revolution!"
In Morse code
"This is our revolution!"

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