

Huge Gold AK-47

The Blood Brothers

those decadent war swans, with faces half drawn,
slinging blood soaked carols at the slave ship sun.

huge gold ak-47!

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c'mon, its 4am kick down the gate and spray your ammo like champagne.

tie up your waterfalls and throw them in the trunk!

in pitch-black basements, starve your summer suns.

toast another day of domination.

toast another day of demolition.

100 million dollar sound systems squeal your name's pouding rhythms.

huge gold ak-47!

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you're alone, handcuffed to a picked-clean bone, and your skull echoes...

we'll take what the fuck we want!

pluck your landscapes piece by piece.

we'll take what the fuck we want!

songs of your youth beat by beat.

we'll take what the fuck we want!

wipe the color from your scenery.

we'll take what the fuck we want!

suck your seasons indefinitely.

oh, there's a field inside your face with breezes sweet as chardonnay,

violins dangling from willow branches.

but the soldiers stripped it from your skin, cracked its ribs in the kitchen,

dressed it in drag and pissed on every inch.

we march like insects built of wood and wires blowing out cities like birthday candles.

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