

Hit of the Search Party

Every Time I Die

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

No man abandon his post
A gatecrasher has called us to arms
Take up your torch
I want this ship cleaner than a hospital ward
A radical has polluted our ranks
Slouch into position men, this is a war
Set the traps, we'll have that criminals head
Marched through the streets on a stick
Someone will pay for this
We'll squeeze his goddamn brains out
Sleep with one knife open
You can't out think us, we've been out of thoughts for a while
You can't out think us, we've been out of thoughts for a while
And the warrior with the deadliest weapon is the one without
An instruction manual for his gun
This is a union of dunces
We are the new global menace stalking the land
Gnashing dull teeth, tapping our feet, sighing and humming
And watching this clock
That's what you get, that's what you get
That's what you get
That's what you get for fucking with us
That's what you get for fucking with us
When we find you we'll skin you alive
We'll pluck out your eyes
And the canons will roar as we march to the capitol
Dragging your hide
Drooling polished jackboot monsters
Tracking the scent of a sleeping child
Your composure gave you away
Next time it's best to cry havoc
Keep marching, the bridge is ours
They're coming to get me
They're coming to take me away
I'll never make love in this town again
Everyone on the dance floor is doomed
Hit the ground, shut your mouth
The prisoners have laid waste to the pulpit, you're in for it now
Are these helicopters for me?
Have I been appointed to speak? Then I'm going to hell

And I'm taking the renaissance with me

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