

September 1973

The Beautiful Bodies

A generation died
When the shots began
And the planes moved in
We chose the tyrant's side
It's always been the plan
Kill the people's man Misery's our currency
We buy and sell so gracefully
The open veins and how they bleed
In September 1973 The city's burning, and it's us who lit the fire
It would be his last goodbye
Just one last broadcast so the struggle stays alive
It would be his last goodbye
An innocence had died
As the palace burned
Make the peasants learn
Like a fragile kite
People disappeared
Drifting into fear Hope was bleeding in the streets
As soldiers killed so willingly
They planted seeds of tragedy
In September 1973 The city's burning, and it's us who lit the fire
It would be his last goodbye
Just one last broadcast so the struggle stays alive
It would be his last goodbye
The streets are quickly growing calm
Like dying winds before the storm
The worst is clearly yet to come
I dare to say that this means war
And things will not be like before
What the hell do we stand for? The city's burning, and it's us who lit the fire
It would be his last goodbye
Just one last broadcast so the struggle stays alive
It would be his last goodbye
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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