

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