Chain Of Command (2001 - Remaster)

XTC

How bright are the fires of thought
In a chain of command
How bright is the medical torch
When it's put in our handMy microbes and I
We can't wait to lay down and die
We realize that we must be spent
Like the cells that dissolve when a brainwave is sentHow bright are the fires of thought
In a chain of commandHow bright are the fires of thought
In a chain of command
How bright is the medical torch
When it's put in our handMy blood group and me
A body of soldiers are we
To the wound we quickly flowed
And we fought them with the weapons in our chemical codeHow bright are the fires of thought
In a chain of commandMy microbes and I
We can't wait to lay down and die
We realize that we must be spent
Like the cells that dissolve when a brainwave is sentHow bright are the fires of thought
In a chain of commandChain of command
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