False Flags

Aggression

In city shoes of clueless blues
Pays the views and no man's news
Blades will fade from blood to sport
The heroin's cut these fuses shortSmokers rode a colonial pig
Drink and frame, this pain I think
I'm melting silver poles my dear
You bleed your wings and then disappearThe moving scenes and pilot lights
Smithereens have got 'em scaling heights
Modern times come talk me down
And battle lines are drawn across this townParisian boys without your names
Ghetto stones instead of chains
Talk 'em down 'cause it's up in flames
And nothing's changedParisian boys without your names
Riot like 1968 again
The days of rage, yeah, nothing's changed
Well pretty flamesIn school, I would just bite my tongue
And now your words, they strike me down
The flags are false and they contradict
They point and click which wounds to lickOn avenues, this Christian breeze
Turns its heart to more needles please
Our eyes roll back and we beg for more
It frays this skin and then underscoreThe case for war you spin and bleed
The cells you fill screen savers feed
The girls you breed, the soaps that you write
The graceless charm of your gutter snipesThe moving scenes and suburbanites
And smithereens got 'em scaling heights
Modern times come talk me down
The battle lines are drawn across this townEnglish boys without your names
Ghetto stones instead of chains
Hearts and minds, and U.S. planes
Nothing's changedAnd English boys without your names
Riot like the 1980's again
The days of rage, yeah, nothing's changed
More pretty flames

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