

# 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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