

Nostalgic For Guillotines

Boy Sets Fire

Breathe, breathe in the burning air
Then sigh, be relieved there's nothing there
We were free long before your free advice
Now the flags, they will burn in paradise
Rest your head here, feed our nation for us, please
And retreat to the back of our lines for your needs
As the blade is raised thoughts get clearer now
What if dreams that you had came crashing down
Would you change or erase the memory
Of the day, oh, the day you made us bleed?
Rest your head here, feed our nation for us, please
And retreat to the back of our lines for your needs
We sow the seeds upon your grave
So you know you'll feed us either way
If you're frightened of dying and, and you're holding on
You'll see devils tearing your life away
But if you've made your peace
Then the devils are really angels, freeing you from the earth
Wash away your sins and begin again
Resurrection from empty hands
Back against the wall watch your tower fall
To the ground with your head
Time to move on, your power is gone
It's your turn to run your hour has come
Let the blade fall
We'll feed our nation as we please
As you grieve our children will dance in the streets
Oh, we've sown the seeds upon your grave
So you know you'll feed us either way
And the meek shall inherit the earth

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