

One Hundred Years

Flat Back Four

It doesn't matter if we all die
Ambition in the back of a black car
In a high building there is so much to do
Goin' home time a story on the radio Somethin' small falls out of your mouth and we laugh
A prayer for somethin' better
A prayer for somethin' better
Please love me, meet my mother
But the fear takes hold
Creepin' up the stairs in the dark
Waiting for the death blow, waiting for the death blow
Waiting for the death blow Stroking your hair as the patriots are shot
Fightin' for freedom on the television
Sharin' the world with slaughtered pigs
Have we got everything? She struggles to get away The pain and the creepin' feeling
A little black haired girl
Waiting for Saturday
The death of her father pushing her
Pushing her white face into the mirror
Aching inside me and turn me around
Just like the old days, just like the old days
Just like the old days, just like the old days Caressin' an old man
And paintin' a lifeless face
Just a piece of new meat
In a clean room
The soldiers close in
Under a yellow moon
All the shadows and deliverance
Under a black flag A hundred years of blood
Crimson a ribbon
Tightens 'round my throat
I open my mouth
And my head bursts open
A sound like a tiger
Thrashing in the water
Thrashing in the water Over and over
We die one after the other
Over and over
We die one after the other
One after the other

One after the other

One after the other

After the otherIt feels like a hundred years

Hundred years, hundred years

Hundred years, hundred years

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