

# 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 other It feels like a hundred years  
Hundred years, hundred years  
Hundred years, hundred years

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