

## **A Rotterdam November "Crippling Machine"**

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Who taught you these things, wounding crippling  
I'd say that you're an effective machine  
You say that you're clean  
But maybe you're the same underneath

She saw her son off at the train platform  
It was April 24, her hug that day  
Was not the same as the ones before

These fields are haunted by, a thousand men who died  
To stop this Holy War, to stop this Holy War

I could whisper their names  
I could shout to the ceiling  
But something has to change  
Too many people died believing  
That they would see the day  
When you're just a pile of gears  
Harmless after all these years  
Crippling Machine, chine  
Crippling Machine, chine  
Crippling Machine, chine  
Crippling Machine

Belgium is cold  
But not as cold as an icy stare of self-piety  
That'll shoot down a plane, tear out my tongue  
I swear blood still speaks  
In the silence as they raise the flag  
They shoot the shots  
Our young hero is dead, lying peacefully  
What he had to do, he already did

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But something has to change  
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In the aftermath of motors extra parts  
Someone is going to salvage your heart  
But I don't care it's your eyes I'll consider  
Burning first then your fists and your fingers

Flanders Belgium has killed a lot of men  
But not as many as your religion  
You're not escaping the chains you make us wear  
Hate doesn't respect you  
Hate doesn't care

What exactly do you fight for  
I'll tear you apart, no diplomacy  
I'll make sure I sabotage all circuitry  
Till one day, you and I stop this war

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I could shout to the ceiling  
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