

Bloc Party

"The Marshals Are Dead"

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Attention, unbelievers
Fashion victims, opportunists
Blood sport, cop killer
Don't trust art, don't trust culture

Cancel your thoughts out forever
Milk it and strain it to residue
(Forever)
An insult that dilates forever
(Forever)

Passing from history that's made from arrangements
Of cordons and tannoys in symmetry
(Forever)
That cancel forever
(Forever)

A curse on your houses
Rivers run with your sons' blood
No case for extenuation
All the marshals are dead, dead, dead, dead

Cancel your thoughts out forever
Milk it and strain it to residue
(Forever)
An insult that dilates forever
(Forever)

Passing from history that's made from arrangements
Of cordons and tannoys in symmetry
(Forever)
That cancel forever
(Oh, forever)

Spring breaks in ranks and in boulevards
A country that grows us
But cannot contain us

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