

Bombs Over Providence

"Class Aptitude Test Results Are In, And It's Martyr Or Matador For Everybody!"

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Keep time to the beat of walls coming down, three
cheers for the supernatural.
Tell that to the kid who just joined cadets; breast-fed
on state-sponsored radio.
Look at that, us troublemakers got a problem again; I
never knew where or when,
This boundless world lost appeal to me, it's by the
terms of the enemy.
Chance alone has placed us here.
Our parents' pride condemned us to cross our fingers
while we sing these anthems.
Every banner, every flag, I'll help you burn them up.
I cross my heart and hope to tear my tongue out.
I'm meek and I'm calling dibs on everything.
Next stop, not victory, but much worse: Parliament hill.
This form has a function;
But a simple deduction to see the effects of pick up
sticks and other games of statecraft.
All glowing hearts, dare you consider the truth of pride
worth less
Than what little we've done to own our actions.
Such white science abroad, progress with wink and a
nod.
One road from the port to the mine to the capital.
It's easy enough to want more when you have it all.
I'll lead this parade of thieves,
Still refusing to grieve the loss of millions for
something we've always laughed at.
Now who's the sucker left holding the flag?
What are we waiting for?
I'm done with picking teams.
I've got some kerosene and matches are not hard to
procure.
Grab the loosest thread.
Grab the loosest thread and run...
(Sing hard, think loud, I dare you)
These dreams are as far-fetched as the nearest nation
state.
Run up the flag, run hard, and plant it right through
your heart.

Grab the loosest thread and run.

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