

Despondent "Logistics"

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Christ the redeemer is free,
Better fall on your knees,
4.16-17 a myriad of heathens take lead,

Where did we go wrong?
Now that the souls gone,
We need to revoke.

Money means nothing to me,
If I had some it would,
Maybe then I'd be free to buy me a heart on the sleeve,
Am I bent in the mind or bent in the knees cus,
I'm walking down to the street,
With a bag in the hand crammed full of fifties,
A red petrol can at my feet,
And a flame in the eye
Screaming-

We don't need leaders,
Monarchs and preachers,
Speaking of freedom,
We're already free.
Woaaa

We need to revoke,
The seeds that they've sown,
We'll stifle the growth,
And propagate hope,

They tell me there's a place,
Up above where we are saved,
There's a price that we must pay,
A debt we can't erase,
Every one of us must face,

And we will bleed forever,
Grieve forever,
Dream forever now.

We need to revoke,
The seeds sown,
We'll stifle the growth,

And propagate hope,

Vultures are sinking their beaks into pieces of meat,
That lay in the street,
They take what they need,
The price is agreed,
And everything's sweet,

I need to believe,
In anything other than me,
A digital feed,
Direct to Orwellian T.V's
It's easy to see it doesn't have to be this way,

We can change our mistakes,
We can make a brighter day.

Bleed forever,
Grieve forever,
Dream forever,
Grieve forever,
We need to revoke.

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