

The Black Angels

"Call to Arms"

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Were overrated, uneducated
It's not easy being so liberated
So isolated, its complicated
Being loved or being hated

And nothing feels quite as real
As when you're hanging from the ceiling like an
imbecile
In the name of peace, love and unity

We came, we conquered
We were outnumbered
One for all we will never fumble
Take a tumble, in the rumble
All for one we will never crumble

No one knows where to go
After bumping in the rough blow by blow
In the name of peace, love and unity

But what have done wrong
Were only standing and singing our songs
But it don't have to be for you boys; not unless you sing
along
But what have done wrong
Were only standing and singing our songs
This is not a call to arms boy; not unless you sing along

We get together in any weather
We've come to the end of our tether
We will endeavor the same as ever
To stand for no shit whatsoever
We can fight to get it right
Bumping in the rough is not a pretty sight
In the name of peace love and unity

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