

## Boy Meets Girl

### "Nostalgic For Guillotines"

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Breathe. Breathe in the burning air; then sigh. Be  
relieved there's nothing there  
We were free long before your free advice  
Now the flags, they will burn in paradise  
Rest your head here  
Feed our nation for us please  
And retreat to the back of our lines for your needs  
As the blade is raised thoughts get clearer  
Now what if dreams that you had came crashing down  
Would you change or erase the memory of the day oh  
the day you made us bleed?  
Rest your head here  
Feed our nation for us please  
And retreat to the back of our lines for your needs  
We sew the seeds upon your grave,  
So you know you'll feed us either way  
Wash away your sins and begin again resurrection  
from empty hands  
Back against the wall watch your tower fall to the  
ground with your head  
Time to move on. your power is gone. it's your turn to  
run. your hour has come.  
;let the blade fall;  
We'll feed our nation as we please, as you grieve our  
children will dance in the streets  
We've sewn the seeds about your grave so you know  
you'll feed us either way  
And the meek shall inherit the earth

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