

## **Boy Sets Fire "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 sow the seeds upon your grave  
So you know you'll feed us either way

If you're frightened of dying and, and you're holding  
on  
You'll see devils tearing your life away  
But if you've made your peace  
Then the devils are really angels, freeing you from the  
earth

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  
Oh, we've sown the seeds upon your grave  
So you know you'll feed us either way

And the meek shall inherit the earth

