

## Gallows

### "Queensberry Rules"

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Scratch one more to the body count,  
Another dead kid you don't care about.  
Forget what the papers read,  
Safe in your house while another kid bleeds.  
Everyone of us to blame,  
For each capital teen who died in vain.  
We are fucking worse if not the same,  
We read the filth and forget the names.

No money for a funeral.  
'til you sell your story out to the world.  
Hoods up, knives out,  
"protect ya neck"  
with no remorse and no respect.  
And for every teen who lost their life  
Hung on the end of a kitchen knife  
We will carve this cross into your chest  
to remind you of this fucking mess.

Kitchen knives and the silent kill.  
Gun shots start the rumour mill.  
Lets take this back to the old school  
Live out our lives by the Queensberry rules.  
Two fists clenched tight  
Two fucking wrong-uns who both think there're right.  
The bigger they are  
The harder they fucking fall

No money for a funeral.  
'til you sell your story to the rest of the world  
hoods up Knives out,  
"protects you neck".  
No remorse and no respect.  
And for every teen who lost there life  
Hung on the end of a kitchen knife  
We will carve a cross into your chest,  
To remind you of the fucking mess.

The union jack has bled away.  
Its black and white and its fucking grey.  
The cells are cold,

The streets are the same,  
Its been a dead summer and were praying for rain.  
Your heart of gold is dead and cold,  
and you wonder when your dreams got old.  
Walk yourselves down to the Thames,  
And throw you knives in so that this can end.

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