

## Harket Morten "Brotsky Tune"

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As you pour yourself a scotch  
Crush a roach or check your watch  
As your hands adjust your tie  
People die  
In the towns with funny names  
Hit by bullets, caught in flames  
By and large not knowing why  
People die  
And in small places you don't know of  
Yet big for having no chance to scream  
Or say Goodbye  
People die  
chorus: LA LA LA...  
Let me know...  
People die as you elect  
New apostles of neglect, self restraint  
Whereby people die too far off to practice love  
For thy neighbour, brother Slav

Where your Cherubs dread to fly,  
People die  
chorus: LA LA LA...  
Let me know...  
While the statues disagree  
Cain's version, history for its fuel tends to buy  
Those who die  
As you watch the athlets score  
Or check your latest statement  
Or sing your child a lullaby  
People die  
Time, whose sharp, bloodthirsty quill  
Parts the killed from those who kill  
Will pronounce the latter tribe  
As your type

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