

Howard Jones "Assault And Battery"

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The lives were taken
For feasts at the table
A life of misery
Ending with a shock

Brutal murder
(Brutal murder)
All hands to the slaughter
Mass torture
All hands to the knife

And I can hear the screams
With the knife, the jolt, the wring
They must follow in our dreams
Carrying a twisted sting

Children's stories with their farmyard favorites
At the table in a different disguise
Children's stories with their farmyard favorites
At the table in a different disguise

Don't talk to me of health
Or something someone else will do
We're talking about the act
Of taking life for me and you

And I hear their screams
And I hear their screams
And I hear their screams
And I hear their screams

And I hear their screams
And I hear their screams

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