

Legenda

"Wall Purges Night"

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Right hand raised. The left plants stickers - picking out
the deviant. A
Choice of colours, inclinations, factions that see only
red. He wants them
Dead. He kills them in his mirror when it's dark... And
when he thinks that
No-one is looking he spreads the spraypaint and leaves
his mark. Swastikas
Shout out from walls, they're tattooed on a million fists.
Clenched
Together, safe in numbers... waving from the precipice.
Fodder! Plod on
Down your icy path... A cannon is waiting for the fodder.
Enlightenment
Comes with a blast. A bang. A bangabangabang...

Another place. A different story. Fingers play with stale
cigars. Business
Creeks, the warehouse leaks, the chairman sold his
daughter's car. He's
Reading charts and sharpening knives for cutting when
the time seems right -
For him alone. No pause for mercy if the victim's out of
sight.

Equality is a word for cranks to shout out as the batons
swing. It's
Beautiful in theory... he knows it's not for him. He's got
his fodder!

In higher places, clocks chime for the meeting of the
lords. They stay
Discreet as guilty secrets cause no shame behind
closed doors. A portion for
The megabomb. A portion for the queen... can't forget
the army or the law
'cos they have to keep the cities clean. And sure they
know they'll get
Their way as protests echo from the streets. (The blood
is thicker from the
Streets) His hired guns and sheets of armor gives

them shelter through the
Heat! The fodder...

But there are other bullets, other walls, where justice
cries in shiny red.
Where reason dies and passion burns persuasion's just
a hole in the head.
Purges after midnight... There's no discretion in the
mass. A volley. A
Silence as they cover up the mess.

Don't kid yourself. You're civilized - it could happen
anywhere.
In choking cities, steaming jungles... maybe even here.

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