

## Living Death

### "Sunday, Bloody Sunday"

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I can't believe the news today  
Oh, I can't close my eyes  
And make it go away  
How long...  
How long must we sing this song?  
How long? How long...  
'cause tonight...we can be as one  
Tonight...

Broken bottles under children's feet  
Bodies strewn across the dead end street  
But I won't heed the battle call  
It puts my back up  
Puts my back up against the wall

Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday

And the battle's just begun  
There's many lost, but tell me who has won  
The trench is dug within our hearts  
And mothers, children, brothers, sisters  
Torn apart

Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday

How long...  
How long must we sing this song?  
How long? How long...  
'cause tonight...we can be as one  
Tonight...

Wipe your tears away  
Wipe your tears away  
Wipe your tears away, ect

Sunday, Bloody Sunday (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)

\*END OF SONG\*

\*PLAYS THE INTRO TO "WITCH DOCTOR"

Chris(guitarist/singer): Ladies and Gentlemen, Trav Dempsy on the drums!

Trav(drummer): I've been thinking very hard about this Chris, and it seems our show is lacking something.

Chris: What's that?

Trav: It's lacking controversy, There's no controversy in rock n' roll! And I've just decided, right now, that every time we play, I'm gonna stop the show and get shit off my chest! It will be therapy. Is that ok with everyone?!

Crowd: \*Applause\*

Scott(bassist): You gonna get naked?

Trav: Nah

Scott: Ok, good!

Trav: This is my controversy for this show...

Some Drunken Fan: Are you a Prisoner of Society?!

Trav: \*Long Pause\* No. Can I just have my little 3 minutes of fame, thank you! One night, me and Scott were out drinking...

Chris: No!

Trav: ...and rumored to be taking drugs, I won't confirm those allegations and we went to a nightclub. And it's like, 5 in the morning and ya know what, I get to the door and the guy says; "You can't come in!". I thought because it was 5 in the morning.

Crowd: Boo!

Trav: And I said "Oh, No worries, mate!" and he says "Nah, You can't come in because you got tattoos."

Crowd: Boooooo!

Trav: And I said to him, "Haha, You have GOT to be kidding!" and he says "Nah mate, Honest, You can't come in because you got tats!". I said "That is fucking discrimination cunt!!"

Crowd: \*Cheers\*

Chris: It IS discrimination!!...we got one song left...

Trav: Hang on! Hey! No! Fuck it! I know this is on tape, but I've got my controversy! And anyway, to cut a long story short, Club 161 on the corner of I believe it's High Street and Chapel Street in Prane...Get Fucked You Pricks!

Crowd: \*Eruption of Applause\*

Scott: Haha...Black bagged!

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