

Marty Willson-Piper **"Idiots"**

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Arms--aching like an arrow
Wounded wing
Shot--sinking like a sparrow
Spiteful king
Drowning hopeless in the water
Diving in the clouds
Crumble to the ground for
We're all upside down
Chased--eaten by the empire
Silk and sin
Blocked--broken by the church choir
They won't sing
Barricaded in the graveyard
Shields of the holy dead
Who can stop the army
Spill the blood they shed
Black--darker than the evening
Colder than snow
White--brighter than the daylight
Flowers won't grow
Someone should have mixed
The paint pot a wonderful grey
Just talk amongst yourselves
There's so much to say
Who's listening to idiots anyway

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