

Pulnoc

"Weeds"

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We came across the North Sea with our carriers on our knees, wound up in some holding camp somewhere outside Leeds. Because we do not care to fight, my friends - we are the weeds. Because we got no homes they call us smelly refugees. Ah. We are weeds, vegetation, dense undergrowth. Thru' cracks in the pavement: there weeds will grow - the places you don't go. This cut-price dairy produce that turns our bones to dust. You want some entertainment? Go on, shove it up me - if you must. Make believe you're so turned on by planting trees & shrubs, but you come round to visit us when you fancy booze 'n' drugs. Ah. We are weeds, vegetation, etc. & if you think it's a crime - we'd like to get you out of your mind. It's just a matter of time, yeah - we'd like to get you out of your mind. Gonna cut you down in your prime, yeah - weed like to get you out of your mind. For a little time: for all time. Weed.

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