

## Yourcodenameis:Milo

### "The Dead French"

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It was fashion that made me look like this  
Yeah inside they said it was the inside that counts  
But I find that there's a sense in balance  
Please close your eyes right now

Now they see it and now they don't  
I could finish you but I won't  
So please to violence like it always should  
And we could fight for dead

It's clothes that rips, that must rest in battle  
Ana all the crowds that watch into the air  
The signal, the signal, the signal, a signal

Now they see it and now they don't  
I could finish you but I won't  
Instead it brings you to violence like it always should  
And we could climb for days

KOW! KOW! POW! KAPOW! POW!

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