

Everything Everything "Justice"

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What shape now, is the [?], and,
What price now, is the hate that I'm fuelling?

CHORUS

I'm king of a very small tribe,
[?] of the minuscule enemies.
Let's all go to heaven at once,
Just one blast for Justice then,
Death!

Holy words, and a blessed detonator,
Inside eyes, like the [?]

CHORUS

Death!

But it's not like you at all,
Though he smiles at the passers by,
And he works his digits raw,
And he's [?] as a hearing aid.

And all the stars just slide away from me,
And all desires are slipping out the door,
So leave me where I lay my faithless head,
Join your dots and keep it to yourself,
Just leave me where I lay.

CHORUS

Just leave me where I lay.

CHORUS

Just one blast for Justice then,

Death!

