

The Receiving End Of Sirens "The War Of All Against All"

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Look alive gentleman
Or fake your death
Tear wounds undressed beneath your costumes
Some are so well rehearsed
For hearses it hurts
Always the first to wave the white flag

And barricade themselves
In false pretenses, fox holed in trenches
Forged casualties with casual pleas
Dying to please the enemy

We die to stay alive
We kill to survive

We are the corp of corpses
We are up in arms and armed
Bring all the king's horses and all the king's men

We are the corp of corpses
We are up in arms and armed
Bring all the king's horses and all the king's men
Bring all the king's horses and all the king's men

Push on, plod on these legs
Like pistons pumping forward motion
Convalescent men in uniform
We have fallen to friendly fire
Shrapnel freckles our spine
Still our feet fall one by one

We are the corp of corpses
We are up in arms and armed
Bring all the king's horses and all the king's men

We are the corp of corpses
We are up in arms and armed
Bring all the king's horses and all the king's men

We were led to lead lovers
Marching to the beat, to the beat
We were led to lead lovers

'Cause we kissed so well, we kissed so well

We were led to lead lovers
Marching to the beat, to the beat
We were led to lead lovers
We kissed so well, we kissed so well

The cannon's calling our name
I hear her singing to me
The cannon's calling our name
I hear her singing to me

In Morse code
"This is our revolution!"
In Morse code
"This is our revolution!"

In Morse code
"This is our revolution!"
In Morse code
"This is our revolution!"

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