

S.A.S.**"103"**

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I saw fuselage coming down on me
Separating life from limb
A shower of aluminum, glass and blood
All for some alien political disease
103 103 103
Crashburncrashburn

It's a bad dream I feared once
That will recur for months or even years

The tightened fingers let the rats escape
A risk in this complex world
But three hundred promises disappeared
And brought us to sift this Scottish land

Retaliation forever circles
Meanwhile a radio above explodes history
Suffocation at 33 thou, the impact never heard
They're trying our patience, those crafty ones
It's a bad dream I feared once
That will recur for months or even years

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