

Painted Thin

"T.P.O.D"

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The doctors will testify. The papers will follow. The details will be lost in the chain of command, but in these photographs the kid is still bound and bleeding bad. Pain all your weapons blue. Bring out your best reporters too. Tell them all the story of how you came and you conquered; you enslaved and impoverished; finally employed for pennies and silence; drew them up in lines that tradition didn't fit. All your dignitaries, all your adversaries and sleeping with their fingers crossed hoping this warm Sahara wind will blow this whole thing over. Then you let the markets break under all their hunger and your nation's weight; and you called back all your staff, had your cat brought around front while you slipped out the back, like Francisco Pizzaro in a double breasted suit. Now that you're just friends you'll sell them all your all pistols and let them fight it out over the diamondless mines, cholera waters. Add it all to your long list of colonist crimes.

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