

Sex Gang Children

"Circus Days"

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This land is a tomb, democracia in danger
Fist on the phone, you're never alone
I am the prisoner of music hall, deep in the heart of
darkness
So arm the boys with my old friend megalomania
With the Devil in your head, and Jesus in the house
It's a religious riot don't you deny it
Congo war, Hezbollah, you are what you are
But in the eyes of Stalin, you are my darling
Flood aid or bad aid on television Tuesday, suicide
guide televise
Right before your very eyes
Circus days
Talk peace, make war, it's the Virgin and the Whore
Wigs at war America is waiting
Bonanza! A virtual reality, net the children as far as you
can see
Then go tell Eta, it will get better
Circus days
Gimme! Gimme! Give me! Is this jackpot or have we
lost the plot?
And everyone's so full of their own fucking propaganda
So harvest me with a rotten death
And I'll take you by the arse and screw you
In the sorrow of self interest, is God mad to the sound
of music?
Circus days.
I will tell you the truth about the Cross and the Crown
'No pain, no gain, betrayed, but not beaten! '
Circus days

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