

Cure, The "One Hundred Years"

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Doesn't matter if we all die
Ambition in the back of a black car
In a high building there is so much to do
Going home time, a story on the radio

Something small falls out of your mouth
And we laugh
A prayer for something better
Prayer for something better

Please love me
Meet my mother
But the fear takes hold
Creeping up the stairs in the dark
Waiting for the death blow

Waiting for the death blow

Stroking your hair as the patriots are shot
Fighting for freedom on the television
Sharing the world with slaughtered pigs
Have we got everything?
She struggles to get away

Pain and the creeping feeling
Little black-haired girl
Waiting for Saturday
The death of her father pushing her

Pushing her white face into the mirror
Aching inside me turn me around
Just like the old days
Just like the old days
Just like the old days

Just like the old days

Caressing the old man
And painting the lifeless face
Just a piece of new meat
In a clean room

The soldiers close in
Under a yellow moon
All shadows and deliverance
Under a black flag
A hundred years of blood
Crimson
The ribbon tightens round my throat
I open my mouth and my head bursts open
Sound like the tiger
Thrashing in the water
Thrashing in the water
Over and over we die
One after the other

Over and over we die
One after the other
One after the other
One after the other
One after the other
One after the other

It seems like a hundred years
A hundred years
A hundred years
A hundred years
A hundred years

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