

Youngblood Brass Band

"Nuclear Summer"

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(whispered) "From the left shoulder of a nation;
from skies lacking the mechanisms of death;
from the burdened bellies of wrought iron angels we
come, we drop;
we're bombs."

And we're in...hordes of us, scraping over the walls...

There is no darkness so deep that we cannot paint it
present.

There is no cause so bleak that we will bail in vain.
We are the brain's army, dispatched in vein and we c-c-
course...

Dead eyes run through. Ink and pigment splattered on
barren ground.

Ssswords aloft. Screaming battle cries in all tongues
lost.

The old blood boiling over timeless ideals.

We are staining every soul present enough to look up.

Go home scarred and tattoo the sound all over your
body,

for these sun-dipped blades herald brighter spirits
coming and that gray

lump you call a head is sliced clean off...

Once a benevolent president tears open your cheek a
tongue will come

flopping out. It will lay on the ground licking slush off
our frozen streets.

Then it will die. Your love curdled already besides. I'll
kiss your head.

You won't see the smirk beneath my lowered eyes.

Nothing can get wise.

All of my children are carrying knives.

Chorus:

More pressure more fire more peace more vibe.

More people more freedom more heat more live.

More voice more feet more song more rise.

More echo more cloud more test more sky.

No quarter no vote no power no vice.

No king no vision no womb no right.
More signal more move more center more light.
More pressure more fire more peace more vibe.

How 'bout a little warhead in your abdomen? Ooo, how
about a stain?
How about armada is to javelin what battle is to game?
Oh inverted world
I'm thinking Nobel Prize, because the marriage of pre-
emption and
commerce, that was mine. I prefer a phallus to a circle
every time.
I prefer to make a beat that wipes a village from the
map.
I prefer a falling payload when it's dancing on your lap.
Are you perverts having fun yet?
It all comes out grey and matters less with each sunset.
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Here come a bomb. The sound above language.
The sound off-kilter with casualties pending. The
patented death.
The action-packed ending. It's not sarcasm. We're
training eyes.
Hands were we can see them. Ass in the sky.
Asinine lies for assassins in need of motives for
making that human ink bleed.
Champions, fly.

Calling all living. Affirming all dreams. Screaming all
hell. As real as it seems.
Rescind those explosions. Get up off toes.
Kids are at attention tending towards prose.
Smolder at shows, shoulder all comers.
Dirty old bushmen your season is waning.
Sorry about peace, big fucking bummer.
Ignite a new kind of soul fusing father and mother.
Here come the heat...nuclear summer

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