Children in pieces
in Irish industrial schools
Nuns cold mothers
and the christian brothers
kick the shit out of very frightened children
Judges and priests and police and cardinals
they look the other way
When the weekend comes
they'll make use of those

Children in pieces
in Irish industrial schools
Nuns cold mothers
and the christian brothers
kick the shit out of very frightened children

You say you wanna go home
you say you wanna be left alone
and so you turn to me
but instead of sympathy I find
my sentimental heart hardens
my sentimental heart hardens
Get your hands off me
Kid, you must be bad luck
My sentimental heart hardens

(backwards)
and the christian brothers
kick the shit out of very frightened children