

## Peasant Song

Adolescents

It's all dementia thirteen tonight,  
The will's no good 'cause we're still alive.  
Pushing and shoving like there's gonna be a fight,  
Going through the motions without the drive.  
The girls are purple polka-dotted tarts,  
Playing the game with interchangeable parts.  
Looking like vamps dressed for the kill,  
Sharpen their teeth up just for the thrills.

Tonight, we sing a peasant song tonight.  
Tonight, we sing a peasant song all right.

Yeah I see my dolly she's only five foot two,  
You know she'd use her stockings to strangle you.  
Ripping up the town she's a trashy bag lady,  
She can play it cool - yeah! She can play it shady.  
Leaving a trail of death behind,  
She never returns to the scene of the crime.  
The vamps say they're gonna do the peasants wrong,  
The widows in the field of the peasant song.

We scream for revolution but noting will change -  
We're left unfulfilled wasitng for the reign -  
In the field we've plowed for generations passed -  
We are the revoultion, we are the mass.  
In a hopeless situation of world's insanity -  
The millions dead because of man's vanity -  
Just look into our eyes you'll see our raging fire -  
Can only be quenched by our freedom's desire!

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Sharpen their claws for the kill.