

The Marshals are Dead

Bloc Party

Attention
Unbelievers
Fashion victims
Opportunists
Blood sport
Cop killer
Don't trust art
Don't trust culture

Cancel your thoughts out forever
Milk it and strain it to residue
An insult that dilates forever
Passing from history that's made from arrangements
Of tannoys and cordons in symmetry
That cancel forever

Forever

Spring breaks in ranks and in boulevards
A country that grows us
But cannot contain us

A curse on your houses
Rivers run with your sons' blood
No case for extenuation
All the marshals are dead