

You were so poised  
Like some matador raising his steel  
It's the same old useless ceremony  
And a last bow before the kill  
Every junkie in this laundromat  
Is equal in the eyes of your lord  
But you just put your hand to your hip  
You're gonna give them a taste  
A taste of your sword

I get so restless  
I get so restless  
I get so restless  
Restless sir

In what you hoped looked so dignified  
You played your exit for a laugh  
And like they've done so many times before  
They made excuses on your behalf  
And every street Jesus and suicide,  
Is just another voice that goes unheard  
Every candle in the cathedral  
A prayer for a better world

I get so restless  
I get so restless  
I get so restless  
Restless sir

You were so poised  
Like some matador raising his steel  
It's the same old useless ceremony  
And a last bow before the kill  
And in the not too distant future  
You'll have the preacher and soldier

Floating round in space  
The soldier's finger on the trigger  
The preacher's joined in a state of grace

I get so restless  
I get so restless  
I get so restless