

Their Living Is My Death

Broken Bones

There's a factory across the field, it's dark, cold and grey
A thousand people cross the gates, to work there every day
They're making the components that they hope will win the war
It's a Radway Green death factory, come in and make some more
My money is spent on living, their money is spent on death
My death is their living, their living is my death
You're all a bunch of liars, I just don't know who to believe
You say you won't use it, tell me why you fucking make it
Now, I've made mind up and decided you are wrong
Got to find a way of fighting you, without being atom bombed