

## The Paddington Frisk

Enter Shikari

To be strung up on a leafless tree,  
Where everything dies and nothing grows  
Hanging like moulding fruit  
One last dance whilst you decompose

On come the paddington spectacles  
A black plague over all I admired  
A vegetable breakfast, a hearty choke  
Seems like the whole world conspired

But there stood a man  
He was cut up, distraught and cold  
But amongst the wreckage of his ribcage  
His heart still thudded as he said

I regard myself as a soldier  
Though a soldier of peace  
I know the value of discipline and truth  
I must ask you to believe me when I say...

No matter if it all backfires kid  
No matter if it all goes wrong  
We just gotta get ourselves together  
We've sat still for far too long  
Now this ain't over yet  
As far as I can see...  
We've only just begun.