

# Hit of the Search Party

## Every Time I Die

No man abandon his post  
A gatecrasher has called us to arms  
Take up your torch  
I want this ship cleaner than a hospital ward  
A radical has polluted our ranks

Slouch into position men, this is a war  
Set the traps, we'll have that criminals head  
Marched through the streets on a stick  
Someone will pay for this  
We'll squeeze his goddamn brains out

Sleep with one knife open  
You can't out think us, we've been out of thoughts for a while  
You can't out think us, we've been out of thoughts for a while  
And the warrior with the deadliest weapon is the one without  
An instruction manual for his gun

This is a union of dunces  
We are the new global menace stalking the land  
Gnashing dull teeth, tapping our feet, sighing and humming  
And watching this clock

That's what you get, that's what you get  
That's what you get  
That's what you get for fucking with us  
That's what you get for fucking with us

When we find you we'll skin you alive  
We'll pluck out your eyes  
And the canons will roar as we march to the capitol  
Dragging your hide

Drooling polished jackboot monsters  
Tracking the scent of a sleeping child  
Your composure gave you away  
Next time it's best to cry havoc

Keep marching, the bridge is ours  
They're coming to get me  
They're coming to take me away  
I'll never make love in this town again  
Everyone on the dance floor is doomed

Hit the ground, shut your mouth  
The prisoners have laid waste to the pulpit, you're in for it now  
Are these helicopters for me?  
Have I been appointed to speak? Then I'm going to hell  
And I'm taking the renaissance with me