

Go!

Austere as some neo-con nightmare, armed to the teeth.  
A Buddhist soaked in gasoline burns in the streets.  
Tired of the pride of the traditionally minded.  
Sick of the arrogance of the pragmatic left side.  
No love lost for the exploits of the real majority.  
No worship for the dogma of the whipping hand.

Violent peace, violent peace.  
In violent peace, empires don't,  
Empires don't fall.  
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Dictatorships and double standards, anti-Darwin state.  
Good girls will never give in, if it were left to fate.  
We don't need new threats, we don't need new gods.  
We don't need new rivals, we don't need new masters.  
Line up the coffins of the pre-emptive war.  
Decorate the Christmas tree.  
No one is mourned.

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