

Peace Makes Coffins Your Size Too

Killradio

Security is the blackmail of peace
It promised me two things
Thinking my life would change
I fell for the same things

The first promise was my death
And survival was the second card
That I could hope to live on
To keep this nightmare properly air-conditioned

With superstitions
With Jesus logos around your neck
Conspiracies and death

Give us a shot in the vein
Give us a slap upside our milky face
Give us speed to grind your eyes
I want back my life

Well peace makes coffins your size too
What does peace think of us?
Does it think of you?

Your irrational certainties
With Jesus logos around her head
Conspiracies and death

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conditioned with superstitions

Expect to kill
It's a total thrill
Why not me?
And why not you?
We lie to ourselves
Fuck it
We rule