

## Seeing Red

Prong

They're dropping bombs again  
And they're doing it in your name  
All the rational commentaries  
In the papers that I read

Marmalade and buttered toast  
And the smell of Sunday roast  
Kiss the arse of uncle sam  
Oh, to be an englishman

When you hear the sound of warning  
When the only color is  
Red, red, red, red  
When you hear the sound of warning  
When the only color is  
Red sky in the morning  
Everywhere I'm seeing  
Red, red, red, red

Dawn brings a day of hell  
That we pawn and sell  
A single magpie in a tree  
One for sorrow, one for me  
Kick it off the cliff I said  
Now the line fucks up my head  
Too late to change this mode  
Break all my moral codes

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Red sky in the morning  
Everywhere I'm seeing  
Red, red, red, red

Running from myself again  
And all I feel is shame  
It doesn't matter where I go  
Everywhere still looks the same  
Wheee-ooo  
This sense of emptiness  
As we create this mess  
Self-destructive tendencies  
Of what you mean to me

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