

The Crack-up

Sex Gang Children

The time is here for the exile of all our sons
Who believe us when we say that we love you
But we must leave you

For there's a time and a place to die
The boy called roy up against the wall
Body was naked, shaking arms in despair
All they gave him was the hole in his head

For there's a time and a place to die
There's a time and a place to die
Shame on the person who told you welcome here
This is the crack-up

Behold the man who is prisoner to his obsessions of fear
You'll reach your climax
When you begin the annihilation of a culture
For there's a time and a place to die
There's a time and a place to die
Muscle on your arm

They're burning the houses looking for meat
This is the crack-up
Feeding catfood to the millions
Starving, marching, down in the street
This is the crack-up
This is the crack-up
This is the crack-up
Muscle on your arm