

# One Hundred Years

The Cure

It doesn't matter if we all die  
Ambition in the back of a black car  
In a high building there is so much to do  
Going home time  
A story on the radio

Something small falls out of your mouth  
And we laugh  
A prayer for something better  
A prayer  
For something better

Please love me  
Meet my mother  
But the fear takes hold  
Creeping up the stairs in the dark  
Waiting for the death blow  
Waiting for the death blow  
Waiting for the death blow

Stroking your hair as the patriots are shot  
Fighting for freedom on television  
Sharing the world with slaughtered pigs  
Have we got everything?  
She struggles to get away . . .

The pain  
And the creeping feeling  
A little black haired girl  
Waiting for Saturday  
The death of her father pushing her  
Pushing her white face into the mirror  
Aching inside me  
And turn me round  
Just like the old days  
Just like the old days  
Just like the old days  
Just like the old days

Caressing an old man  
And painting a lifeless face  
Just a piece of new meat in a clean room  
The soldiers close in under a yellow moon  
All shadows and deliverance  
Under a black flag  
A hundred years of blood  
Crimson  
The ribbon tightens round my throat  
I open my mouth  
And my head bursts open  
A sound like a tiger thrashing in the water  
Thrashing in the water  
Over and over  
We die one after the other  
Over and over  
We die one after the other  
One after the other

One after the other  
One after the other  
One after the other

It feels like a hundred years  
A hundred years  
A hundred years  
A hundred years  
A hundred years  
One hundred years