

Mirror Breaks

The Mob

We walk in fear and trepidation
Count the rows of dead
While the murderer plays his trumpets
For the ones that he has led
And theres nothing much that can be done
For [?] while you're still strong
And the big boys laugh to see such fun
And the little girl cries cos she knows whats wrong

You may think I don't know anything
You may think I've got it wrong
But I know what it means when I hear the hangman
Whistling his song
And the knives so sharp in whitehall
And the knives they keep for us
And the only weapons we've got
Are our hopes and fragile love

Theres many pints of blood
Upon the hands that rule the earth
Though for every body dragged out
Another one gives birth
And the children have the world one day
And I hope they use it well
And I wish their elders all the best
And I hope they burn in hell

And then the sun goes down
And leaves me with the night
Where I suffer with the ghosts
And still more fright
And the mirror breaks I stand alone, alone
And I light another cigarette and drown
And the big boys laugh to see such fun
And the little girl cries cos she knows whats wrong