

Our Life Our World

The Mob

Our life our world
Mapped out in skulls
Carved on wrists and back of arms
Which paint in blood on sheets of white
Of children never quite at home
Our life our world
Flows down rivers in the street
Made up of blood, made up of meat
The cigarette
Burns in tortured arm
The cigarette burns
on tortured arm
Slowly roasting in the heat
Of our life our world
Our life our world
My life my world
Our life our world

Our life our world
Lost scream hits the cold night air
Lost scream lost cos no one was there
This is the crying of half dead
This is the crying of stillborne
This is the sound of the golden age
This is the sound of my rage

Our life our world
Our life our world
My life my world
Our life our world

This is my horror my nightmare
This is my wake and my birth
This is my world and my earth
This is my earth and my world
This is my life and my worth
This is my moment of birth
This is my cry from chaos

Now I am reason for mash [?]
This is the glimmer of hope
This is the wall I must smash
Our life our world
My life my world
Our life our world
Our life our world
My life my world
Our life our world
My life my world
Our life our world

You haven't suffered no nightmares
And you cannot spell home
This is my love now
And this is my war
Do not suffer my children
Let them walk through that door

This is my nightmare
Built from your hell on earth
Do not damage my children
They are their love on earth [?]

Leave my world for my children
They didn't ask to be born
Leave my love for my children
And let them be warned