

# Holding Hands

Tragic Black

Puppet presidents in a greedy corporate war. Murdering in tyranny, stealing freedom more. Rotten sugar plums will dance in all our missing heads. When the bombs and missiles strike, all of us are f\*\*king dead. Clinging to the sheets in a nightmare living dream. Gases attacking us, were choking in our sleep. When war invades the scene, you will hear the sirens ring. Breathing the plague together the little girls sing.

In a tragedy, in a terrible plague.  
We're Holding Hands.  
As we all slowly decay,  
We're Holding Hands.  
As we all fall down,  
We're Holding Hands.  
Ashes lying on the ground,  
We're Holding Hands.

Condemned cancer patients breathing toxic air. Dealing with the syndromes from the chemical warfare. War planes are flying high like vultures in the sky. Dropping bombs and destroying everything alive. Fleeing masses running frantic down the streets. Nowhere left to go, death will set us free. Watching out the window, troops forming battle lines. Preparing for war. Preparing to die.