

Bring Our Children Home or Everything Is Nothing

RX Bandits

Walk through the hall of reflection,
there I bear my soul,
for months I can't live this way,
it's just too uncomfortable,
faces leap from the mirror,
down in a lonely path,
each says that they have answers,
to all the questions, that a talk might ask,

and when the monarchy dies,
and lies for violence,
and so they send out the paupers,
and their mothers crying,
she singing "bring my children home"
she singing "bring my children home",

all that I learned in my life,
I cannot afford to know,
and it constantly transforms,
and if theirs a meaning it's probably meaningless,

and when the monarchy dies,
don't lay lost for violence,
to entertain all the paupers,
and the fathers crying,
they're singing "bring my children home"
they're singing "bring my children home"

Stand tall my brothers,
naked as a flame,
you're the one that they're watching now,
give back the mother's heart,
buried beneath the pain.

Stay true my sisters,
previous to their shame,
oooooooohhhhh,
oooooooohhhhh,
aaaaaahhhhhh,
aaaaaahhhhhh.