

Faulty Times

Black Mountain

I was seventeen,
In nineteen thirty-three.
Splitting out of my seams,
Can't you see what I've seen?
I'll be one one four,
By the third world war.
Faulty times.
Faulty times.

Let's smoke some kill,
And get outta this place.

Lived a life of crime,
Since about grade nine.
So whose side you on?
Whose side you on?
But ain't it a loss,
A dental floss?
Faulty times.
Faulty times.

Let's smoke some kill,
And get outta this place.

'Cause nobody likes your,
Fucked up plans,
Of shooting up some foreign land,
That's spread it's weight,
In spite of all your laws.
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In spite of all your laws.

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