

Under A Private Attack

English Dogs

You stare at me with Paranoid eyes
Wind blowing through your bones
A tortured child rests in your head
Singing blackened tones

Something fell off , curl up , lash out , wind up
You're winding yourself up
Shut out , shut in , Can't talk , screaming' wind up,
You're under a private attack

You're under a private attack
You're under a private attack
You're under a private attack
You're under a private attack

Charged by beer and cider
You think we've something planned
You sink and spin and drop to your knees
Bury your head in the sand

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(Orange pills , made to make your brain slaughtered)