

Queensberry Rules

Gallows

Scratch one more to the body count,
another dead kid you don't care about.
Forget what the paper reads,
safe in your house while another kid bleeds.
Every one of us to blame.
for each capital teen who died in vain,
we are fucking worse if not the same,
we read the filth but forget the names.

No money for a funeral
'till you sell your story out to the world.
Hoods up, knives out, "protect ya neck"
with no remorse and no respect.
For every teen who lost their life
hung on the end of a kitchen knife,
we will carve this cross into your chest
to remind you of this fucking mess.

Kitchen knives are the silent kill,
gun shots start the rumour mill.
Let's take this back to the old school,
live out our lives by the Queensberry rules.
Two fists clenched tight,
two fucking wrong-uns who both think they're right.
The bigger they are
The harder they fucking fall

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The Union Jack has bled away.
It's black and white, and it's fucking grey.
The cells are cold, the streets are the same,
it's been a dead summer, and we're praying for rain.
Your heart of gold is dead and cold,
and you wonder when your dreams got old.
Walk yourselves down to the Thames,
and throw your knives in so that this can end.