British Hell

Jamie T

They call us walking corpses
Unholy living dead
Hey, they wanna lock us up
Keep us in this British hell

Cannibalise
Hell of a life
Pelican leg they bled
The dead until the dead they come alive
There comes a time we must all die
In that moment
Do a line
Become the ones we have all hated
Spelunk the queue
This shit you knew
The toilet line created
Feel obliged
We must arise
And fuck them cunts that are giving eyes
Feel it pumping through my chest
The bass it bottoms the top of her spine
You see her every other night
She hates the times when I get wasted
The landlock blues
The shit we use
The island we've created comes alive

Hold you close if only for a second
Use it as excuses but I bet he's got a weapon
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And now we're driving in her car
In the dark
In the deep, dank bush
Panicking and trauma
Guess it's something that I took
Cos I never needed no-one
I'm a self-made man
But now I'm seeing double (double, double)
Well I see her at the bar
In The Star
At the after-after-party
I said "Do you like the coup de grâce?"
Keep me warm up in the tap
That feeling of half-empty
I remember middle twenty
I was arrogant and uncouth
I know exactly who you are

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But we still ain't talking and blistering
Pills on the side
When overseas expats are burning flags
And vote that way is shocking
But it ain't uncommon
In this world to eat a lie
To meet the demons in my head
Demons in my bed

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