

# Break Bread

## Little Comets

There's a man dressed in green  
I think he's an angel  
I think he's an angel  
He fights things he can't see  
I feel his frustrations  
I feel his frustrations

He crawls upstairs and he'll weep for a week  
I close the doors but I still hear the shrieks  
He's like a fallen woven piece of art  
Keep all the windows shut and under lock and key  
Get down the Catterick Barracks and hope when you're on your knees  
Pressure on shoulders that just cannot cope

So break bread with me  
You my family  
Back in the room we started  
Breathe in the pure simplicity  
Break bread with them  
Bury the memories of those departed  
Breathe in, pure simplicity

When the Mosque stops  
The Church rots  
The Synagogue doors have all been locked  
But still the world turns  
When the oil dries  
The waves rise  
The penitent bombs all drop in time  
But still the world turns

So break bread with me  
You my family  
(Back in the room we started)  
Breathe in the pure simplicity  
(Back in the room we started)  
Break bread with them  
(Back in the room we started)  
Break bread with me  
You my family  
You're back in the room we started

When the Mosque stops  
The Church rots  
The Synagogue doors have all been locked  
But still the world turns

So break bread with me  
You my family  
(But still the world turns)  
Break bread with me  
You my family  
(But still the world turns)  
Break bread with them  
(But still the world turns)  
Break bread with me  
You my family

(But still the world turns)

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