

Young Republicans

Lower Dens

In every generation
There are those who just don't fit in
We never asked to be this way
Born without souls or blood or skin
We're young republicans

The doors are locked, the curtains drawn
Our silken gloves and bonnets on
You cannot pass
You've no appetite
To taste the burning flesh of men
A supreme joy no doubt at all
We lift our heads, we lift our heads
And see the world is burning

In every neat and tidy town
We can't help feel we've been let down
We never asked to be this way
No spines, no tongues, no fingerprints
We're young republicans

The doors are locked and the blinds are drawn
Our lamb-skin gloves and bonnets on
You can't pass
This is just for us
To taste the burning flesh of men
The greatest joy there's ever been
We lift our heads, we lift our heads
And see the world is burning

The doors are locked, the curtains drawn
Our silken gloves and bonnets on
You cannot pass
This is all for us
The doors are locked, the lines are drawn
Our calfskin gloves and bonnets on
You can't pass
You've no appetite
To taste the burning flesh of men
The greatest joy there's ever been
We lift our heads, we lift our heads
At last, the world is burning