

## 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