

The Farmer's Holiday Association

Modern Life Is War

We came crashing down, right on time,
Like the twenty-ninth of twenty nine.
Days spent down on our knees,
Watching stolen soil sift through our fingers.
So what the fuck are we still waiting for?
For some someone to save us?
For the rains to come?
Watching strong foundations come undone.

We're not waiting for the dust to settle anymore.
We're marching in and we're kicking down the door.
We're not waiting for the dust to settle anymore.
We're marching in and we're kicking down the door.
Kicking down the door.
Kicking down the door.

All hope died when the hunger came.
First the slender cheeks, and then the sunken eyes.
And soon every dirty face just looked the same.
Common graves are calling our names.

Calling us out of a life plagued by doubt.
We used to be so fucking string.
Do you remember when we sang those songs together?
Is there no such thing as a heartfelt word,
In times of fair weather?

We're not waiting for the dust to settle anymore.
We're marching in and we're kicking down the door.
We're not waiting for the dust to settle anymore.