

Seeing Red

Prong

They're dropping bombs again
And they're doing it in your name
All the rational commentaries
In the papers that I read

Marmalade and buttered toast
And the smell of Sunday roast
Kiss the arse of uncle sam
Oh, to be an englishman

When you hear the sound of warning
When the only color is
Red, red, red, red
When you hear the sound of warning
When the only color is
Red sky in the morning
Everywhere I'm seeing
Red, red, red, red

Dawn brings a day of hell
That we pawn and sell
A single magpie in a tree
One for sorrow, one for me
Kick it off the cliff I said
Now the line fucks up my head
Too late to change this mode
Break all my moral codes

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When the only color is
Red sky in the morning
Everywhere I'm seeing
Red, red, red, red

Running from myself again
And all I feel is shame
It doesn't matter where I go
Everywhere still looks the same
Wheee-ooo
This sense of emptiness
As we create this mess
Self-destructive tendencies
Of what you mean to me

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