

Flag bearers on the Wynford Bridge.
Have you choked on your arithmetic?
Are you in for tactful survival?
I hope the fire in their hearts,
Is enough to burn your bibles
Have you had enough of playing God?
Your weapons are automatic
And your faith is strong

And they're crawling on their hands and knees
Through the mess you left with them
And they're crawling on their hands and knees
Through the mess you left with them

The government official's got the itch,
His trigger finger's pointed at the kids.
Loaded literature ain't selling this year
Can you tell me what's the point of all of this?
Brush your days clean of the influence
Of uniformed men killing the world's spirit
What an odd family dynamic

And they're crawling on their hands and knees
Through the mess you left with them
And they're crawling on their hands and knees
Through the mess you left with them

Uprooted degradation,
Leave every single inch abused and vacant.

Crawling on their hands and knees
Through the mess you left with them
And you'll crawl to your grave on your hands and knees
For the mess you left with them
For the mess you left with them