## The Cure, One Hundred Years

It doesn't matter if we all die Ambition in the back of a black car In a high building there is so much to do Going home time A story on the radio...

Something small falls out of your mouth And we laugh A prayer for something better A prayer For something better Please love me Meet my mother... But the fear takes hold Creeping up the stairs in the dark Waiting for the death blow

Stroking your hair as the patriots are shot Fighting for freedom on the television Sharing the world with slaughtered pigs Have we got everything? She struggles to get away...

The pain
And the creeping feeling
A little black haired girl
Waiting for Saturday
The death of her father pushing her
Pushing her white face into the mirror
Aching inside me
And turn me round
Just like the old days
Just like the old days

Caressing an old man And painting a lifeless face Just a piece of new meat in a clean room The soldiers close in under a yellow moon All shadows and deliverance Under a black flag A hundred years of blood Crimson The ribbon tightens round my throat I open my mouth And my head bursts open A sound like a tiger thrashing in the water Thrashing in the water Over and over We die one after the other Over and over We die one after the other after the other...

It feels like a hundred years One hundred years...