

Youngblood Brass Band, Nuclear Summer

From the left shoulder of a nation; from skies lacking the mechanisms of death; from the burdened
And were inhordes of us, scraping over the walls
There is no darkness so deep that we cannot paint it present.
There is no cause so bleak that we will veil in vain.
We are the rains army, dispatched in vein and we course
Dead eyes run through. Ink and pigment splattered on barren ground.
Swords aloft. Screaming battle cries in all tongues lost.
The old blood boiling over timeless ideals.
We are staining every soul present enough to look up.
Go home scarred and tattoo the sound all over your body
For these sun-dipped blades herald brighter spirits coming
Once that gray lump you call a head is sliced clean off.
Once a benevolent president tears open your cheek
A tongue will come flopping out.
It will lay on the ground licking brown slush off our frozen streets.
Then it will die. Your love curdled already besides.
I'll kiss your hand, but you won't see the smirk beneath my lowered eyes.
Nothing-king get wise: all my children are carrying knives.
More pressure more fire more peace more vibe.
More people more free more heat more live.
More voice more feet more song more rise.
More echo more cloud more test more sky.
No quarter no vote no power no vice.
No king no vision no womb no right.
More signal more move more center more light
More pressure more fire more peace more vibe

How about a little warhead in your abdomen? Ooh! How about a stain? How about armada is to jav
Here come a bomb. The sound above language. The sound off-kilter with casualties pending. The
Calling all living. Affirming all dreams
Screaming all hell. As real as it seems.
Rescind those explosions. Get up off toes.
Kids are at attention tending towards prose.
Smolder at shows, shoulder all comers.
Dirty old bushmen your season is waning.
Sorry about peace big xxxxxxxx bummer.
Ignite a new kind of soul fusing father and mother.
Here come the heatnuclear summer.