

# THE BROKEN WEAPONS SOCIETY

*Lola's Dead*

## *The last tolerable day*

*(instrumental)*

Once we made a promise  
“No hand will decide for us”.  
When we shone like diamonds  
We commanded the gods  
to look away.  
Our way...

## *The assembly*

The bell is ringing louder  
They don't care about  
the coffee break  
The walls are sweating fire  
You don't need to listen  
at the door  
The gallery is declaiming  
“They will take our lives  
but not our souls !”  
Well, everybody is welcome  
To the Broken Weapons Society.

Walk the narrow streets  
you can't see  
Try to fake a mystery  
Knock on the door of a tree  
Where four seasons share a seat.

Float on your tears, zeppelin  
humbled by a ceiling  
narrow streets you can't fit  
try to fake a mystery.

Narrow streets, low ceiling  
Try to fake a mystery  
Knocking on locked trees  
Where four seasons share a seat.

## ***Vomiting on a merry-go-round***

Yesterday I was good  
They decided I deserved a prize  
A special night at the fun fair  
But when I'm down  
I can't stand joy  
I'd rather stay  
with my feet on the ground  
But I'm vomiting  
on a merry-go-round.

I won my goldfish  
I won a fish in a bag of tears  
My own fish in a bag of tears

I'm swallowing my bullet  
While I'm vomiting my peace  
I swallow my last bullet  
While I'm vomiting my peace.

## ***Unrecognizable***

I don't know  
if they got up again  
Still stones  
from the depths of blood  
echo, romance,  
tell why I left history.

I was blowing out  
my birthday candles  
while your only house was  
burning down  
Oh, I made place for something  
something devastating  
I didn't mean to ruin you  
I didn't mean to make you cry  
I'll never forgive myself, I...  
I'll never forgive myself for that  
I'm getting away on tiptoe  
on a dry leaves covered avenue.

Water's rising  
in the corridor of my blue shelter  
but I'm fine  
'cause I'm safe enough  
behind my cell door

here, behind my eyelids.  
I'm getting naked waiting  
for the water to seep  
through the keyhole.  
I'll be washed again  
I'll be unrecognizable  
my dear...

## ***Are you short breathed?***

*(instrumental)*

## ***I'm a gammy (Look at what I've done)***

Wouldn't be funny  
to live on a stripe of a shirt  
Jumping on bed  
feeling your feet going down  
through a chest.

Take me there  
I want to see me shine  
I want to feel the thrill  
of a guilty mind  
Please look back, look at me  
Look at what I've done.

Butterflies  
in black and white on screens  
I only need  
the red of virginal blood  
Please look back, look at me  
Look at what I've done.

Cut my nails  
I'll hurt you with my tongue  
There's nothing that could  
redeem me in this veil of tears  
I'm a gammy, fear me  
Look at what I've done

Take me there  
I want to see me shine  
I want to feel the thrill  
of a guilty mind  
Please look back, look at me  
Look at what I've done.

## *Trompe l'œil*

There's so much left unspoken  
There's so much left to hide.

So you think  
you served your punishment  
And it's alright  
What do you need more  
is to conquer  
Broken shells under our branch  
are telling us we survived  
but our nests  
don't seem so sound,  
you'd better leave that tree.

It's so hard to climb, you sons  
'cause I'm hanging crucified  
it's as if I had two wings  
and I should float standing still  
And my words won't help you  
I'm bound to shut up till you're  
born again, again  
In a brand new  
someone else's yesterday.

Arches painted on a wall  
are showing us the path  
between a secret and a lie.  
Through the year  
we've been so foolish  
to think we had a part,  
it's a real deception  
well, maybe the next time...

Lola's Dead is: Tommaso Cantini on drums, Lorenzo Cappelli on guitar,  
Alberto Coco on vox and guitar, Edoardo Farnioli on bass.

All songs written, performed, produced, recorded and mixed by Lola's Dead  
at *ZitronenHaus Studios* in 2012.

Mastered at *Sonoria Studio* by Andrea Benassai.

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*Thank you for listening.*

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