

**Shooters Keep Comin' Around
(Parody of Pompeii by Bastille)**

Nation's sin, it has reached a crisis
Living out, your vain days, only pride to show

And the shooters keep comin' around
In the cities that you love
Much blood flowing in the streets
Bringing God's wrath from above

And then He blinds your eyes
Shame you cannot feel like
Nothing changed at all
Yes then He blinds your eyes
And it almost feels like
We've been here before

How are you gonna be an optimist about this?
God smacks you hard and you throw another big fit.

You are caught up, and lost in, rage and more crisis
Marry fags, as the blood's flowing around you

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Oh where do we begin?
The rubble for your sins?
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