

Call Broken Arrow

At the Drive-In

Racing toward the fever
Salted stains in the shape of continents
Sitting shotgun in his walk
The wish is father to the thought
He says tonight will be the very last time

To get the hell out of here
He's the prince of far gone

Pacing every seizure
Digging spurs into his chest
He whips himself into the keys
"I am the new born philistine!"
Because the choice of his disease
Is your demise

To get the hell out of here
He's the prince of far gone

And he's always stealing flowers from my stone, stone, stone
Never once repaying that which he does owe
And he's always stealing flowers from my stone, stone, stone
Never once repaying that which he does owe
God help me

The zero hour delegates his suicide
The whitest flag he loves to wave, he loves to wave
And like a newborn finds a yawn
To cash the treasure he has lost
He thinks tonight's going to be the very last time

To get the hell out of here
He's the prince of far gone

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Never once repaying that which he does owe
And he's always stealing flowers from my stone, stone, stone
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God help him

Desecrate it, desecrate it all
Call broken arrow and level this ground
Desecrate it, desecrate it all
Call broken arrow this is all his fault

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