

## Victory Gin

The Menzingers

Stepped off the plane with my rifle in hand  
I used my sword to blind my eyes from the sand  
Its a post-apocalyptic wet tee-shirt contest  
Its spring break well I'm communally honest  
Well I'm sold  
I do what I'm told  
Defense contractor dance party radio  
Blood on my hands  
Sex on my mind  
Taking shots of petrol  
Tracers light the sky  
And I met the right ones  
I joined a team  
No tears americana theres no blood left to bleed  
And I counted notches in a belt  
This blood makes pretty good sunscreen  
When deaths as hot as the sun  
Daddy I hope you're proud I gave them my soul