

God Bless Our Dead Marines

A Silver Mt. Zion

They put angels in the electric chair
Straight-up angels in the electric chair

And no-one knew or no-one cared
But burning stars lit up their hair
And burning stars lit up their hair
And crawled to heaven on golden stairs

And oh! How we to and fro! To and fro! To and fro!

This is our torched estates
(and we are your sweet mistakes)

And all them vulgar kings on their dirty thrones
Who among us will avenge miss nina simone?

There's fresh meat in the club tonight
God bless our dead marines

Someone had an accident
Above the burning trees
While somewhere distant peacefully
Our vulgar princes sleep
Dead kids dont get photographed
God bless our dead marines

The hungry and the hanged
The damaged and the done
Striving 'long this spinning rock
Tumbling past the sun
Get through this life without killing anyone
And consider yourself golden

Lost a friend to cocaine
Couple friends to smack
Troubled hearts map deserts
And they rarely do come back
Lost a friend to oceans
Lost a friend to hills
Lost a friend to suicide
Lost a friend to pills
Lost a friend to monsters
Lost a friend to shame
Lost a friend to marriage
Lost a friend to blame
Lost a friend to worry and
Lost a friend to wealth
Lost a friend to stubborn pride
And then i lost myself

I love my dog and she loves me
The world's a mess and so are we
She tumbles long green muddy fields
Sick with joy and glee
And as she dreams sweet puppy dreams
Whimpering gently

There's fresh meat in the club tonight
God bless our dead marines
Someone had an accident
Above the burning trees
While somewhere distant peacefully
Our vulgar princes sleep
Dead kids dont get photographed
God bless this century

When the world is sick can't no one be well
But i dreamt we was all beautiful and strong