

No One Would Riot for Less

Bright Eyes

Death may come invisible
Or in a holy wall of fire
In the breath between the markers
On some black I-80 mile

From the madness of the governments
To the vengeance of the sea
Well, everything is eclipsed
By the shape of destiny

So love me now, hell is coming
Yeah, kiss my mouth, hell is here

Little soldier, little insect
You know war, it has no heart
It will kill you in the sunshine
Or happily in the dark

Where kindness is a card game
Or a bent up cigarette
In the trenches, in the hard rain
With a bullet and a bet

He says, "Help me out, hell is coming
But could you do it now? Hell is here"

See the sterile soil pores in the sky
Yellow water, final scraps of light
Bringin' new tears

Awake, baby, awake
But leave that blanket around you
There's nowhere as safe
I'm leaving this place
But there is nothing I'm planning to take
Just you, just you, just you, just you