

## Born On The 4th Of July

## Dying Passion

Born on the fourth of July,  
I'm saying a black mass.  
I'm making love with death  
Under a palm tree under fire.  
Quarter past two  
The night is receding.  
Full moon's staring into the dark.

I'm praying to God  
Shivering with fear  
Wringing a gun in my hands  
I hate them  
And I hate myself  
But I love you - write to me.

It's pretty hard to read  
Send me some money  
I've got little time  
The sky's fading  
The horizon's growing red.  
The roundabout starts spinning

I'm to go home now  
Some others're coming.  
Keep your tears from your eyes  
And keep the dress on  
The dress for today  
Tears forever

The sun is rising  
I'm screwing my eyes  
I can see red circles  
A red sea  
A bullet in my head.