

## Marchers in Orange

Guided by Voices

The white line of tracers  
For the facers of the aftermath  
Positioned in the situation  
Lost in battles of love  
Not learning not returning  
Unborn unhatched  
Yeah but wait  
It's time to collide  
To decide, if you will  
A purpose for the marchers in orange  
Still circus for the children in disguise  
Throwing bones to the drug-sniffing dogs  
Projecting what we've come to know as ours  
For the colors we wear in our dreams  
For the flags we fly in our films