

No Uniform Is Gonna Keep You Warm

Nightmare Of You

We're not dead, just heavily sedated.
Can you tell by the way we dress,
Got the stars stuck in our eyes.
A manikin in depth to the veteran.
So would you spare some change for the man with cardboard in his hands?

And I love you more than life, as if you couldn't guess.
When every whisper and caress that was meaningless.
And my dear you are the bull.
And I'm a clown stuck in this ring to entertain you.
Go clinch your chest.
We'll all be dead quite soon.
And it's no easy thing, when I have never meant a thing to you.

We're just sexually frustrated.
With a thirst for unknown blood,
Got the warm gun at our side.
Mother I fear what's between their ears.
For the bodies take a track,
And the mind takes it all back.

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Meant a thing to you.

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