

revellie  
at dawn were sharpshooters sleeping  
brings our truce this moment to an ending  
the frontier hounds become partner  
to the loss we've arranged  
they'll be no rust on the gates of heaven  
a low light shines on me  
two spies, i lie between  
she's the red one, yeah(x2)  
revellie  
at dawn were sharpshooters sleeping  
brings our truce this moment to an ending  
the frontier hounds become partners  
of the loss we've arranged  
there will be no rust on the gates of heaven  
low light you will have light bulb eyes  
and nerves of string  
and paper tombs to lie between(x5)