

## Lift the Veil, Kiss the Tank

### The Blood Brothers

Here comes the man with concussions in his pocket.  
Here comes the man with a laser-guided rocket.  
Here comes the man with a fistful of pills so you can kill with  
no remorse,  
With no recourse, dance on your conscience until it's a corpse.  
War never ends.  
War never begins.  
Hoist up the hag of destitution!  
His mouth's an empty room where wild woes wander.  
Young machetes in lingerie charm us all into a frenzy.  
His mouth's an empty hole full of quadriplegics.  
Here comes the man.  
So you charge into battle, muscles rippling, tanks tingling.  
Before you fire a shot a white flash feels up your flesh  
And cloaks you in a robe of blood, maydays you in a ship of mud  
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War never ends.  
War never begins.  
Hoist up the hag of destitution!  
His mouth's an empty room where wild woes sleep sow.  
Young machetes in lingerie charm us all into a frenzy.  
His mouth's an empty hole full of quadriplegics.  
They left you for dead in the desert haunted with the ghosts of  
prostitutes.  
They want you!  
They want you!  
Dress my corpse up in a low-cut dress.  
Drizzle lipstick on my charred french kiss.  
Dip my severed jaw in cheap cologne, push-  
up bras dangling from snapped elbows.  
But death's just death no matter how you dress it up.