

The War Of All Against All

The Receiving End of Sirens

Look alive, gentlemen
Or fake your deaths; your wounds undressed beneath your costumes.

Some are so well rehearsed
For hearses it hurts, always the first to wave the white flag
And barricade themselves
In false pretenses, fox holed in trenches.
Forged casualties with casual pleas,
Dying to please the enemy
We die to stay alive, We kill to survive

We are the corps of corpses,
We are all up in arms and armed
Bring all the king's horses and all the king's men

Push on, plod on, these legs like pistons pumping forward motion.
Convalescent men in uniform.
We have fallen to friendly fire, shrapnel freckles our spine.
Still our feet fall one by one.

We were led to lead lovers, while marching to the beat.
We were led to lead lovers, we kissed so well.

The cannon's calling our name,
I hear her singing to me
In morse code,
"This is our revolution!
To arms! To arms!
This is a revolution!"

We are the corps of corpses,
We are all up in arms and armed.