

Marches and Maneuvers

Thursday

this is a war we live and the sides are drawn (the sides are drawn).

and we're all wrapped up in fatigues and they wear us out (wear us out).

there is a storm at sea.

if we fly a white flag under a black and blue sky, will the red sun rise?

(the taste of your kerosine lips burn me up)

if we fly a white flag under a black and blue sky, will the red sun rise?

rise, glare from your enemy sights make me go blind/blinds

divide the sunlight into thin strips, the size of a blade, in this trench that we dig for ourselves.

fourscore and fade. glare with the enemy heat of the bodies in the bed. no retreat.

this is a war we live in. now we're up in arms (up in arms)

with our heads pressed against the wall and it's wearing thin (and wearing thin).

these are the screams we swallow,

if we fly a white flag under a black and blue sky, will the red sun rise?

(the taste of your kerosine lips burn me up)

if we fly a white flag under a black and blue sky, will the red sun rise?

rise, the glare from your enemy sights make me go blind

this is our war

administer the pill (keep fighting)

before the cell divides (keep marching)

we'll both go down like toy soldiers.

this is a war

threats and picket lines (keep fighting)

are forming around our beds (keep marching)

and the landmines in our chests will all go off in time.

if we trip each other into this,

do you think we'll find a way out?

we've synthesized a compound to treat this conscience, it's:

one part loss, one part no sleep, one part the gun shot we heard,

one part the screams mistaken for laughter, one part everything after,

one part love, one part stepping out of the driving rain,

one part parting ways, in the cold apartment. don't look back,
just keep running down the stairs. do you hear the footsteps?
can you hear voices in the traffic, communiques in the attic?
they say, after time, all this will heal,
we will rebuild and these broken arms will mend themselves in o
ur embrace.