# Leatherneck

## Every Time I Die

Marched from a burning ship into a rained out parade
With a bottle and a Bible the dregs are armed to the teeth
We traded distinction and praise for the tedious claim
That we were wed in the trenches
While college boys pine for loveless exchange
Now we carry fragments from detonated eyes
Embedded under our bones
We've spilled blood for the sake of fitting skin to the frame
But our moneys is no good here
And our memorial has veered off the road
The locals will bury my wandering eyes
At the docks of the potters field
Where the rifles of ranking men
Are equipped with 21 silencers
At 'em boys, give her the gun
At 'em boys, give her the gun
I'm the richest man in town
I'm the richest man in town
Faith, stand down give your wings
To the boredom that resurrected my soul
Crash the car if the motor won't turn over
Glory be to God
Jumped from the disloyal waves back up to the bridge
Renounced the warmth of the turbulent grave
I found blood on my lips from a covetous kiss
And I hope that my home tips its glass to it

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/