Rebel's Goodbye

Greg Graffin

Oh the lilies were laid on the marble in the field where the ancestors lay,
And the forest was dark and primeval but the boughs seemed to cradle as they swayed,
And the church choir sang hallelujah, and the vernal breeze whispered a sigh,
Watch the brethren all stand, praise their God, raise your hand,
Tow the bell for the Rebel's goodbye
When the boots hit the dirt in formation the mood was determined and bright,
And a young, hopeful boy at the station watched the train carry troops to the fight,

But the generals died by assassins, the battalions dispersed on the fly,
And they paid for their sins with the blood of their kin,
Tow the bell for the Rebel's goodbye
In the dark heathen barracks of failure where the tormenters wait for the night,
And the sheltering sky hears their lost, tattered cries,
Tow the bell for the Rebel's goodbye

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