

Marches and Maneuvers

Thursday

This is a war we live
And the sides are drawn, 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 kerosene lips burn me up)
If we fly a white flag under a black and blue sky
Will the red sun rise?
(The 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 bed
There's no retreat This is a war we live in
We're up in arms, up in arms
With our heads pressed against the wall
And it's wearing thin, 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 kerosene lips burn me up)
If we fly a white flag under a black and blue sky
Will the red sun rise?
(The glare from your enemy sights make me go blind) This is a 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 line are formings around our beds
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 retreat 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 way in the cold apartment
Don't look back
Just keep running down the stairs Do you hear the footsteps?
Can you hear the voices in the traffic?
Communique in the attic?
They say, after time, all this will heal
We will rebuild
And these broken arms will
(Mend themselves in our embrace)

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