Cities And Years

Every Time I Die

Play with the bow at the bridge
Tune your voices to minor chords
This is the lowest we've ever been
Until we bend for the offeringWe're giving a knee jerk response to the aweWe come strapped to the bed
On display from the duty of tour
Oh they picked up the signals
We tapped to the prisonersOur sea legs were lost on the march
From the graves to the cross
We brandish the plague of the middleman's heart
Sing the rats through the gateI was still in one piece
When they tied me to the back of the car
But I met the road and I've slept
With thousands of miles since the day I was bornOur shoes are milled to the sole
And our souls are skin and bones
If I'm but a stranger still
Just move the severed pieces aroundSo course is the world
We're going back and forth
And back and forth
Grinding our bodies into dustWe'll never make it home alive
We'll never make it home alive
We'll never make it home alive
Play with the bow at the bridgeAll the girls by the enemy line
All the girls by the enemy lineWoe, such remarkable woe
Hold sight of him
Hold sight of him
Point him outI was still in one piece
When they tied me to the back of the car
But I met the road and I've slept
With thousands of miles since the day I was bornOur shoes are milled to the sole
And our souls are skin and bone
If I'm but a stranger still
Just move the severed pieces aroundSo course is the world
We're going back and forth
And back and forth
Grinding our bodies into dustWar come with us home
War come with us home
War come with us home
War come with us home

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