

The Latin One

10000 Maniacs

Bent double like old beggars in sacks

Knock kneed and cursing or coughing like hags

Men marched on sleeping some without boots

Fatigue drunken deaf still to the hoots

Of breaking gas shells

Dropping softly behind

But limped on bloodshed

All went lame all went blind

Gas gas quick boys fumbling helmets in time

Someone still screaming a man in fire or lime

Under a gray cloud dim dark through green light

In all my dreaming before my helpless sight

He plunges at me

Choking guttering drowning

Put in a wagon he had to keep pace

As his eyes melt to his face

If you could hear blood

Gurgling from ruptured lungs

If you could witness

Vile sores on innocent tongues

You would not tell me

Not with such pride and such zest

The lies of history

Dulce et decorum est

Pro patria mori

Some desperate glory

Pro patria mori

As witness disturbs the story

Pro patria mori

Stand firm boys breathe the glory

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