Paroled In '54

Agents of Oblivion

Summer blood for fighting dogs
Mardi Gras nineteen fifty-four
Oh no - he never liked Lincoln at all my child
I always thought the sun was just some hole in the sky
Till nowAs we float this corpse ashore
Paroled in 54'The four whores of the apocalypse laugh
Houses burning full of yellowed photographs
Of our children in fear disappearing from the ledge
Is God just an echo i hear in my head yeahAs we float this corpse ashore
Paroled in 54'

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