

Celebration Guns

Stars

So tomorrow there will be another number
For the one who had a name
A desert wind and a perverse desire to win
History buried in shameAre the beating drums
Celebration guns
The thunder and the laughter
The last thing they rememberAre the beating drums
Celebration guns
The thunder and the laughter
The last thing they rememberAnd then the next day, how will you know your enemy
By their color or your fear
One by one you can cage them in your freedom
Make them all disappearSix hundred sixty-six hundred sixty days
Two guards for one uncharged
This morning's papers, ink stains my fingers
My hands grow darker everydayAre the beating drums
Celebration guns
The thunder and the laughter
The last thing they rememberAre the beating drums
Celebration guns
The thunder and the laughter
The last thing they rememberAre the beating drums
Celebration guns
The thunder and the laughter
The last thing they rememberAre the beating drums
Celebration guns
The thunder and the laughter
The last thing they rememberGoodnight, sleep light, stranger
Goodnight, sleep light, stranger
Goodnight, sleep light, stranger

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