

Year of the Dead

Fighting Jacks

Dawn my skin
Thinking of memories
In my yesterdays dreamAnd the truth was in
Watching as children pass
Over birds of the sinAnd the Son will rise
Like a morning star overhead
Bring on the days
In the year of the DeadJudge me true
Thinking of all these white
And the kings of youthWith their nights so bright
Cutting through darkest of hour
And the main glass filledAnd the Son will rise
Like a morning star overhead
Bring on the days
In the year of the deadAnd the Son will rise
Shining just and still overhead
Washing away
In the year of the deadOpen and remember me
You want to open to be free
You want to open remember
You want to open to be free
You've got to get up, get up, go remember me
You've got to get up, get up, go to be free
You've got to get up, get up, go remember me
You've got to get up, get up, go to be free

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