

Anthem for Doomed Youth

10,000 Maniacs

For whom the bells toll
When sentenced to die
The stuttering rifles
Will stifle the cry
The monstrous anger
The fear's rapid rattle
A desert inferno
Kids dying like cattleDon't tell me
We're not prepared
I've seen today's marine
He's eighteen and he's eager
He can be quite meanNo mock'ries for them
No prayers or bells
The demented choirs
The wailing of shells
The boys holding candles
On untraveled roads
The fear spreads like fire
As shrapnel explodesI think it's wrong
To conscript our youth
Against their will
When plenty of our citizenry
Really like to killWhat sign posts will lead
To armageddon's fires
What bugles will call them
From crowded grey shires
The women sit quiet
With death on their minds
A slow dusk descending
The drawing of blindsMake the hunters all line up
It's their idea of fun
And let those be forgiven
Who never owned a gun
Was it him or me
Or the wailing of the dead
The laughing soldiers
Cast their lots
And you can cut the dread

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