

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 54The 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'Summer blood for fighting dogs
I been everywhere on the same side of some road with you
The way that I remember being born was like waking from a dream
(you were there with me)
I bet your mother never ever heard you sing that song for me yeah
The way that i remember being born was like waking from a dream
T bet your mother never ever hear you sing that song for me
Somewhere we can't see from here
Somewhere we can't see from here
Somewhere we can't see from here

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