

# 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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