

Late March, Death March

Frightened Rabbit

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I cursed in church again, and the hand-claps all fell quiet
I watched the statue of you cry
The candle is blown, so we start the black march home
Through a stale and silent night There's a funeral in your eyes and a drunk priest at your side
Staggering sermons never wash
There's no reproach, from the lit touch paper booth
Got stubborn and marrow and bastard bones
Should we just get home, sleep this off
Throw some sorry's and then, do it all again, well...Folded arms clutch on his side
The bridge is out and the river is high
This is a march death march, march death march
Yeah, there isn't a God, so I save my breath
Pray silence for the road ahead
And this march death march, march death march
Yeah I went too far As we walk through an hour long fragment pause
No grain of truce can be born
My bridge is burned, perhaps we'll shortly learn
That it was arson all along
Can we just get home, sleep this off
Throw some sorry's and then, do it all again.
Well like father said, less heart and more head
So unfurrow that brow, and plant those seeds of doubt, oh Folded arms clutch on his side
The bridge is out and the river is high
And this march death march, march death march
Ahh, there isn't a God, so I save my breath
Pray silence for the road ahead
And this march death march, march death march
The dead balloons and withered flowers
Sorry cannot save me now
And this march death march, march death march
Think I went too far March death march, march death march
I went too far

March death march, march death march

Well, I went too far, I went too far

I went too far, I went too far

I went too far, I went too far

March death march

I went too far

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