

# Requiem For The Masses

## The Association

Requiem aeternam, requiem aeternam  
Mama, mama, forget your pies  
Have faith they won't get cold  
And turn your eyes to the bloodshot sky  
Your flag is flying full

[Chorus]

At half mast, for the matadors  
Who turned their backs to please the crowd  
And all fell before the bull

Red was the color of his blood flowing thin  
Pallid white was the color of his lifeless skin  
Blue was the color of the morning sky  
He saw looking up from the ground where he died  
It was the last thing ever seen by him

Kyrie Eleison

Mama, mama, forget your pies  
Have faith they won't get cold  
And turn your eyes to the bloodshot sky  
Your flag is flying full

[Chorus]

Black and white were the figures that recorded him  
Black and white was the newsprint he was mentioned in  
Black and white was the question that so bothered him  
He never asked, he was taught not to ask  
But was on his lips as they buried him

Rex tremendae majestatis  
Requiem aeternam, Requiem aeternam

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