

## Mothers' Sons

Defeater

We drink to those lost at sea  
And never made it off the beach  
To those who won't make it home  
Buried in the salty deep  
Mother's sons that we knew so well  
Without a care or a chance in hell  
Laid a life on a line in harm's way and out of mine  
So their brothers could live to tell  
So my brother could live to tell

How the sky never looked so deep  
With the moon shining down on me  
I never known it before burning foreign shores  
Boys in flak and trench, prayers to stave off death unheard

So old man pour another couple rounds on me  
Keep 'em coming and the rye in reach  
Be it shell shock or heartbreak  
We're all dying for a stiffer drink  
Or dying on a line  
No god there to hear our plea  
Laid out and desperate  
No blood here left to bleed

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To those who won't make it home  
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Without a care or a chance in hell  
Laid a life on a line in harm's way and out of mine  
So their brothers could live to tell

So old man pour another couple rounds on me  
Keep 'em coming and the rye in reach  
Be it shell shock or heartbreak (Or heartbreak)  
Or dying on a line  
No god there to hear our plea  
We've been laid out and desperate (Desperate)

So my brother could live to tell  
So my brother and I