

## Leatherneck

### Every Time I Die

Marched from a burning ship into a rained out parade  
With a bottle and a Bible the dregs are armed to the teeth  
We traded distinction and praise for the tedious claim  
That we were wed in the trenches  
While college boys pine for loveless exchange

Now we carry fragments from detonated eyes  
Embedded under our bones  
We've spilled blood for the sake of fitting skin to the frame  
But our moneys is no good here  
And our memorial has veered off the road

The locals will bury my wandering eyes  
At the docks of the potters field  
Where the rifles of ranking men  
Are equipped with 21 silencers

At 'em boys, give her the gun  
At 'em boys, give her the gun  
I'm the richest man in town  
I'm the richest man in town

Faith, stand down give your wings  
To the boredom that resurrected my soul  
Crash the car if the motor won't turn over  
Glory be to God

Jumped from the disloyal waves back up to the bridge  
Renounced the warmth of the turbulent grave  
I found blood on my lips from a covetous kiss  
And I hope that my home tips its glass to it