

## Late March, Death March

Frightened Rabbit

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, 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's 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, pregnant 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 mother said: "less heart, more head"  
So unfurrow that brow, unplant 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.)  
(March, death march.)  
I went too far