

# Death March

## The Black Angels

Where we're sent, trust no-one to defend his  
Lonesome, complete trust  
How can you restore our nation  
Without messing with guns?

A symphony of eyes, so full of surprises  
He loves to bend her over and turn on the lights  
I am what you want, stealing it from us  
I am what you want, stealing it from us

Hey, you can't get enough  
Still playing, losing touch, amen  
Amen, amen

Our country had no muscle left to do it again  
He grabbed her by her hips and made it deeper  
Nothing better than the nation put to one side  
He loves her but he never gave her freedom  
He trusted her but never gave her freedom  
He leads the death march, he's only prescribing leaving

Our history has highs so full of surprises  
He loves to crack us open and turn off the lights  
He leads the death march  
He leads the death march

Hey, he can't get enough  
You don't ever trust  
Pills keep you still with the silver devices  
He loves your soft mouth, and he's made up his mind  
Oh, she said that he was so tough  
Oh, she learned to be so rough  
Come on

He loves her soft mouth and he's made up his mind  
Oh, heaven's mine

Love, evil, injust- (he leads the death march)  
He won't get enough  
He can't do enough  
(He leads the death march) it's too late  
Taking what he wants, stealing it from us  
Saying what he wants, killing what he wants (he leads the death march  
)  
Taking what he wants, stealing it from us  
Seeing what he wants, taking it from us  
I'm taking back the trust