

# God Bless Our Dead Marines

A Silver Mt. Zion

They put angels in the electric chair  
Straight-up angels in the electric chair

And no-one knew or no-one cared  
But burning stars lit up their hair  
And burning stars lit up their hair  
And crawled to heaven on golden stairs

And oh! How we to and fro! To and fro! To and fro!

This is our torched estates  
(and we are your sweet mistakes)

And all them vulgar kings on their dirty thrones  
Who among us will avenge miss nina simone?

There's fresh meat in the club tonight  
God bless our dead marines

Someone had an accident  
Above the burning trees  
While somewhere distant peacefully  
Our vulgar princes sleep  
Dead kids dont get photographed  
God bless our dead marines

The hungry and the hanged  
The damaged and the done  
Striving 'long this spinning rock  
Tumbling past the sun  
Get through this life without killing anyone  
And consider yourself golden

Lost a friend to cocaine  
Couple friends to smack  
Troubled hearts map deserts  
And they rarely do come back  
Lost a friend to oceans  
Lost a friend to hills  
Lost a friend to suicide  
Lost a friend to pills  
Lost a friend to monsters  
Lost a friend to shame  
Lost a friend to marriage  
Lost a friend to blame  
Lost a friend to worry and  
Lost a friend to wealth  
Lost a friend to stubborn pride  
And then i lost myself

I love my dog and she loves me  
The world's a mess and so are we  
She tumbles long green muddy fields  
Sick with joy and glee  
And as she dreams sweet puppy dreams  
Whimpering gently

There's fresh meat in the club tonight  
God bless our dead marines  
Someone had an accident  
Above the burning trees  
While somewhere distant peacefully  
Our vulgar princes sleep  
Dead kids dont get photographed  
God bless this century

When the world is sick can't no one be well  
But i dreamt we was all beautiful and strong