

Welcome To Hell

black midi

Listen!

The sweet peals of moonlight-
induced lovemaking on the streets tonight

Listen!

The soft purr of motorbikes
Are ready to strike up the night alight
So don't tell me of your troubles, your emotional grief
Take in the sights, this is shore leave
Don't talk of true love, unscrew your frown
Enjoy the entertainments of nighttime town
Experience the red rooms, the green tables, the souvenirs
Make memories; haunting or fabled
The gallant mist of red blooded chivalry instilled in basic training

By standing in line today
You secure a place among the saints
Go get them, son, now your life begins
To die for your country does not win a war
To kill for your country is what wins a war

Don't tell your name, don't ask for hers
In this land of oysters, you are the world
The painless plainness of military life
Resumes tomorrow night

If not for you it would've been cholera, malaria, or some eastern dis
ease
Forget about it, son, a slap is all you need

We did it all, we seen it all, and worse much worse, son
The massacres of ages, too many to recall

Limbs rendered birds, by the speed they flew off
A soup nothingness that once was your best friend
Motherless children and temptress widows
The wild, the useless, the dead, the untameable

Uh

Shivering fuck, don't stain this street
Lucky I don't shoot you on the spot
Our bullets were made for men like you
The impotent idiots God forgot
Tonight you decide which corner takes residence
Which room looms forever in your mind
But now you're on your own, we don't need men like you

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Which room looms forever in your mind
But now you're on your own, we don't need men like you
Private Tristan Bongo, hereby discharged!