

A Knife in the Mud

Dave Hause

We're waiting on vultures
We're bags of blood
There's no knight coming in on horseback
It's a fight for a knife in the mud

We're a prayer unanswered
We're the cure that never came
We're Detroit wheels, we're American steel
Rusting out in the rain

We ain't going down easy
We ain't going down at all
We're never gonna die
We're never gonna die

We're biting on buckshot
We're a suitcase full of bees
We're the dog that got run over
Trying to scratch off the fleas

We're starving cannibals
Praying for manna to eat
We're the moldering flesh on the bones of Old Glory
Wreaking out in the street

We ain't going down easy
We ain't going down at all
We're never gonna die
We're never gonna die

We're a bootleg surgeon in an unmarked car
We're the dying light of collapsing stars
Say a prayer to your savior, the Lord of the Flies
'Cause we ain't ever
We ain't ever gonna die

We're never gonna die