

Cementville

Ghost Mice

We knew our stream would lead to a bigger stream
And eventually the river, and out to the sea
It never seemed like a possibility
That we could go beyond our boundaries
Beyond my mother's screams

We jumped over fences and we cut some down
As the stream got deeper and winded around
When we finally made it to it's mouth
We stood in silence in what we had found
We were afraid to make a sound

There was this warning, written in red
This is the land of the cynics, keep out and then his master said
We should not do this now huh? No we should turn around
No we should not do this now huh? No we should turn around
Make some plans then come back and attack

We went to school and we told the gang
We all met up the next Saturday
Armed to the team with BB guns, Rambo knives and machetes
We were a wicked little team

We marched beside the new found stream
There were an offense on the trees
We found their club so easily
We ripped up everything
We showed no mercy

We painted lightening bolts
And we left a note to let our enemies know that this war has begun
We said, you got no rights to post that kind of sign
This woods does not belong to you or anyone
And your warnings don't scare us

Because, we move silently
We hide in the shadows of the trees and we will not be seen
We can disarm the traps, just set, set our own that you will trip
Our arrows will fly straighter
This woods does not belong to anyone, but if it must it will belong to us
We have won this day, you should know our names
We are the Gladiators

We made maps, we gave names to all the paths
We found the place that gave our little town it's name
It looked like a castle but it was where they made the cement at
To us it was such a magic place

We made a temple out of wood and we filled it with the bones
That we found in the woods so people would leave us alone
We were young, we were dumb, we were having so much fun
The new kings of the new kingdom

We enjoyed our victory
We got a message from some one-named Gypsy
He said your bones do not scare me
This war's not over and I think that we should meet

The temple, this Friday at 3

I woke up early before school and I ran back to the spot
It was filled with traps, just like I thought
I tore them up and left a note and said is this some kind of joke?
There's much more to us than just old bones
And the top of the castle is where we would meet next
This time the time and the place were things that we picked
We said no weapons, we said no tricks
We did the best to hide the fact that we were just some little kids
We were just some little kids

I was scared when I saw him
He looked much older and I thought that he might be a Vet
His master climbed the wall and saw he had a rifle hidden on a rope hanging
in the pit
We said no weapons and we called him out on it

He didn't know how I could know until he turned around
His master had climbed up right behind him
And didn't make a sound
And we really had him now

We talked for a while with this stranger about the natives of this land,
Our gangs, and nature
We got home again
We didn't know what to think of him
But it seemed like the war was over and the trees held no more danger
I was sad to see it go

A few days later I ran in to him alone
At the place that used to be his old gang's base
He told me stories of their glory days
Before his friends grew up or they moved away
And we decided that day that we would build something
We would build it together, it would represent our truce
And as I got to know him, it got easy to see
That he was just a kid who loved the woods like me
He was a friend, he was not an enemy

We made our enemies our friends
We should have never been enemies with them
We made our enemies our friends
And our gang got twice as big