

Marchers in Orange

Guided by Voices

The white line of tracers
For the facers of the aftermath
Positioned in the situation
Lost in battles of love
Not learning not returning
Unborn unhatched
Yeah but wait
It's time to collide
To decide, if you will
A purpose for the marchers in orange
Still circus for the children in disguise
Throwing bones to the drug-sniffing dogs
Projecting what we've come to know as ours
For the colors we wear in our dreams
For the flags we fly in our films