We are the dead men Walk towards the church. We are the dead men Walk behind the hearse. We are the dead men laughing at the wake. We are the dead men Who will cut the cake? We built the ships For war and for peace We built that church In whose gardens we sleep We are the dead men With pillows made of stone. We are the dead men Around an old throne. We are the dead men Sharpen up our swords. We are the dead men Being dead can make you bored We built the ships For war and for peace We built that church In whose gardens we sleep We built the ships For war and for peace We built that church In whose gardens we sleep