

# I Will Not Sing A Hateful Song

The Constantines

We've become the outer order  
Live our lives along the border  
Get up in ease and face our other  
To name the sign you've been born under

I was bitten by a man  
Trespassing in a psychic state  
What well-healed boy  
What simple man  
Left such a long and living wake

I will not sing a hateful song  
Though it's in me to sing  
I know to drink the blood is wrong  
And undue error brings

Born to proud, self-conscious people  
Living free of consequence  
Speak strange words louder than a witness  
And damn the dead in self-defense

But I was also born and raised  
To always speak and listen clear  
To know the last sound that I make  
Could be the last sound that I hear

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Though it's in me to sing  
I know to drink the blood is wrong  
And undue error brings