

Battle Lines

The Temperance Movement

Raised my eyes to light beyond the surface
Stretched my fingers upon the virgin sand
Dragged my belly across the open danger
Stimulation few could understand

Blood stain on my moral fibre
Bleached out but it's never been right
Reclaimed by a hob-nailed hipster
Reaching for his better side
Who knew I was a fine grind gangster
Heart beating by my only vice
When the money ain't winning the war
You redraw the battle lines

Further over I spied the weaker brother
Suicidal by his own design
Raised his head up and cried what they had called him
With my blue eyes and a name the same as mine

Hurricane in the natural order
You best dive if you missed the ark
When the high tide pulling you down
You swim like a tiger shark
Who knew I was a fine grind gangster
Heart beating by my only vice
When the money ain't winning the war
You redraw the battle lines
Alright, alright, alright

Blood stain in my moral fibre
Bleached out but it's never been right
Reclaimed by a hob-nailed hipster
Reaching for his better side
Who knew I was a fine grind gangster
Heart beating by my only vice
When the money ain't winning the war
You redraw the battle lines
Alright

Redraw the battle lines
Redraw the battle lines
Redraw, redraw, redraw