

# Fighting Jacks, Year Of The Dead

Dawn my skin  
Thinking of memories  
In my yesterdays dream

And the truth was in  
Watching as children pass  
Over birds of the sin

And the Son will rise  
Like a morning star overhead  
Bring on the days  
In the year of the Dead

Judge me true  
Thinking of all these white  
And the kings of youth

With their nights so bright  
Cutting through darkest of hour  
And the main glass filled

And the Son will rise  
Like a morning star overhead  
Bring on the days  
In the year of the dead

And the Son will rise  
Shining just and still overhead  
Washing away  
In the year of the dead

Open and remember me  
You want to open to be free  
You want to open remember  
You want to open to be free  
You've got to get up, get up, go remember me  
You've got to get up, get up, go to be free  
You've got to get up, get up, go remember me  
You've got to get up, get up, go to be free