

Tear Garden, Isis Veiled

They're closing in
I switched the pictures
Painted all the walls
I hung the medals
Hid the magazines
As caped crusaders crawled
Down Freedom Street
Guns of Liberation
Ushered in the dawn
One guy wears an eyepatch
While the other wears a tie
One will play the liberator
One will run and hide
I hear the cannons crack a mile
Down Freedom Street
Out of sight
Out of mind
The ninth wave claimed a thousand
While another thousand fled
I'm getting low on beans and marmalade
I share my bed with locust girl
She flies
Through the cracks across my head
She is always on my side
She's always on my side
I am always on your side
I'm always on your side
We are on your side
Shhhhhhhhhhhh
There, there