

The Alarm, The Stand

Oh I have been out searching with the black book in my hand
And I've looked between the lines that lie on the pages that I tread
I met the walking dude, religious, in his worn down cowboy boots
He walked like no man on earth
I swear he had no name (had no name)
I swear he had no name

Come on down and meet your maker
Come on down and make the stand
Come on down, come on down,
Come on down and make the stand.

As I crawled beneath the searchlights
Looking through the floorboards of this life
I met Doctor Strangelove's cousin
He bore the marks of time
"Hey! Trashcan where you going boy
Your eyes are feet apart
Is that the end you're carrying Shall I play the funeral march" (play the march)
"Play the funeral march"

Come on down and meet your maker
Come on down and make the stand
Come on down, come on down,
Come on down and we'll make the stand.

Come on down and meet your maker
Come on down and make the stand
Come on down, come on down,
Come on down, we'll make the stand.

When I looked out the window
On the hardship that had struck I saw the seven phials open
The plague claimed man and son
Four men at a grave in silence With hats bowed down in grace
A simple wooden cross,
It had no epitaph engraved (it had no)
It had no epitaph engraved.

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