

The Decemberists, When The War Came

With all the grain of Babylon
To cultivate, to make us strong
And hidden here behind the walls
Are shoulders wide and timber on
'Til the war came
'Til the war came

A terrible autonomy
Has grafted onto you and me
Our trust put in the government
They told their lies as heaven-sent
'Til the war came
'Til the war came

And the war came with a curse and a caterwaul
And the war came with all the poise of a cannonball
And they're picking out our eyes by coal and candlelight
When the war came, the war came hard

We made made our oath to Vavilov
We'd not betray the solanum
The acres of asteraceae
To our own pangs of starvation
When the war came
When the war came

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And the war came with all the poise of a cannonball
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When the war came, the war came hard

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