

Augie March, None Shall Pass

Rattle rattle, face to the battle,
Set your jaw for the hour of war,
O, once more, once more.

Pretty kitten with your poor paw to mitten,
Padding out the plan for to sentencing your man
Once more today,
Into the fray,

O but none shall pass through here

Way back when we had some friends,
They kissed us merely,
Myths came often then.

Rattle, rattle, your man is an animal
Your precious loving moments resound here like omens,
You think of yesterday,
When you used to have your way,

O but none shall pass through here

Way back when we had some friends
They missed us dearly,
Kissed us often then.

O hell, hell
Can you hear it
O no it's only you
Rattle rattle, tiny and terrible,
The sounds that we make when our better parts break
And we shake them up.