

Bright Eyes, No One Would Riot For Less

Death may come invisible or in a holy wall of fire
In the breath between the markers on some black I-80 mile
From the madness of the governments to the vengeance of the sea
Everything is eclipsed by the shape of destiny

So love me now
Hell is coming
Kiss my mouth
Hell is here

Little soldier, little insect, you know war it has no heart
It will kill you in the sunshine or happily in the dark
Where kindness is a card game or a bent-up cigarette
In the trenches, in the hard rain, with a bullet and a bit

He says, "help me out"
Hell is coming
Could you do it now?
Hell is here

See the sterile soil,
Poisoned sky
Yellow water,
Final scraps of life
Bringing new tears

Wake, Baby, wake but leave that blanket around you there is no where as safe
I'm leaving this place but there is nothing I'm planning to take
Just you
Just you