

Every Time I Die, Leatherneck

Marched from a burning ship into a rained out parade. with a bottle and a bible the dregs are armed
We traded distinction and praise for the tedious claim that we were wed in the trenches while colle
We carry the fragments from detonated eyes embedded under our bones. We've spilled blood for t
The locals will bury my wandering eyes at the docks of the potters field where the rifles of ranking r

At 'em boys. Give 'er the gun
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I'm the richest man in town.
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Faith, stand down. give your wings to the boredom that resurrected my soul.
Crash the car. If the motor won't turn over, glory be to god.
Jumped from the disloyal waves back up to the bridge.
Renounced the warmth of the turbulent grave.
I found blood on my lips from a covetous kiss and I hope that my home tips its glass to it.