

Nightmare Of You, No Uniform Is Gonna Keep You

We're not dead, just heavily sedated,
Can you tell, by the way we dress,
Got the stars stuck in our eyes
A manikin in depth to the veteran
So would you spare some change for the man with cardboard in his hands
And I love you more than life, as if you couldn't guess,
When every whisper and caress that was meaningless

And my dear you are the bow
And I'm a clown stuck in this ring to entertain you
Go clinch your chest
We'll all be dead quite soon
And it's no easy thing, when I have never meant a thing to you

We're just sexually frustrated
With a thirst for unknown blood
Got the warm gun at our side
Mother I fear what's between their ears
For the bodies take a track
And the mind takes it all back

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Meant a thing to you

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