

Nine Black Alps, Intermission

War brought us together
Blew the world apart
You handed me the dagger
Aimed towards your heart

And I was laughing
Your eyes were televisions
High above the static
I waited for an intermission

Painted on the plaster
Covered it with chalk
Lined our mouths with alcohol
Talked about the war

That we were winning
It was on the television
The soldier boys were singing
And prayed for an intermission

Some of you are happy
Some of you are poor
Some of you would kill yourselves just to be reborn

I hope you're happy
I hope your prayers are answered
I hope you feed your family
When my ashes scatter