

State Radio, Revolutionaries

Got some boys who were upset,
They were headed out to India Point
Two in the bucket backseat of the Pinto said
"You could lose your mind for all your mind is worth."
One got up on a soapbox and proceeded to take his point
Said, "What god's are you to take this,
And turn to blood"

'Cause the revolutionaries on the rooftop
Climb down to the cemeteries
Where the missionaries line up
For the mercy of the military's time
Treat bodies like the bullet ridden clothes on a clothesline
'Cause the prey's huntin' a hunter in his own blind
And it won't be the last time

We use them eyes to see
Them all hanging
I believe I can make you whole
See them all go back again
And I don't think we'll ever know
How it goes and why it runs down
To the place we often bled

'Cause it's a manifest destiny
Like a genocide recipe
Telling the knowledge
That rests in me to fear my own race
Challenge your good
And not the thick of your callous

Don't underestimate the fate of preordained malice
Where are my boots
And where the hell is my balance
The hell, you did
Come down from your palace
To see us all
Reaching up
To see us all
Reaching up

'Cause the revolutionaries on the rooftop
Climb down to the cemeteries
Where the missionaries line up
For the mercy of the military's time
Treat bodies like the bullet ridden clothes on a clothesline
'Cause the praised hunter are during his own blind
And it won't be the last time

We use them eyes to see
Them all hanging
I believe I can make you whole
See them all go back again
And I don't think we'll ever know
How it goes and why it runs down
To the place
'Cause I'm slowly turning in

Don't you have to go?
Don't you have to go?
Don't you have to go, child?
Don't you have to go?

Take them to your cousins land

Where sweet Madeleine has got his hand
And she's asking the last man to fall

Don't fall
When I'm listening
Holy water
Go ask your friend
And may your fever be gone

When I'm listing
Holy Llama
Go ask your end
And may your freedom be gone