

# Sufjan Stevens, They Are Night ZombiesThey Are

I-L-L-I-N-O-I-S! Ring the bell and call or write us  
I-L-L-I-N-O-I-S! Can you call the Captain Clitus?  
Logan, Grant, and Ronald Reagan  
In the grave with Xylophagan  
Do you know the ghost community?  
Sound the horn, address the city  
(Who will save it? Dedicate it?  
Who will praise it? Commemorate it for you?)  
We are awoken with the ax  
Night of the Living Dead at last  
They have begun to shake the dirt  
Wiping their shoulders from the earth  
I know, I know the nations past  
I know, I know they rust at last  
They tremble with the nervous thought  
Of having been, at last, forgot  
I-L-L-I-N-O-I-S! Ring the bell and call or write us  
I-L-L-I-N-O-I-S! Can you call the Captain Clitus?  
B-U-D-A! Caledonia! S-E-C-O-R! Magnolia!  
B-I-R-D-S! And Kankakee! Evansville and Parker City  
Speaking their names, they shake the flag  
Waking the earth, it lifts and lags  
We see a thousand rooms to rest  
Helping us taste the bite of death  
I know, I know my time has passed  
I'm not so young, I'm not so fast  
I tremble with the nervous thought  
Of having been, at last, forgot  
I-L-L-I-N-O-I-S! Ring the bell and call or write us  
I-L-L-I-N-O-I-S! Can you call the Captain Clitus?  
Comer and Potato Peelers! G-R-E-E-N ridge! Reeder's  
M-C-V-E-Y! And Horace! E-N-O-S! Start the chorus  
Corn and Farms and Tombs in Lemmon  
Sailor Springs and all things feminine  
Centerville and Old Metropolis  
Shawneetown, you trade and topple us  
I-L-L-I-N-O-I-S! Hold your tongue and don't divide us  
I-L-L-I-N-O-I-S! Land of God, you hold and guide us