

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
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