

The Association, Requiem For The Masses

Requiem Aeternum Requiem Aeternum

Momma momma forget your pies
Have faith they won't get cold
And turn your eyes to the bloodshot sky
Your flag is flying full at half-mast
For the matadors who turned their backs to please the crowd
And all fell before the bull

Red was the color of his blood flowing thin
Pallid white was the color of his lifeless skin
Blue was the color of the morning sky
from the ground where he died
It was the last thing that was seen by him

Kyrie Eleison

Momma momma forget your pies
Have faith they won't get cold
And turn your eyes to the bloodshot sky
Your flag is flying full at half-mast
For the matadors who turned their backs to please the crowd
And all fell before the bull

Black and white were the figures that recorded him
Black and white was the newsprint he was mentioned in
Black and white was the question that so bothered him
He never asked he was taught not to ask
But was on his lips as they buried him

Rex Tremendae Majestatis

Requiem aeternum Requiem aeternum