

Thea Gilmore, The Resurrection Men

They're coming with their stories and they're coming with their wine
They got a copy of a Chopin tune and an old no-smoking sign
They're mapping every person's life, aligning every chart
They've got a kitchen knife and a power cable poised against each heart

They say we are your morphine vision, we are your TV screen
We are your chat show host, we are your magazine
We've got trace elements in each fashion, every trend
So lets end this story kids, see if you do it all again
The resurrection men

They're watching all those people in the corporate oceans tide
The choreography of commerce, the backhanders and the lies
They're erasing all the figures, all the dollars, all the dreams
They say you can always tell a suicide by the length of the scream

And we are your morphine vision, we are your other half
We are your healthy living, we are your epitaph
We've got your second chances dressed in an accident
You want the next big bang then you can just send
The resurrection men
The resurrection men
The resurrection men

They're coming with their bank books, they're collecting every fare
From burning nights in Nagasaki, frozen days in Val-d'Isere
And now the walls crumble round Downing Street and Capitol Hill
Its only murder if you twist the knife with intent to kill

And they're coming with their butane, they're coming with their signs
From the black and white division, the bloody wars and their front lines
They fan the flames of degradation to a mariachi band
'Cause the crimes always committed using someone else's hand

And we are your morphine vision, we are your sleepless nights
We are your catechism, we are your final rites
We've got your weakness pegged, each break and every bend
You throw a tragedy we'll always attend
The resurrection men
The resurrection men
The resurrection men
The resurrection men