

A Silver Mt. Zion "The Triumph Of Our Tired Eyes"

Visit "[The Triumph Of Our Tired Eyes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sisters and brothers,
We have surely lost our way.
In strip malls full of cancer,
And a pathetic rain.
And lover, sweet lover
Please don't discipline your hands.
Just kiss me in the morning,
In your dirtiest pants.

We will find our way.

We will find our way.

There is beauty in this land,
But i don't often see it.
There is beauty in this land,
But i don't often feel it.

Pimples are flowers,
Musicians are cowards!
Let's argue in the kitchen,
For hours and hours.
Tomorrow is a travesty,
Tomorrow should be ours.
Musicians are cowards!
Musicians are cowards!
Musicians are cowards!
Musicians are cowards!
Musicians are cowards!
Musicians are cowards!
Musicians are cowards!
Musicians are cowards!

The soldiers with their specialists
And the pigs with their guns cannot stop,
The lost ones and the desparate ones and the driven
ones.

The soldiers with their cigarettes
And the pigs with their guns cannot stop,
The lonesome ones and the desparate ones and the
smart ones.

So come on friends,
To the barricades again.

So come on friends,
To the barricades again.

So come on friends,
To the barricades again.

So come on friends,
To the barricades again.

We will find our way,
We will find our way.

"When we finally cross the barricades
With the angels on our side
When we finally deny all the popular loss
When we finally let doubt and worry die
How will it feel?"

Visit [A Silver Mt. Zion](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.