

## Devotchka

### "The Enemy Guns"

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Oh my love  
Here in our darkest hour  
It is you, my desert flower  
That I am dreaming of  
We're up to our neck in foreign soil  
We are the sacramental spoils  
And they love to choke  
The rivers with my brothers' blood  
We have given our bodies  
To the Mexican army  
But my heart and soul  
Belong to you my love  
/]   
So let the enemy guns  
Cut me to ribbons  
For my eternal soul  
Will know the way back home  
Sobre viviendo  
Si sangre mi cuerpo  
Para [...]  
[...]

And I have given my body  
To the Mexican army  
But my heart and soul  
Belong to you my love  
So let the enemy guns  
Cut me to ribbons  
For my eternal soul  
Will know the way back home  
Sobre viviendo  
Si sangre mi cuerpo  
Esta [...] doloroso  
So [...]

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