

Dying Passion

"Born On The 4th Of July"

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Born on the fourth of July,
I'm saying a black mass.
I'm making love with death
Under a palm tree under fire.
Quarter past two
The night is receding.
Full moon's staring into the dark.

I'm praying to God
Shivering with fear
Wringing a gun in my hands
I hate them
And I hate myself
But I love you - write to me.

It's pretty hard to read
Send me some money
I've got little time
The sky's fading
The horizon's growing red.
The roundabout starts spinning

I'm to go home now
Some others're coming.
Keep your tears from your eyes
And keep the dress on
The dress for today
Tears forever

The sun is rising
I'm screwing my eyes
I can see red circles
A red sea
A bullet in my head.

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