

The Bled

"The Silver Lining"

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battered and courageous
all eyes on you
we made you some kind of god of war
on your back awaiting
constant salivation
straight from the snuff film cutting room floor
shot by shot
cry out "i've had enough"
the pictures not done
till you lose a pint of blood

this is what i found in the wake
the message was scratched on the face of his grave
it goes we will find the silver lining and make this our
own
it goes we will find the silver lining and make this our
own

where'd that pretty smile go
you put it in a box
and left it on the side of the road

thanks for nothing
you watched the ball drop
then made a wish on
a burnt out star

when'd you lose control
you woke up on day
with swine all over your shore

we committed our army to you
fearless leader come see this through

far from prophetic
no promise came true
we lost control
we lost control

your name conjures
an image of defeat

we lost control
we lost control

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the message was scratched on the face of his grave
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we lost control
we lost control
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