

10,000 Maniacs **"Hope Chest"**

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Bent double like old beggars in sacks
Knockkneed and cursing or coughing like hags Men
marched on sleeping
some without boots Fatigue drunken deaf still to the
hoots Of breaking
gas shells Dropping softly behind But limped on
bloodshod All went
lame all went blind Gas gas quick boys fumbling
helmets in time
Someone still screaming a man in fire or lime Under a
grey cloud dim
dark through green light In all my dreaming before my
helpless sight
He plunges at me Choking guttering drowning Put in a
wagon he had to
keep pace As his eyes melt to his face If you could hear
blood
Gurgling from ruptured lungs If you could witness Vile
sores on
innocent tongues You would not tell me Not with such
pride and such
zest The lies of history Dulce et decorum est Pro patria
mori Some
desperate glory Pro patria mori As witness disturbs the
story Pro
patria mori Stand firm boys breathe the glory

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