

## Every Time I Die "Cities And Years"

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Play with the bow at the bridge  
Tune your voices to minor chords  
This is the lowest we've ever been  
Until we bend for the offering

We're giving a knee jerk response to the awe

We come strapped to the bed  
On display from the duty of tour  
Oh they picked up the signals  
We tapped to the prisoners

Our sea legs were lost on the march  
From the graves to the cross  
We brandish the plague of the middleman's heart  
Sing the rats through the gate

I was still in one piece  
When they tied me to the back of the car  
But I met the road and I've slept  
With thousands of miles since the day I was born

Our shoes are milled to the sole  
And our souls are skin and bones  
If I'm but a stranger still  
Just move the severed pieces around

So course is the world  
We're going back and forth  
And back and forth  
Grinding our bodies into dust

We'll never make it home alive  
We'll never make it home alive  
We'll never make it home alive  
Play with the bow at the bridge

All the girls by the enemy line  
All the girls by the enemy line

Woe, such remarkable woe  
Hold sight of him

Hold sight of him  
Point him out

I was still in one piece  
When they tied me to the back of the car  
But I met the road and I've slept  
With thousands of miles since the day I was born

Our shoes are milled to the sole  
And our souls are skin and bone  
If I'm but a stranger still  
Just move the severed pieces around

So course is the world  
We're going back and forth  
And back and forth  
Grinding our bodies into dust

War come with us home  
War come with us home  
War come with us home  
War come with us home

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