

Fighting Jacks "Year Of The Dead"

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Dawn my skin
Thinking of memories
In my yesterdays dream

And the truth was in
Watching as children pass
Over birds of the sin

And the Son will rise
Like a morning star overhead
Bring on the days
In the year of the Dead

Judge me true
Thinking of all these white
And the kings of youth

With their nights so bright
Cutting through darkest of hour
And the main glass filled

And the Son will rise
Like a morning star overhead

Bring on the days
In the year of the dead

And the Son will rise
Shining just and still overhead
Washing away
In the year of the dead

Open and remember me
You want to open to be free
You want to open remember
You want to open to be free
You've got to get up, get up, go remember me
You've got to get up, get up, go to be free
You've got to get up, get up, go remember me
You've got to get up, get up, go to be free

