

Death In June

"Hand Grenades And Olympic Flames"

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Hand grenades and olympic flames
We lead our lives free of blame
With heavy heart we hunt through life
With heavy heart sharp as a knife
Foul in our hearts
We go to ground
Foul in our hearts
We'll toss them down
To and from the altar
Principles and power
Then on to the slaughter
Of their funeral mound

With this flowered pencil
In this white flower pen
This should be bliss
Bliss without sin
My lover's blood
Lies on the soiled seat
My lover's blood
Lies caked, replete

Foul in our hearts
We go to ground
Foul in our hearts
We push them down
To and from the altar
Principles and power
Then, on to the slaughter
Of their funeral mound

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