

The Association

"Requiem For The Masses"

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(Terry Kirkman)

Requiem aeternam, requiem aeternam

Mama, mama, forget your pies

Have faith they won't get cold

And turn your eyes to the bloodshot sky

Your flag is flying full

At half mast, for the matadors

Who turned their backs to please the crowd

And all fell before the bull

Red was the color of his blood flowing thin

Pallid white was the color of his lifeless skin

Blue was the color of the morning sky

He saw looking up from the ground where he died

It was the last thing ever seen by him

Kyrie Eleison

Mama, mama, forget your pies

Have faith they won't get cold

And turn your eyes to the bloodshot sky

Your flag is flying full

At half mast, for the matadors

Who turned their backs to please the crowd

And fell before the bull

Black and white were the figures that recorded him

Black and white was the newsprint he was mentioned in

Black and white was the question that so bothered him

He never asked, he was taught not to ask

BUt was on his lips as they buried him

Rex tremendae majestatis

Requiem aeternam, Requiem aeternam

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