Firebrands "Nation Of Bones"

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Just as soon as you fly the black flag with your hands Zapatistas listen close to Zarathustra and Firebrands Copper on my tongue close to blazing 'em clean Downcast murmuring sigh is now a murdering scream

Dark horses of sam flying low over mexico
Take a hit in the rib down in the ring at the rodeo
One face in a crowd and I can pick out the fighters
Pot shots at the clouds try and take out the pilots

More. thatÂ's the slogan of sam Will to power drives the train just to have and to grab Indiscriminate thieves, start by bulldozing homes Out from under my feet, leave a nation of bones

Pity. The bell of taco is closed In the blink of an eye and the lie is exposed Look back down seven towns are controlled Melt back to the darkness in a jungle of bones

We know our history And here we are Looking for a miracle In the city of God

We know our history And here we are Looking for a miracle In the city of God

But the cruelest joke of all is while they're cheering them on

The beast eats off their plates and is killing their sons Ironic. that's the Firebrand tone
Rattle and roll in the nation of bones

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In the city of God In the city of God In the city of God ===

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