

Constantines, The

"I Will Not Sing A Hateful Song"

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We've become the outer order
Live our lives along the border
Get up in ease and face our other
To name the sign you've been born under

I was bitten by a man
Trespassing in a psychic state
What well-healed boy
What simple man
Left such a long and living wake

I will not sing a hateful song
Though it's in me to sing
I know to drink the blood is wrong
And undue error brings

Born to proud, self-conscious people
Living free of consequence
Speak strange words louder than a witness
And damn the dead in self-defense

But I was also born and raised
To always speak and listen clear
To know the last sound that I make
Could be the last sound that I hear

I will not sing a hateful song
Though it's in me to sing
I know to drink the blood is wrong

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