

Thee Silver Mt. Zion

"American Motor Over Smoldered Field"

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It will not be a tender fire
Upon your postcard mountains
No golden children
Will write hymns about
The slow defeat of your reckless destiny

Bullets in the bellies of babies
Sleeping in the strangest places
Indifferent to the blinding grace of
The vapour-trails and burning waste
Of your baptist skies

Oh! To live! In a burning house
With burning children eating dust
And finger-painting flags
Smoke pours out of their eyes
They're praying and saluting
They're all hanged up

Hey! Okay! Kiss me slowly
Beneath the dripping leaves
Of our traintrack trees
Though sickly and diseased
Some weeds thrive anyways

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