

Decemberists, The

"When The War Came"

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With all the grain of babylon
To cultivate to make us strong
And hidden here behind the walls
Are shoulders wide and timber on
'Til the war came
'Til the war came

A terrible autonomy
Is grafted onto you and me
A trust put in the government
Is all their lies are heaven sent
'Til the war came
'Til the war came

And the war came with a curse and a caterwaul
And the war came with all the poise of a cannonball
And they're picking out a rise by coal and candlelight
When the war came, the war came hard

We made our huts of avaram
We'd not betray the sole Ledum
The acres of hysteris
To our own pangs of starvation
When the war came
When the war came

And the war came with a curse and a caterwaul
And the war came with all the poise of a cannonball
And they're picking out a rise by coal and candlelight
When the war came, the war came hard

With all the grain of Babylon

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