

## The Submarines

### "13 Blues For Thirteen Moons"

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Blackout at the terror trials  
It's the 6th year of their wars  
I'm pacing shotgun hallways while my fucking  
neighbour snores  
But I swear I hear them cannon 6 miles out from shore  
There's ravens in the gun trees  
There's ravens in the gun trees  
There's ravens in the gun trees  
There's ravens in the gun trees  
Singing ? this one by proxy ?  
Singing ? that one by gun ?  
Singing ? this one in water ?  
Singing ? that one in blood ?

I live by the railroad  
I don't get no sleep  
Four corners resplendent  
With indie rocks creeps  
I just want some action  
I just want some action  
I just want some action  
I just want some action  
I just want some action  
I just want some action  
This bright boy's getting old  
This town is too damn cold  
I just want some action  
I just want some action  
I just want some action  
I just want some action  
No heroes on my radio  
No heroes on my radio  
No heroes on my radio  
No heroes on my radio

XX

The ec'nomics of our trembling selves  
The palsied pit where bad hearts yell  
Let it be done. Let it be soon...  
13 blues for thirteen moons

You're gold of heart  
And golden wings are lashed upon your troublings  
This filthy moat  
In which we swim  
Is not our fate  
These stubbornlimbs  
These open hands  
These wicked winds  
The hearts of birds keep on thundering  
Let it fall down. Man, let it be soon...  
13 blues for thirteen moons

In gated chambers  
They did meet  
With cardboards stocking  
Upon their feet  
And tattled long  
Their tattered road  
And none did ease  
No others load  
The leaden lips  
Of spittled gloom  
Where leaders lunch  
On meat and ruin  
And depth and light  
Have long been truant  
While our nation's shores  
Go on bleeding into  
The ocean...  
Let it fall down. And let it be soon...  
13 blues for thirteen moons

The hangman's got a hard-on  
The pretty minstrells sway  
The pundit reeks of coffin  
The banker rapes a maid  
The hangman's got a hard-on  
The pretty minstrells sway  
The pundit reeks of coughin  
The banker rapes a maid  
We-will-not-sing-at-your-damn-pa-rade  
We-will-not-sing-at-your-damn-pa-rade  
We-will-not-sing-at-your-damn-pa-rade  
We-will-not-sing-at-your-damn-pa-rade  
We-will-not-sing...

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