

## 10000 Maniacs - Anthem For Doomed Youth

For whom do the bells toll

When sentenced to die The stuttering rifles Will stifle the cry The  
monstrous anger The fear's rapid rattle A desert inferno Kids dying  
like cattle Don't tell me We're not prepared I've seen today's marine  
He's eighteen and he's eager He can be quite mean No mock'ries for  
them No prayers or bells The demented choirs The wailing of shells The  
boys holding candles On untraveled roads The fear spreads like fire As  
shrapnel explodes I think it's wrong To conscript our youth Against  
their will When plenty of our citizenry Really like to kill What sign  
posts will lead To armageddon's fires What bugles will call them From  
crowded grey shires The women sit quiet With death on their minds A  
slow dusk descending The drawing of blinds Make the hunters all line  
up It's their idea of fun And let those be forgiven Who never owned a  
gun Was it him or me Or the wailing of the dead The laughing soldiers  
Cast their lots And you can cut the dread