

10000 Maniacs - Hope Chest

Bent double like old beggars in sacks

Knockkneed and cursing or coughing like hags
Men marched on sleeping
some without boots
Fatigue drunken deaf still to the hoots
Of breaking
gas shells
Dropping softly behind
But limped on bloodshod
All went
lame all went blind
Gas gas quick boys fumbling helmets in time
Someone still screaming a man in fire or lime
Under a grey cloud dim
dark through green light
In all my dreaming before my helpless sight
He plunges at me
Choking guttering drowning
Put in a wagon he had to
keep pace
As his eyes melt to his face
If you could hear blood
Gurgling from ruptured lungs
If you could witness
Vile sores on
innocent tongues
You would not tell me
Not with such pride and such
zest
The lies of history
Dulce et decorum est Pro patria mori
Some
desperate glory
Pro patria mori
As witness disturbs the story
Pro
patria mori
Stand firm boys breathe the glory