

Guided By Voices, Marchers In Orange

The white lines are tracers
For the facers of the aftermath
Positioned in the situation
Lost in battles of love
Not returning, still learning
Unborn, unhatched

Yet, but wait! It's time to collide
Decide, if you will, a purpose
For the marchers in orange
And still a circus for the children in disguise
Throwing bones to the drug-sniffing dogs
Protecting what we've come to know as ours
For the colors we wear in our dreams
For the flags we fly in our films