

1. Bless the fallen in war, we knew,  
but what do you toast your glasses to?  
So few can even understand,  
what's happened to our fallen land!  
As the fireworks burst from short-to-shore,  
there must be more -- there's got to be more!  
On the **4th of July**, here's blood in your eye,  
and God bless the fallen in war! <sup>\*</sup>/

2. Bless the fallen, the fallen of war,  
but what in the world did they die for?  
Today huddled masses celebrate  
all the things real freedom-lovers hate!  
With the pomp stripped away, way down to the core,  
there must be more -- there's got to be more!  
For the **4th of July**, here's blood in your eye,  
But God bless the fallen of war!

Bridge  
"To the **4th of July**, here's mud in your eye!"  
-- a toast to the host, getting high.  
Our liberties die, because too few know why,  
and the answer's not free anymore.  
Got bless the fallen, who bleed for this callin'  
God bless the fallen in war.

3. Bless the fallen in war, unknown,  
who lived their last moments of life, alone.  
Lived for a principle that once was true;  
and died to preserve its virtue for you.  
But the virgin they saved 's now scorned as a whore,  
there must be more -- there's got to be more!  
On the **4th of July**, here's blood in your eye,  
But God bless the fallen in war!

4. Bless the fallen in war,  
not for "glory" as fabricated in folklore.  
That glory in its best light is a lie,  
but what's true is that real humans do die --  
For your freedom fought and suffered for;  
there must be more -- there's got to be more!  
O! You **4th of July**, here's blood in your eye,  
God bless the fallen in war!

Bridge  
"To the **4th of July**, here's mud in your eye!"  
A toast to the host, riding high.  
Toast your freedom's goodbye, because too few care why,  
and the reason's not free anymore.  
Got bless those fallen, who heed to this callin'  
God bless you fallen in war.

[Continued on next page]

MARKET: Specialty/Patriot/Israel Assembly.

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[Continuation]:

[INSTRUMENTAL]

5. Bless the fallen of war, in fear,  
that they'd trade their life for liberty held so dear.  
Yet today, too few have time to be free,  
and throw it all away in the heap of apathy.  
The time will come again, when you cannot ignore:  
There must be more; Oh yes, there 'll be more!  
On the **4th of July**, here's blood in your eye,  
God bless the fallen in war!

Bridge | "To the **4th of July**, here's blood in your eye!"  
-- a toast to the host, squeeking by.  
Did they fight for a lie, misunderstanding why,  
the truth is not free anymore?  
God bless the fallen, we need for this callin'  
God bless the fallen in war.

[Epilog]: \*\*/

6. Bless the fallen in war, still alive;  
the fallen who had the misfortune to survive.  
One day the sacrifices you made,  
will be duly atoned, the full honors paid.  
There will be a day of a full-settled score,  
when the veil is tore, there 'll be no need for more!  
**O, 4th of July, my powder's still dry!**  
And God bless, God bless all ours fallen in war...  
For **freedom is life**, and freedom is what,  
they thought they fought and lived and died for...

[MIXED INSTRUMENTAL, FROM VERSE AND BRIDGE]

END

\* Short instrumental turnaround after every verse.

\*\* Entire final verse, sung slowly, for dramatic emphasis.

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