

Down, On March The Saints

Be something that amounts to nothing the threat
a wrecking-ball plowing through our karma
we have no confident voice in our ears for tonight
exist in memory only headline...

We have BEEN THROUGH CHANGE

by the season of the storms

it's irony

the cleansing

accept eccentric faith

to need religion

to sit high among the elect

on march the saints...

There's no such thing as a GOOD TIME for BAD LUCK

as minutes turn to distressed fragmented moments

reading lips unable to hear the talk

partake no tangible out in tomorrow...

We have seen the change

from the season of the storms

it's irony

the cleansing

with all our lives at stake

from at rest to the present

are sitting high among the elect

on march the saints...

MARCH