

Jack Foster III, Mourning Glory

What's your story, Mourning Glory
is your sunshine filtered by the clouds?
out of season, for a reason
out of luck, and so far out of bounds

life is precious, with a nexus
life is worthless when it's sealed away
life is lovely. So don't shove me.
Lost your freedom
an' now it can't be found
you're stuck to the ground

you carry your cross alone
wearing your crown of thorns
blinded by what's been shown
so like Billie Joe, standing tall, strong of arm
you walk alone

You are golden
-- not beholden
Yet you melt down, spilling over the ground
If you don't stop
I'll get the wet mop
wring you out
and splash you all around
and water you down

every time
it's raining in your head
every time
you can't get out of bed
every time
sinners throwin' stones
you walk alone

and you carry your cross alone
wearing your crown of thorns
petrified to the bone
while they take their licks
with a crucifix
You know they're crossin' their hearts of stone
so like Billie Joe, standing tall, strong of arm
you walk alone

and every time
(inst. solo)
every time
(inst. solo)
every time
hearts made out of stone
you walk alone