

Second Coming, Confessional

Step inside
Take a load off of your mind
Let's pray to be sane
Wooden chair and captured air
Pose witness as she
Spills her guts to Monsignor

In a time of shame
When peace of mind is a rare find
Observance is grand
She picks a man that trend
Has set forth to conquer with
The air is damp with forgiveness

I've taken words to heart
Don't leave me this way again
I fall then I see you smiling
Hail Mary, our Father's dead

She sees a sky of perfect blue
A winter will runs through my veins
Her stone white skin will draw me near
As it begins to rain

Eyes glazed like almonds in my hand
Stay with me
I'll show you things that haven't been
Just stay with me
Whoever you are, God,
Give her back to me.