

Sparklehorse, Ghost In The Sky

Abide with me from the morning till the evening
Abide with me when the night is nigh
Be my last sight and sweet to rest
Forever on your warm decaying breast
See you blind
Behold your savior's come,
Dance for death
You lame in the morning fires
And be a ghost in the sky
When grace has purified my blindness
It could be fresh and new and glorious
Will my bleeding ears be rung with joy
Or are they just plain spent and well destroyed
See you blind
Behold your savior's come,
Dance for death
You lame in the morning fires
And be a ghost in the sky