

# The Church, Almost With You

See the chains which bind the men  
Can you taste their lonely arrogance  
It's always too late  
And your face is so cold  
They struggled for this opulence  
See the suns which blind the men  
Burnt away so long before our time  
Now their warmth is forgotten and gone  
Pretty maids not far behind

Who you trying to get in touch with  
I'm almost with you  
I can sense it wait for me  
I'm almost with you  
Is this the taste of victory  
I'm almost with you  
See the dust which fills your sleep  
Does it always feel this chill near the end  
I never dreamed we'd meet here once more  
This laugh reserved for a friend