

# The Church, It Doesn't Change

Sinking silk, and burning gold  
Touch you as the air is turning cold  
Another place I look for you  
The heights above an almost perfect view  
Seeing things just rest a while  
As the tide sweeps out another mile  
Inside the man, the pleasure dome  
This is the world that I once called home  
Strangers in their naked skin  
Waiting for their sweet oblivion  
Close to you, hear all you say  
Even though you're continents away  
The perfumed air, the taste of fear  
Shrug your shoulders and they disappear  
Take this gift and let it grow  
Let it be all the hope you know  
It doesn't change