

36 Crazyfists, Absent Are The Saints

WITH SO MANY WORDS WE STAND UPON OUR DREAMS,
WITH ALL THE HELL AROUND,
ITS EXACTLY WHAT IT SEEMS,
LYING AT THE BORROM WE CAN'T DERIVE OUR FATE,
In the dead of night, absent are the saints.

CHANGED MEN, WILL CHANGE...
There's only two kinds,
One with truth within,
and ones with plague inside...

I don't wana see it all come crashing down,
down in the ocean.
Altering the course,
untangle this weight and send off the poisons.

Moutain size the pain,
if ceased would bring us sound.
No clarity to shape the lost all went unfound,
But with hope of man,
shine faith from all unseen.
Braided hands that reach for nothing but belief.

CHANGED MEN, WILL CHANGE...

HOPE LIVES UNLOST, GAIN STRENGTH AT ALL COSTS...

ABSENT ARE THE SAINTS...
ABSENT ARE THE SAINTS...