

# Brave Saint Saturn, Always Just Beneath The Dawn

Battle Creek,  
something that you said last week  
is eating me with sharpened teeth,  
and I am so afraid.  
Not something thrown out flippantly,  
but to my heart and very core.  
I may not see you anymore,  
or something even worse.  
And in my bones,  
your twenty-three same chromosomes,  
reside in twisted prophecy,  
likening our destinies.  
I genuflect,  
I'll hold my breath,  
I'll wait and see,  
your blood is swimming inside me.  
And there is no love,  
like fathers have for their sons...  
sons.

I am weak,  
but believe me when I softly speak,  
if there is strength inside of me,  
it's you who put it there.  
And I concede,  
that something stabbed and made you bleed,  
stole the light you once believed,  
yet I still do.  
Do you believe,  
I saw your father in a dream?  
He said that he is safe and well,  
and waiting up for us.  
And there is no love,  
like fathers have for their sons.

chorus  
Boys need fathers,  
every daughter,  
every broken heart so gone.  
I believe that Love is greater,  
never ceasing, always hoping,  
always just beneath the dawn.