

# Brendan Canning, Churches Under The Stairs

With the synth and sound we might just believe that we could do  
all the things in our minds with exacto knives and bings that will make you  
write all the sounds, all men traded into worlds where we due to  
love, and defined all the leaves that we can speak about  
Well, you know where you like that the cinder blocks are taking up our  
view for a while with the simple mathematics of our  
lives and design. There's a head that pointed five degrees to the  
right; do you know there will only be so many of our kind?

Give us some of the ghost notes  
Give us some of the chosen, oh!  
Give us some of the closing slots  
Give us some of the falsest hope

We are lies and go right down through the suction on the great  
eye and we climb; do you know the knee scrapes represent that we  
thought of design? It comes in and rolls you out with thoughts of the  
world not in line; do you think that they're imaginary  
hearts? It was right to return to pieces of the circle  
where we declined. I know military moments will believe  
us; it's a sound, and a tick-tock to the world that tells you  
how you arrive; do you think that we are momentary?

Give us some of the ghost notes  
Give us some of the chosen, oh!  
Give us some of the closing slots  
Give us some of the falsest hope

This is where the like, the like rude choir comes in, alright? it goes like this, it's like:

'Cause we wanna love, wanna sift through the creation time by  
night with your thoughts; you know, I am just a literary fox  
with a song. They come in like shells and sink right through the  
world and the rhyme. You know pieces of the poetry go  
out for the cause; does it feel like somethings missing? Time to  
concede for a while because all that's right is always; that's what's  
wrong! In your mind are the churches right beneath the stairs of your  
house and the time, it's the tick-tock going out and weary...