

Caedmon's Call, Staircase

What do you say to my brother
My friend, then you've said that same thing to me
It's no big deal, she's just my sister
No need to compromise on your crude philosophy
My friend did you know you are my brother
And I know that what you say is what you've heard
I'm where and wearying and I'm worn
I scream until I cannot hear a word

But somehow in this life there is a peace that comes on me
But I throw conviction to the wind and set my anger free
And how can I expect this house to stand on the mud I've laid
'cause I'm tripping, falling on myself and the staircase that I've made

and where's the honor in that, where's the honor in that
C'mon brother can you tell me
Where's the honor in that, where's the honor in that
I can hear my sister ask me
"If this was a perfect world
Would brothers and sisters still act that way?
'Cause if this is righteousness
I'll settle for mediocrity any day."

I guess my tongue of pride has had it say
Why do I get so defensive anyway
Dumb pride, dumb luck, which is the cause
And I wonder which of these sustains a greater loss

But somehow in this life there is a peace that comes on me
But we throw conviction to the wind and set this anger free
And how can we expect this house to stand on the mud we've laid
We're tripping, falling on ourselves and the staircase that we've made

Oh who am I, and what is my family?
That days to come have even held a place for me
Can you hear me saying I will build a house for you
And you say 'First look to your neighbor's house.
There is much work to do.' If not then...