

Church, Man

We press on and on
Funny how the future's always waiting for you
When the day has gone
We hide away
Shadows that stalk you
The wind that calls your name
Voices in the thunder
Don't understand what they're saying
We build monuments
To celebrate our glorious dead now
Iron and cement
Above their tombs
We cast out our nets
Drag up the struggling contents surely
We must not forget
That hunger looms
Shadows that stalk you
The wind that calls your name (shadows that stalk you)
Shadows that stalk you
Child cries and he learns
And doubt returns
In the darkest hours
We wrestle with our ancestors
We will resist their power
The powers that be
In the coldest night
Huddled 'round the dying embers
Praying for the light
Might set us free
Fingers that soothe you
Shadows that stalk you (the drugs that make you sleep)
Intricate harness
Shadows that stalk you (the harvest that you reap)
Man stalls, he flowers
Man falls and he rise
We press on and on
Funny how the future's always waiting for you
When the day has gone
We hide away