

# 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