

Converge, Shingles

I float above and these wings catch, and your sky hold you so beautiful
And I understand if all this comes falling, because my sky already has
And my head bows, all of this I know
And all of your precious love, you can paint as light as you see
And you can make reasons for everything
But as long as I dream some thing will always be
Gun in my mouth, I pray for the sunshine
Gun in my mouth, I pray for the sunshine