## 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