

# Down, Mourn

Hotel room of doom  
I can't find a clue  
confusion broken hearted woe  
sheets and pillows soaked  
(my) telephone seems broken  
I'm calling crucified  
blacklisted no reply...

Be My Eyes  
stole my sight  
but not my heart  
I miss my 2nd home (your) adopted son doth mourn  
adopted son DOTH MOURN

sermon served in praise  
in a sacred empty space  
pit no ones sorrow against your own  
Seven days in vain  
the last three spent enflamed (in prayer)  
I stand crucified  
as they're stricken blind

Be My Eyes  
stole my sight  
but not my heart  
missing the lone state home  
my blood runs cold  
I mourn  
stole my sight  
but not my heart  
I miss my 2nd home (your) adopted son DOTH MOURN