

Dustin Kensrue, Weary Saints

for years we fought the night
with pale and ghostly flames
but some still dream of light
so the sun will rise again
and cure our need for wrongs
in cool and measured crime
and learn to drift in palm
in our hearts and in our minds

and let us not be faithless
for you will meet our needs
a good and gracious wordless
will lamp unto our feet

for years we've closed our eyes
while rust on reason grows
and we feed and clothe our lies
but in our hearts we know, yeah we know
that wisdom lends us all
a cool and steady hand
and the steel pressed to my palm
doesn't make me more a man

and courage for the givers
to do what must be done
to deal out truth and justice
with swift and silver guns

for years you met our thirst
still deserts we have roamed
well be done with dust and dirt
when the ocean calls us home
and well fall into the arms
of a cool and sweet embrace
under stars and waving palms
well shed our sin like snakes

and time will cease to stalk us
and death will be undone
but well shine with the light of
a thousand blazing suns