

# Eric Fish, Cathedral

Six o' clock  
In the morning, I feel pretty good  
So I dropped into the luxury of the Lords  
Fighting dragons and crossing swords  
With the people against the hordes  
Who came to conquer.

Seven o'clock  
In the morning, here it comes  
I taste the warning and I am so amazed  
I'm here today, seeing things so clear this way  
In the car and on my way  
To Stonehenge.

I'm flying in Winchester cathedral  
Sunlight pouring through the break of day.  
Stumbled through the door and into the chamber;  
There's a lady setting flowers on a table covered lace  
And a cleaner in the distance finds a cobweb on a face  
And a feeling deep inside of me tells me  
This can't be the place

I'm flying in Winchester cathedral.  
All religion has to have its day

Expressions on the face of the Saviour  
Made me say  
I can't stay.

Open up the gates of the church and let me out of here!  
Too many people have lied in the name of Christ  
For anyone to heed the call.  
So many people have died in the name of Christ  
That I can't believe it all.

And now I'm standing on the grave of a soldier that died in 1799  
And the day he died it was a birthday  
And I noticed it was mine.  
And my head didn't know just who I was  
And I went spinning back in time.  
And I am high upon the altar  
High upon the altar, high.

I'm flying in Winchester cathedral,  
It's hard enough to drink the wine.  
The air inside just hangs in delusion,  
But given time,  
I'll be fine