

Holy Mother, Where Their Children Play

Seven years ago
This old man said to me
Sittin' on his haunches
He's tellin' me to get a life
Now, money in a jar
Never got him far
But his story is heavier
Than you'll ever know
He said "live for me and die for me
And my miracles will set you free"
But I said no
I don't play that devils lie
Yea...set a road in the garden
Pulled the sword from the stone
And the water you're walkin' on
Has got me thinkin'
I've been all wrong
And I've been readin' the story
While I'm wastin' the years
And I've been runnin' with some bad brothers
That've been tryin' to rip my bloody tears
The stage was black
Lights we feared
Your limbs like a puppet
?These are scars of the years
It's a sexual feeling
It's the root that stresses your brain
Livin' on the threshold of evil
And you're tryin' to trip on morphine
On the corner of Phoenix
On the cross of gold bridge
Tryin' to change your life for the better
Gotta cross the bridge
I gotta cross the bridge
The stage was black
Lights we feared
Your limbs like a puppet
These are scars of the years
Tied in ropes to keep you home
Building walls to keep you away

cables connect
There's nails to mend
But what mends the heart
Where their children play
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