

Hopewell, Kings & Queens

So, what happened to all your plans?
You were so quick to throw your hand
In a journey no more than 40 days, you would be:

Just some king without a crown
Eating everyone else around (oh no)
Parading all day with his thrift store rings foolishly

With every move you make
To keep the piece in time
You stumble through a haze
Of vanishing fine lines
And everything you do
Crumbles all around
'Cause all the walls you build are tearing down

When all your kings and queens
All go to their knees
And all the faded marks swimmin inside your heart
The systems in the head
Connected to the rest are holding onto you
Holding on to you

And no one knows and no one cares
Why he was hiding in God knows where (oh no)
And the liner notes will have to read "He was there"

When suddenly you move
Your hand surprises you
Your heart it gains a stride
And effervescent eyes

You see the faded marks
And every jaded heart
And all that you confessed
The hymns that cried for rest

It measures in the gloom
In every hotel room
When everything you do comes crashing down