

Lehnen, Sleeping In The Needles

there's nothing romantic about being a sailor anymore.
i guess it must be just part of our nature to explore.
no gray hairs on young wives from mourning their only love.
or uncharted distance of value to speak of.
i thought this would get us somewhere, will it get us somewhere?
we're sleeping in the needles.
i won't wear your colors into war.
i won't be your soldier.
there's nothing enchanted at the edge of the map anymore.
or port in the sea where you have not been before.
you're shaking my hand as you tell me the blood is real.
i'm saying hail mary! and hoping the words can heal.