

Pretty Things, Bridge Of God

Hide in the shadows, german shepherds are near,
Heart double beating in a bright cage of fear,
Something he wanted, but the price was too dear,
His spirit's starting to float,
The bridge of God is his hope.

Choir voices calling as the priest reads the news,
Congregations falling, but incredible views,
Long ago a mason earned a new pair of shoes
Building a bridge to the sky,
Teaching the granite to fly.

Cross the bridge of god, cross the bridge.

With chisels of steel,
He carved out the wheel
To carry you high,
With nail through bone,
He laid the first stone
That crosses the sky.

Stooped to the soil, bitter harvest passed by,

Dining on hunger, as his crops slowly die,
A distant church spire, points the way to the sky.
His pain is starting to melt,
Beneath the bridges he knelt.

Cross the bridge of god, cross the bridge.

Old man is waiting for the end to arrive,
Grey monday morning with the washing line skies,
Then without warning he just closes his eyes,
He knows he hasn't a care, he knows the brides are there.

Cross the bridge of god, cross the bridge.

All his memories sold,
He's releasing his hold
To be carried on high.
With the juice of the past,
Turned to dust in the hearth
It's an easy goodbye.

Cross the bridge of god, cross the bridge.