

# Screaming Trees, For Celebrations Past

This is for footsteps approaching the night  
They keep themselves moving and do what is right  
Now watch what you gather and hold in your hand  
Numbers are many who misunderstand  
Drink your wine away instead  
I won't remember all that's said  
Say farewell and close the door  
You'll find me never more  
That I believe in  
That I believe in  
That I believe in you  
Must be a crying shame  
Tell you a story of that which comes last  
All of the sorrow that lives in the past  
Now if you're tired of all that's been told  
Don't be surprised that I've grown so old  
Drink your wine away instead  
I won't remember all that's said  
Say farewell and close the door  
You'll find me never more  
And I believe in  
That I believe in  
That I believe in you  
Must be a crying shame  
Breathing in shadows or dead on the vine  
I'm there in the morning to take you sometimes  
To watch what you gather and hold in your hand  
The numbers are many who misunderstand  
Drink your wine away instead  
I won't remember all that's said  
Say farewell and close the door  
You'll find me never more  
And I believe in  
That I believe in  
That I believe in  
That I believe in  
That I believe in you  
Must be a crying shame