

# Spirit Of The West, Can't Accept The Saint

Can't accept the saint  
dying here before me  
passing out the pearls  
while reaching up to glory  
On my carousel I am whipping dancing horses  
riding up and down  
chasing tails and choices

I miss the mortal you have shed  
Whose tongue was sharp like a pointed stick  
We poked the world until it bled  
and now you're laying hands instead  
But you, you don't have to feel  
You, you don't have to feel

Crossing is complete  
free from all the ties  
that held back all the truths  
from exposing all the lies  
He's leaving us for good  
He'll leave us for the better  
build upon his words  
up to the last letter

I miss the mortal you have shed  
Whose tongue was sharp like a pointed stick  
We poked the world until it bled  
and now you're laying hands instead  
But you, you don't have to feel  
You, you don't have to feel  
You, you don't have to feel  
And I do  
I do  
I do