

Streetlight Manifesto, Forty Days

And it's been forty days
I've tried forty ways
You will never quite leave your sins behind
They'll haunt you, taunt you until the day you die

You will never really go
You'll just think about it much but you'll need to know how the story ends,
so you'll sit around, even though you should just go
Tell your friends what you have heard, show them all the lies unlearned
And when you really go, you will really know you were never meant for earth
What's it worth?
If we're going to break it down with any logic, it's absurd

And no matter where we go, we are not alone
When the silence turns to cries of "Why?"
What a way to begin: we inherit sin
And nobody's going to quench your thirst when the well runs dry
And nobody's going to hold your hand on the day you die

I've tasted seven sins, so they won't let me in
I knock knock knock until my knuckles are bruised and raw
Stuck in the middle with my blood in a puddle on the floor
We made our beds, we'll judge ourselves
And only then and there will we disappear to our final resting place
What a waste!
So many decent people at the gates

And no matter where we go, we are not alone
When the silence turns to cries of "Why?"
What a way to begin: we inherit sin
And nobody's going to quench your thirst when the well runs dry
And nobody's going to hold your hand on the day you die

And no matter who you know, you will be alone
When the silence turns to cries of "Why?"
What a way to begin: we inherit sin
And nobody's going to quench your thirst when the well runs dry, well runs dry
And nobody's going to hold your hand on the day you die