

# The Weakerthans, Benediction

So you don't get to be a saint  
Martyrs never last this long  
Guess I'll never be the one  
To defeat desire in song  
Here's a marker  
Here's my naked skin  
Our 'exhibit A'  
Put a small x where I lost my way

All the actors broke their legs  
And it's too late to postpone  
The producer's getting high  
And the audience went home  
Smile and take your awkward bow  
Turn and stumble off the stage  
Let the rain be your applause  
Every encore soothe your rage  
Squint with one eye  
Hum a show-tune  
wait for your right to say  
oh that's where you must have lost your way

Megaphones in helicopters squeal hey are you okay?"  
Searchlights circle, where we lost our way

All our accidents were purposeful and felt  
Stripped of providence or any way to tell  
But our intentions were intangible and sweet  
Sick with simple math and shy discoveries  
Piled up against our impending defeat.