

Thea Gilmore, Instead Of The Saints

The night is growing old veined with threads of early dawn
So deal the deck, cmon red, cmon my friend
The colour of fire
The colour of fury

And we will bear this together
We will wear this together
We will bear this together
Together

Im digging up my gold
No fortune, no fate and no religion
Ill stick to my story instead of the saints
Cause where were they when I was torn?

And we will bear this together
We will wear this together
We will bear this together
We will wear this together
Together
Together
Together

This city is dying of slogans
Dripping neon
A murdered town
Oh, that, that's how I am
Oh, that's how I am

And we will bear this together
We will wear this together
We will bear this together
We will wear this together
Together
Together
Together
Together
Together
Together