

# Thrice, Weary Saints

[Performed by Dustin Kensrue]

for years we fought the night  
with pale and ghostly flames  
but some still dream of light  
so the sun will rise again  
and cure our need for wrongs  
in cool and measured crime  
and learn to drift in palm  
in our hearts and in our minds

and let us not be faithless  
for you will meet our needs  
a good and gracious wordless  
will lamp unto our feet

for years we've closed our eyes  
while rust on reason grows  
and we feed and clothe our lies  
but in our hearts we know, yeah we know  
that wisdom lends us all  
a cool and steady hand  
and the steel pressed to my palm  
doesn't make me more a man

and courage for the givers  
to do what must be done  
to deal out truth and justice  
with swift and silver guns

for years you met our thirst  
still deserts we have roamed  
well be done with dust and dirt  
when the ocean calls us home  
and well fall into the arms  
of a cool and sweet embrace  
under stars and waving palms  
well shed our sin like snakes

and time will cease to stalk us  
and death will be undone  
but well shine with the light of  
a thousand blazing suns