

Thursday, Mass As Shadows

You know it sounds better in the long run,
where your words and symbols stack up into the night
Hands are broken, folded like a steeple of my own symbol
The song is the same, A simple word transcribed to hold your faith. (Ooh your faith.)
We mass as shadows, light as dust silent to further the days
Hold your frown . . .

I know it sounds better, but there's only so many things I want
So we read between the lines, the song is the same as every sun
Touched every sunrise on your face, that reminds us that spring will kill summer nights to get through
The winter days, swaying with daylight away from harm

All alone, where I, I roam . . .

When you can't sing, you're on your own
When you can't sing, on your own
when you don't have a thing to believe in
you will find, you have something to scream about