Figurehead (Plain)

Covenant

we wish so hard to be seen
and pray at night to be heard
and yet we have nothing to show
but false words and broken dreams
I'm the figurehead on the ship of fools
a beacon for the liars in the dark
I'm the first and the last I claim this land
I'm the lost and the hungry I need this land
the inescapable face of truth
spins my head again
disturbingly unable to stand back
I'm going down
the undeniable sense of wonder
kicks my head in
disturbingly unable to escape
I dive to drown
we want so hard to be true
and claim the right to be good
and yet we never seem to know
how to reach the promised lands
we work so hard to be wise
and dream of light to be pure
we need brighter death to grow
the clean touch of virgin hands

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