On March the Saints

Down

Be something that amounts to nothing the threat
A wrecking ball plowing through our karma
We have no confident voice in our ears for tonight
Exist in memory only headlineWe have been through change, by the season of the storms
It's irony, the cleansing
Except eccentric faith, to need religion to sit high
Among the elect on march the saintsThere's no such thing as a good time for bad luck
As minutes turn to distressed fragmented moments
Reading lips unable to hear the talk
Partake no tangible out in tomorrowWe have seen the change, from the season of the storms
It's irony, the cleansing
With all our lives at stake from at rest to present are sitting high
Among the elect on march the saintsMarch
March
March
MarchWe have been through change, by the season of the storms
It's irony, the cleansing
Except eccentric faith, to need religion to sit high
Among the elect on march the saintsOn march the saints
On march the saints

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