

# Neon Cathedral

Allen Stone

Aha

Uhm

1-2

Now, 'round here they sing broken hymns  
The prayers flow better when their soaked in gin  
The amp's dusty and sits in the corner  
By a bartender that'll pickpocket your heart  
And a jukebox that'll steal your quarter  
Bartender, please give me a confession  
Exchange fear for courage in the form of a well drink  
There's a heavy current, got a long way to swim  
Closed the Bible a while ago, I need some shots for this sin  
Hail Mary, come with me, feel like Pac when it hits  
Got some fire in my belly and a riot in the gut  
Bushmills for a bandade, the sweet taste of blood  
Then I might actually feel something if I don't cover it up  
Watch their faces, familiar places  
Even if they didn't left it by the booth that they stayed in  
The motel next door, a sign that reads vacant  
And a truth that's so strong I'd be a fool not to chase it  
But yea, I'm a fool and I stay here  
Hope these problems bail themselves, I die in wait here  
One more, four more, bucket a night cap  
Service starts at 5 tomorrow and I'll be right back  
Underneath this fragile frame  
Lives a battle between pride and shame  
But I've misplaced that sense of fright  
This crown of thorns is perched atop my spine  
But listen closely as I testify  
Dependency has been a thief at night  
Thief at night, thief at night  
I read the Bible but I forgot the verses  
The liquor store is open later than the churches  
Pure by their imperfections, everything is burning  
To hell with the confessions, oh the Lord immerses  
Blessed in holy water, the sin of Holy Father  
  
Have you ever smelled bless that smells atmonic vodka  
11 AM in the morning and you can't get it off yet

Comment to the preacher but it's like the pastor isn't talking  
Until the store opens I can read up on that doctrine  
The people close to me say I'm in need of a doctor  
Think that I got a problem but these are not apostils  
This the drink of the Lord, that's according to my gospel  
Open to interpretation, if you're judging it I don't want it  
I got tins that scold like my throat when I hit the bottle  
And I'm sinking and that's why I keep on drinking  
I need a refill, bar more than once every weekend  
Sweet Jesus, I'm getting amnesia  
Shaking til I'd get a taste, my faith is having seizures  
Every time I walk away and try to leave it  
Every time I walk away and try to leave it  
Wouldn't miss it for the world  
Baptized in my vices and the bar is my church  
Traded my artist and I pawned off the easel  
Spend it all searching for God at the neon cathedral  
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Baptized my vices and the bar is my church  
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