The Choir

Arkells

The graveyard is waiting
The church to let up
The church to let up on Friday morning
The pastor is preaching
Tears in his eyes
The shots were set off without warningThe isles don't see
Much traffic these days
Not even for Sunday service
Inside these walls
So sacred and sanct
You wouldn't think to be nervousLet the choir keep singing
Those songs that no one wants to hear
Let the daylight remind us
Those hymns are falling on deaf earsEveryone said
"We can forgive"
18 years worth celebrating
This ain't the day
For finding the truth
And now all these questions keep begging

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