Building

Iceburn

Shouldering the blame
Walking into frame
Like a lighted silhouette
Against a cotton sheet
Smothering the creaseTin can in hand
Waiting for God to come around
But He never comes around
He never comes aroundQuiet like a mouse
Building up your house
Just to tear it down
Leaving us the pieces
Do they ever fit?Tin can in hand
Waiting for God to come around
But He never comes around
He never comes aroundTin can in hand
Waiting for God to come around
But He never comes around
He never comes around

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