

# Soul

## Rival Sons

Tell me father, are you riding on  
The fictional bus up to heaven above?  
Do you listen to the angels on the outskirts  
Have they persuaded you?  
Oh, tell me father  
Perhaps you have been persuaded before  
I just want to know, where your body and soul  
Roam tonight  
But I know I'll never know  
Until I pass away to the next life  
I know I'll never know  
Where your soul roams tonight  
Until I reach the afterlife  
Kneeling in this church of stone  
On this pew reading my prayer book  
We commend to your Lord  
All the souls who have died  
As you walk in the garden  
Is the grass broken glass on your feet?  
I want to believe when I think how I wasted my chance  
And mother I pray  
That it would happen someday  
We would find you  
Where we're going

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