Lines in the Sand

Bravestation

Sometimes, for a moment of bliss
And the passion, we're craving
There's a message we miss
Sometimes when, the spirits left alone
We must believe in something to find if we've grownTragic reflex, shattered calm
Static progress, senses gone
Numb awareness, final psalmSwept away with the tide
(Swept away with the tide)
Through the holes in my hands
(Through the holes in my hands)
Crown of thorns at my side
(Crown of thorns at my side, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Drawing lines in the sandSometimes, if you're perfectly still
You can hear the virgin weeping
For the savior of your will
Sometimes, your castles in the air
And the fantasies you're seeking, are the crosses you bearSacred conflict, blessed prize
Weeping crosses, stainless eyes
Desperate addict, faith disguisedSwept away with the tide
(Swept away with the tide)
Through the holes in my hands
(Through the holes in my hands, yeah)
Crown of thorns at my side
(Crown of thorns at my side)
Drawing lines in the sandWe fabricate our demons, invite them into our homes
Have supper with the aliens and fight the war alone
We conjure up our skeletons, enlist the den of thieves
Frightened from our closets, then sewn upon our sleevesIn the stream of consciousness, there is a river crying
Living comes much easier, once we admit, we're dyingSometimes, in the wreckage of our wake
There's a bitterness we harbor and hate for hatred's sake
Sometimes we, we dig an early grave and crucify our instincts
For the hope we couldn't saveSometimes a view from sinless eyes
Centers our perspective and pacifies our cries
Sometimes the anguish we survive and the mysteries we nurture
Are the fabrics of our livesSwept away with the tide
(Swept away with the tide, yeah)
Through the holes in my hands
(Through the holes, holes in my hands)
Crown of thorns at my side

(Crown of thorns at my side)
Drawing lines in the sand

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