

Asleep In The Chapel

Thursday

Three chalk outlines sleep in the dirty street
And in our beds, under the sheets
They're the halo of guilt hanging around your neck
Next to the rosary you count falling asleep
And we're praying
These are the symptoms
Of letting go of all our hope
Since we can't compete with martyred saints
We'll douse ourselves in gasoline and hang our bodies from the lampposts
So that our shadows turn into bright lights
'White lights, white heat'
We'll make as we're backing out in the center lane
(We swerve)
To the beat
(Spill)
All the ink
No revisions
Do you hear the church bells ringing?
Wake up!! Wake up in an outline and try to speak
With the shattered voice of the lives we lead
(Have we slept too long)
Between the bullet holes in a stained glass window state?
And we're praying
These are the symptoms
Of letting go of all our hope
(When we repent)
And we're praying
(We fall on the page)
(Read in the margins)

We are the symptoms
Of letting go of all our hope
Someday we'll be complete like modern saints
Baptize our kids in gasoline
And hang our doubts up in cathedrals
So that they turn to faith in the colored sun
'Red rain, red rain'
We'll make as we're backing out in the center lane
(We swerve)

To the beat
(Spill)
All the ink
(No revisions)
Do you hear the church bells ringing?
They ring for you
(We woke up this morning to a sky with no air in it
And the street is filled with a thousand burning crosses
And what we thought was the sunrise, just passing headlights)
Still the choir girls sing
'Oh lord, can you save us, save us?
Oh, lord, sing hallelujah.
Oh lord, can you save us, save us?
Oh, lord, sing hallelujah.'
They are the symptoms
Of letting go of all our hope
We're falling asleep with open eyes
Falling asleep inside the chapel
Falling asleep in chalk outlines
Falling asleep as the headlights pass us by

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