Stained Glass Ceilings

The Wonder Years

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Like a burning monk
My light flared out in the dark
You're my constant call to arms
Took the blindfold off then left chalk outlines where the future was
It's a goddamn war of attrition
It's a death by a thousand cuts
And if these motherfuckers made it to heaven
They burned the bridge when they got acrossThey're gathering anchors
They're gathering rope
You push into heaven all alone
They're grabbing your ankles
They won't let you go
The ebb and the distant flow
They're cutting your wings off
Built your ceilings out of stained glassWell you cut like gravel in my skinned knee
The wound will close eventually
You'll stay as a reminder of how fucked this world can be
Held your funeral on a Tuesday
Holy waters, November cold
The kid who pulled the trigger
Knew too well, couldn't promise him hopeAll these bastards are gathering rope
You push into heaven all alone
They're grabbing your ankles
They won't let you go
The ebb and the distant flow
They're cutting your wings off
Built your ceilings out of stained glass
They were cutting your wings off
I was staring at my idle hands
Maybe I could've done something
Maybe I could've made a differenceJohn Wayne with a God complex
Tells me to buy a gun

Like shooting a teenage kid is gonna solve any problems
Like it's an arms race
Like death don't mean nothing
To know the heavy price of living, boy
The world in my red lines, backed into a corner
Not knowing growing up what it's like to belong here in America[Bridge 2: Jason Aalon Butler]
With everyone built the same then how come building's so fucking hard for you?
It's something we're all born into
Enough is enough too gray [?]
It's black or white and sometimes black and blue
It's something we're all born into, whoa-oh
Now I know what's in a name
Not just my father
This old man makes half of me
Why should I bother?
Merchants of misery stacking the deck
Fucking John Wayne's fucking God complex
I have everything in front of me
But there is far enough
To touch those fever dreams
They call America
I am the general's chosen one
The privileged bastard sonThey're gathering anchors
They're gathering rope
You push into heaven all alone
They're gathering anchors
They're gathering rope
You push into heaven all alone
No, all alone

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/