

The Crossing

The Hidden Hand

Maps on the back of your hands point to the cross
Scratches on walls in a room draw out your loss
Your islands are conquered and you are returned to the throne
Martyrs take penance and fill up the mattress with stones Pull straws with holy men
Stain all the atlas pink
And let us find a beach
Where we can cross our hearts Stand in the wind as the carousels spin
Wear out your welcome again
Stand on the silence of mountains and
Wear out your welcome again Mornings hit hard with an uncontrollable light
Piercing the senses that click deep in the night
Crouched in a pillow of straw feet on the floor
Creeping a path to the mat that holds back the door Pull straws with holy men
Stain all the atlas pink
And let us find a beach
Where we can cross our hearts Build up great railways that run through the horns of the moon
Hold up a city with cast iron museum walls
Explain your machines to the boys, feed them with tools
Bring out the skill in your skin, polish your hair Pull straws with holy men
Stain all the atlas pink
And let us find a beach
Where we can cross our hearts Stand in the wind as the carousels spin
Wear out your welcome again
Stand on the silence of mountains
And take a look down to the sea Stand in the wind as the carousels spin
Wear out your welcome again
Stand on the silence of mountains
And take a look down to the sea

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