

Sunday's Finest

Echo Orbiter

All the way completely, unproclaimed mystery
Rise up early with a dried up short cough
Scratch the scabs from the hands weak from magnificence
Look there, you know, weather-beaten, sad and worn

The country's heart and stare will trust again
Time grows large and expands like a cancer
But you yourself knew this mere deception
And so you died, and chose your reward, in Christ

Lyrics submitted by Cab.

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