The Crossing

Strike Anywhere

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 stonesPull straws with holy men
Stain all the atlas pink
And let us find a beach
Where we can cross our heartsStand in the wind as the carousels spin
Wear out your welcome again
Stand on the silence of mountains and
Wear out your welcome againMornings 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 doorPull straws with holy men
Stain all the atlas pink
And let us find a beach
Where we can cross our heartsBuild 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 hairPull straws with holy men
Stain all the atlas pink
And let us find a beach
Where we can cross our heartsStand 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 seaStand 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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