Absent Are The Saints

36 Crazyfists

With so many words we stand upon our dreams, with all the hell around, it's exactly what it seems
Lying at the bottom we can't derive our fate
In the dead of night, absent are the saintsChanged men, will change
There's only two kinds, ones with truth within and ones with plague inside...I don't want to see it all come crashing down, down in the ocean
Altering the course, untangle this weight and send off the poisonsMountain size the pain, if ceased would bring us sound
No clarity to shape the lost all went unfound
But with the hope of man, shine faith from all unseen
Braided hands that reach for nothing but beliefChanged men, will changeHope lies unlost, gain strength at all costs...I don't want to see it all come crashing down, down in the ocean
Altering the course, untangle this weight and send off the poisonsAbsent are the saints, absent are the saints

Songwriters
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