

# Finest Hour

## Jackopierce

Red light bleeding  
Replaces the evening in sharper shades  
Cover, there is none above us  
The sheets are gathered in the face of the rain  
Silence, pray for silence  
Guidance for the troubles that remain  
Tired, too tired to fight it  
The rail drives a course, I can't maintain  
All this and more  
Can you believe  
They got the wrong man?  
I still believe these are the finest hours  
The water calmer  
Warm now I rest in its embrace  
But it's short lived, it always is  
Don't know what tomorrow you might face  
All this and more  
Can you believe  
They got the wrong man?  
I still believe these are the finest hours  
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Can you believe  
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