

We Are What You Say

Dead Sara

We are a servant, we have a song
The side of a beehive, a tabernacle choir
We are the sound working in wars
The bishop is gone to the acolyte shores We save our Bibles, we pull our sleeves
The word is a guard and the guard is a cleave
We are the right, we are the stay
The accolade's gone, we are what you say We have no language, we have no chore
The side of a beehive, the bride is a whore
We are a spite, we are at bay
The spirit is life, we are what you say We have a sermon, we have a song
The bishop is easy, the bishop is wrong
The spirit is right, the spirit will say
We are a light, we are what you say

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