

# Asleep in the Chapel

## Thursday

Three chalk outlines sleep in the dirty street  
And in our beds, under the sheets  
They're the halo of guilt hanging around your neck  
Next to the rosary you count falling asleep  
And we're praying These are the symptoms  
Of letting go of all our hope  
Since we can't compete with martyred saints  
We'll douse ourselves in gasoline and hang our bodies from the lampposts  
So that our shadows turn into bright lights 'White lights, white heat'  
We'll make as we're backing out in the center lane  
(We swerve)  
To the beat  
(Spill)  
All the ink  
No revisions  
Do you hear the church bells ringing? Wake up!! Wake up in an outline and try to speak  
With the shattered voice of the lives we lead  
(Have we slept too long)  
Between the bullet holes in a stained glass window state?  
And we're praying These are the symptoms  
Of letting go of all our hope  
(When we repent)  
And we're praying  
(We fall on the page)  
(Read in the margins)  
We are the symptoms  
Of letting go of all our hope Someday we'll be complete like modern saints  
Baptize our kids in gasoline  
And hang our doubts up in cathedrals  
So that they turn to faith in the colored sun 'Red rain, red rain'  
We'll make as we're backing out in the center lane  
(We swerve)  
To the beat  
(Spill)  
All the ink  
(No revisions)  
Do you hear the church bells ringing?  
They ring for you (We woke up this morning to a sky with no air in it  
And the street is filled with a thousand burning crosses

And what we thought was the sunrise, just passing headlights) Still the choir girls sing

'Oh lord, can you save us, save us?

Oh, lord, sing hallelujah.

Oh lord, can you save us, save us?

Oh, lord, sing hallelujah.' They are the symptoms

Of letting go of all our hope

We're falling asleep with open eyes

Falling asleep inside the chapel

Falling asleep in chalk outlines

Falling asleep as the headlights pass us by

Lyrics provided by

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