

After the Scripture

Manchester Orchestra

After the scripture,
We started to pray
Holding our hands up,
Waiting for change
I hardly knew you,
You knew me the same
So we built a shelter, but we turned the weak away
Your mother beside me,
Rattling her brain
Making an offering,
Pacing the pane
We took a picture,
Placed it in frame
We built a fire, and we turned the cold away
And I know it's not what you desire
This pain can't crumble
Won't soon retire
Everybody there was trying to hide some great desire
To put away the positives,
And let that good girl die
Everybody's prayers were turned into a gradual sigh
So I paced around the backyard for a while
That was a bee sting,
A speck in my eye
A casual movement,
A thief in the night
Now I can't forget you,
A sword in my side
A candle that burned me, delivered me life
And I know it's not what you desire
This pain can't crumble
Won't soon retire

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