

Absent Are the Saints

36 Crazyfists

Go!

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 of the saints

Changed 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 poisons

Mountain size the pain
If ceased would bring us sound.
No clarity to shape the lost all went unfound
But with hope of man, shine faith from all unseen
Braided hands that reach for nothing but belief

Changed men, will change
Hopes lives unlost, gain strength at all costs

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