

Stations of the New Cross

Glassjaw

The crow arises
And steals the dreams from my eyes
Kneel down and kiss the ground
Stations of the new cross
Yet at the faintest light,
Even his conscious is eating him alive

I believe in
Regret for when the morning appears again
I believe in one regret to hold
You when the morning appears again

Dawn of devotion
Temporary nuance
I light fire to bait a prey
Simpler than you are
Though you don't believe I might
Even his conscious was eating him alive
Tell the world

I believe in
Regret for when the morning appears again
I believe in regret for when the sun appears again

The crown arises and plucks
The dreams from my eyes
The stations of the new cross