

Too Many Virtues

Greg Graffin

Sometimes the moon and stars can catch you by surprise
There's just too many virtues in the night
The bitter chill blows through this board and batten pine
There's just too many virtues in the night

There's just too many virtues in this lonesome sorry heart
All loaded with pride
Then the old crow wanted in from the cold morning light

The glowing embers on the hearth are just a memory
Dead soldiers strewn about the floor
And all the good that came from faith, hope, and charity
I can't remember anymore

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