

Finest Hour

Jackopierce

Red light bleeding
Replaces the evening in sharper shades
Cover, there is none above us
The sheets are gathered in the face of the rain

Silence, pray for silence
Guidance for the troubles that remain
Tired, too tired to fight it
The rail drives a course, I can't maintain

All this and more
Can you believe
They got the wrong man?
I still believe these are the finest hours

The water calmer
Warm now I rest in its embrace
But it's short lived, it always is
Don't know what tomorrow you might face

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