

Distant Honor

Miracle Of Sound

Distant honor, wasted grace
Twisted pawn a face replaced
Phantom filter mask of dread
Damn the guilt my past is dead

And I wait for the night
Shadows protect my
Angel in white
Time to eject these
Vain parasites
Cast out reject the
Plague in all your hearts

Cause the sad sad faces of the weary and worn
Live in bad bad places that are dreary and torn
And a distant honor calls me to your side
To be your guide

Wrapped up in your velvet sheets
Far above the hellish streets you're
Strapped inside your wealthy keeps
Piss on corners where we sleep

And this town's paranoid
Blinking and jumping
Down in the void
A sickening dumping
Ground to avoid
The stink of the pumping
Plague in all your hearts

Cause the sad sad faces of the weary and worn
Live in bad bad places that are dreary and torn
And a distant honor calls me to your side
To be your guide

Shades of the whales in the tainted deep
Maimed and impaled in their pain they sleep
The faded and frail in the laneways weep
Broken souls in mourning

Cause the sad sad faces of the weary and worn
Live in bad bad places that are dreary and torn
And a distant honor calls me to your side
To be your guide
On rooftops hide
Be your guide

Shades of the whales in the painted deep
Maimed and impaled in their pain they sleep
The faded and frail in the laneways weep
Broken souls in mourning