

Never I

The Chariot

Buried because of progress and profit, face the facts, you can
send the harlot for the job of a pilgrim.
When we cast the script, we found it hard to tell either apart,
enter the modern world.
Take rest my love because the thief is blessed with sounding bells,
the body count is all we got and I know that is hollow still.
Midnight is growing deer.
To sing of love or to sing of life is a lonely road but I walk
in faith.
Shake up the press, raise the flag,
I have seen way too much to let my heart break.
With the father's past, how can distances be great?
This is for the Earth that slept too late.
Bless the thief.