

All the flowers in the field of hours
Have withered away
And the sky that used to light our lives
Is ashen grey
As the clouds kiss the faultline
And look back as if to say...
"There's nothing to see here..."
There's nothing to feel here

And our dreams left like children by the wayside
And our psalms
Sung like secrets by the seaside

Could heaven come more quickly
And lift us from the embers
And the cinders that we remember
Of the fires that killed our hearts
And left us withered and grey
There's a tear inside of all our lives
That time won't mend
There's a shroud around our saddened eyes
Here at the end

Yet our hopes shine like beacons
In the half-light
And our prayers-violent whispers
By the seaside