

Asleep in the Chapel

Thursday

three chalk outlines sleep in the dirty street
and in our beds, under the sheets,
they're the halo of guilt hanging around your neck,
next to the rosary you count, falling asleep

and we're praying
these are the symptoms of letting go of all our hope.

since we can't compete with martyred saints,
we'll douse ourselves in gasoline
and hang our bodies from the lampposts
so that our shadows turn into bright lights

'white light, white heat' we'll make
as we're blacking out in the center lane,
(we swerve) to the beat, (spill) all the ink
(no revisions) do you hear the church bells ringing?

wake up!! wake up in an outline and try to speak
with the shattered voice of the lives we lead...
have we slept too long
between the bullet holes in a stained-glass window state?

and we're praying
these are the symptoms of letting go of all our hope.
(when we repent)
and we're praying
(we fall on the page, read in the margins)
we are the symptoms of letting go of all our hope.

someday we'll be complete like modern saints,
baptize our kids in gasoline
and hang our doubts up in cathedrals
so that they turn to faith in the colored sunlight.

'red rain, red rain' we'll make
as we're blacking out in the center lane,
(we swerve) to the beat, (spill) all the ink,
(no revisions) do you hear the church bells ringing?

they ring for you.

we woke up this morning to a sky with no air in it
and all the streets are filled with a thousand burning crosses
and what we thought was the sunrise, just passing headlights
still the choir girls sing, 'oh lord, can you save us? oh lord, sing hallelu
jah'

they are the symptoms of letting go of all our hope...
we're falling asleep with open eyes
falling asleep inside the chapel
falling asleep in chalk outlines
falling asleep as the headlights pass us by...