

A Goat In Sheep's Rosary

From Autumn To Ashes

A coarse exhalation of lungs that pray for pity
My two fingers punching the keys diligently
Trembling ground pushes my glass off the table
Spilling the blood of the son of your idol

If it were not for this
Extensive bug collection
I would know not what I've found
This world would still be flat
Mary would be a virgin
And I would still be sleeping sound

If every word is a dead symbol
Empowered by the carriers expression
I'll bury my instrument, citing this incident
I'm a flickering bulb that keeps blaming the filament

The most honest telling of this boyish fable
Is that on level ground, I'm never feeling stable
I've got to try to outlast this candle
Or trust department to fight the inferno

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It's an endless quest to maintain
When no one is ever right
And out on the fertile plains
We bathe in fractured rays of
Sun, sunlight, sun, sunlight, light

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