

Samuel Aging Spalding was from Spokane
Right around the corner from the church
Just above his temples he was balding
Hear him pray, hear him pray

You bestow your blessing on the heads of the living
His words are like a soft bell
Listen to the dead voice and the silence that is ringing
Like an echo in a dying well

He dipped his pen in ink and stayed up writing
half that night and the following day
Breathing smoke and doing coke
And fighting to stay awake
To stay awake

If a thousand chandeliers could have been there shining
In the country of a cold sleep
He might've been steered to a faith that was blinding
Instead of stumbling in his own defeat

Samuel
I think you said too much
Samuel
There's always something there behind you
Samuel
Your sentence dead five times before it hit the ground
and it the ground and it sounds like...

Well he raked his eyes and read what he had laid down.
His tongue was dry, his eyes were moist and red.
Exhausted from the work he went and laid down
and the writing read and the writing read

Run walk or stagger to you old lifes hanging
It doesn't matter if it feels right
Funnel yourself through to the world your planning
Riding on your insight.

Spells and curses, bells and churches
Peeling bells the silence swells