

Northern Towns

Attack In Black

Make it so the handsome way of what never was
turns to overcast what has become
so away with that which makes a moment so discreet
we hesitate, ashamed to really laugh or really weep

maybe man is worth the weight of what his eyes have seen maybe
there's a branch of wonder left here to believe
there are places with horizons above a level ground
a man's as much as the love he leaves
behind in northern towns

make it so what makes us mindful without reprimand
fall behind the eyes of every man
if the story of our lives becomes
our sufferings penned and left
begin to recount every time you ever really wept