

St. Peter's Cathedral

Death Cab for Cutie

St. Peter's cathedral
Built of granite
Ever fearful of the answer
When the candle in the tunnel
Is flickering and sputters
And fading faster
It's only then that you will know
What lies above or down below
Or if these fictions only prove
How much you've really got to lose

At St. Peter's cathedral
There is stained glass
There's a steeple that is reaching
Up towards the heavens
Such ambition never failing to amaze me
It's either quite a master plan
Or just chemicals that help us understand
That when our hearts stop ticking
This is the end
And there's nothing past this

There's nothing past this
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