

On March the Saints

Down

Be something that amounts to nothing the threat
A wreaking-ball plowing through our karma
We have no confident in our ears for tonight
Exist in memory only headline...
We have been through change
By the season of the storms
It's irony
The cleansing
Accept eccentric faith
To need religion
To sit high among the elect
On march the saints...
There's no such thing as a good time for bad luck
As minutes turn to distressed fragmented moments
Reading lips unable to hear the talk
Partake no tangible out in tomorrow...
We have seen the change
From the season of the storms
It's irony
The cleansing
With all our lives at stake
From at rest to the present
Are sitting high among the elect
On march the saints...
March
We have been through change
By the season of the storms
It's irony
The cleansing
Accept eccentric faith
To need religion
To sit high among the elect
On march the saints...