

# Weary Saints

Dustin Kensrue

For years we fought the night  
With pale and ghostly flames  
Some still dream of light  
So the sun will rise again

We'll cure our need for wrongs  
In cool and measured crime  
We'll learn to drift in palm  
From our hearts and from our minds

Let us not be faithless  
You will meet our needs  
A good and gracious wordless  
Will lamp unto our feet

For years we've closed our eyes  
While rust on reason grows  
Feed and clothe our lies  
In our hearts we know, yeah, we know

Wisdom lends us all  
Cool and steady hand  
Steel pressed to my palm  
Doesn't make me more a man

So courage for the givers  
Do what must be done  
To deal out truth and justice  
With swift and sober guns

For years you met our thirst  
Still deserts we have roamed  
We'll be done with dust and dirt  
When the ocean calls us home

And fall into the arms  
Of a cool and sweet embrace  
And under stars and waving palms  
Shed our sin like snakes

But time will cease to stalk us  
Death will be undone  
We'll shine with the light of  
A thousand blazing suns

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