

Church Of Broken Glass

Hammers of Misfortune

Thought I had a prayer down in this church
Of broken glass
But I awoke
To find myself asleep
And in glass, my soul to keep

Close-up of the floor down in this church
Of broken glass
Somewhere to pray
And spend all night
Strangling all day
So the fire expires this way

I thought I heard your voice down in this church
Of broken glass
So I returned
And the faithful still remained
But of you I heard no trace
But there's thirst to slake
And vows to break
And the fire expires this way
For today