

Saint With A Fever

Patrick Park

You cast off the chains,
That tied and bound.
You're sick of the talk,
And won't carry their crowns.
You hollowed the space,
Where they darkened the ground.
With weary precision,
You lowered them down.

Oh, preacher, believer,
Saint with a fever,
You timid only son.
You'd better wipe that dust,
From the tip of your tongue,
And sing what ain't been sung.

Cause I've seen better days
And I've seen the end.
I saw grown men break,
I saw changed men mend.
And I've been in deep;
Way over my head,
I heard the virgin weep,
While the Saviour bled.

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