

Inside a heart  
Of freezing boys  
Searching for the answer  
In a shiny dime

Who beg for sleep  
And piece of mind  
Why must the aging page  
Decide?

Me and John the 23rd have  
Tasted these sour words and I  
Just can't shake this belief that it's not a  
Test of devotion or something you read

From the dawn of time  
They taught her why  
Not to ask those questions  
And never cry

A plate of stars  
Could never take the place of the  
Boy who swore to catch me  
As I run through the rye

I know it's been quite a long time since I  
Sang a hymn without guilt in my eyes  
And I know he truly wouldn't care  
'Cause if you really tried, he'd save a place for you there

My weary heart  
Is looking, restless  
Not for a pardon  
But just one promise

All the faith that one can deserve, it's  
Enough to wonder why you punish your girls  
Sure he's facing you now, and not the wall, but isn't that  
Better than facing nothing at all?