

# Saint Anthony

## Senses Fail

My memory,  
Hangs like the stain glass of the saints past history.  
I bury deep, Saint Anthony.  
I hear that he can help me find the things I need.

Alaska winters pray for end of summer days  
But the sun won't go away.  
Just like me I'll bet they really want to change.

I can run as far as London,  
But my past has first class seats.

The lighthouse lost it's beam.  
Now all I see,  
Is the face of the cliffs between the moonlight waxing.  
I fear for my life,  
That the current tonight,  
Is stronger than the will that I have to survive.

So breathe you're alive.  
So breathe you're alive.  
So breathe you're alive.

Is it just me,  
Or do you wonder if we're put here just to see,  
How much heartache we can take,  
Without hanging from the tallest tree?

I feel as lonely as a preachers wife.  
My heart's a Russian Knight.  
I drink to try to melt the ice.

The Cold War in my mind.  
The truth hides between the lines.

The lighthouse lost it's beam.  
And now all I see,  
Is the face of the cliffs between the moonlight waxing.  
I fear for my life,  
That the current tonight,  
Is stronger than the will that I have to survive.

So breathe you're alive.  
Breathe you're alive.

Because we'll make it through this,  
No matter the odds.  
all bets are on.  
It's always darkest just before the dawn.

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and now all I see,  
Is the face of the cliffs between the moonlight waxing.  
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