

Flung wide  
The salutations  
the deep curse  
And the shutters close  
A spring house in the making  
On good earth of momented souls in my soul  
And fears I don't know  
I hear there is a march we should go

Lost on this road are there any real Sundays to find  
Unbound on the rising  
The pell mell the of miser kings  
As you saw what I'm seeing  
Oh you'd thaw from the fires  
There pace in your game  
And wake in your straights  
I ache from the center out

Lost on this road are there any real Sundays to find?  
Lost on this road are there any real souls  
Don't hear what I hear  
Don't see what I see  
Don't leave what I must leave behind

Lost on this road are there any real Sundays to find?  
This stop I am hunger  
The deep well of a stranger held  
And this heart of a lonely hunter now

I'm lost on this road  
Are there any real Sundays to find  
I'm lost on this road  
Are there any real souls?  
Are there any real souls to find?  
Are there any real souls to find?