

## Man

## The Church

We press on and on  
Funny how the future's always waiting for you  
When the day has gone  
We hide away

Shadows that stalk you  
The wind that calls your name  
Voices in the thunder  
Don't understand what they're saying

We build monuments  
To celebrate our glorious dead now  
Iron and cement  
Above their tombs

We cast out our nets  
Drag up the struggling contents surely  
We must not forget  
That hunger looms

Shadows that stalk you  
The wind that calls your name (shadows that stalk you)  
Shadows that stalk you  
Child cries and he learns  
And doubt returns

In the Darkest hours  
We restle with our ancestors  
We resist their power  
The power of being

In the coldest night  
Huddled 'round the dying embers  
Praying for the light  
Might set us free

Fingers that soothe you  
Shadows that stalk you (the jokes that make you sleep)  
Intricate harness  
Shadows that stalk you (the harvest that you reap)

Man stalls, he flies  
Man falls and he rise

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