

Burning Bridges

The Family

Visions they're dancing like puppets on strings
Wait for the face in the choir to sing
Cymbals and symbols you clang in my ear
While rainclouds burst out into tears
Burning your bridges on God's Holy Fire
And all of the children you sire
Over and over my blues start to roll
Bypass my body head straight for my soul
While speeches ain't silent and silence ain't gold
When left in the dirt there to mould
Burning your bridges on God's Holy Fire
And all of, all of the children you sire
Rainwater preachers hang vines on the road
Lamplight reflections all turned into stone
Of tall handsome strangers who pray down their nose
And they're nailed to the cross, I suppose
Burning your bridges on God's Holy Fire
And all the children you sire