

The Beginning

The Parlor Mob

I started the day by the tree where the sea was of nothing
I was closer to god in my dreams but still out of my head
When all of the leaves and the moments were in their way touching

A blanket of change and the listening for what will be said

When all that I knew was the wind and the faces before me
I spoke with the purpose and strength of a thousand young man
When the weight of the world and their wolves were out there to destroy me

I stood in the grass on the hill with my will to defend

This is the start of something
This is the end of who we were
The beginning of what we will be
This is the call to something,
This is a chance at something pure,
The only chance that we can see

When everything else disappears
We'll live out our lives beyond years

Where's the forgiveness we said would be written all over
Where is the peace and the freedom we said would be ours
Have we been lost in a dead winter whispering clover
Can we get back to the truth in the bees and the flowers