

# Stained Glass Ceilings

## The Wonder Years

Like a burning monk  
My light flared out in the dark  
You're my constant call to arms  
Took the blindfold off then left chalk outlines where the future was  
It's a goddamn war of attrition  
It's a death by a thousand cuts  
And if these motherfuckers made it to heaven  
They burned the bridge when they got across

They're gathering anchors  
They're gathering rope  
You push into heaven all alone  
They're grabbing your ankles  
They won't let you go  
The ebb and the distant flow  
They're cutting your wings off  
Built your ceilings out of stained glass

Well you cut like gravel in my skinned knee  
The wound will close eventually  
You'll stay as a reminder of how fucked this world can be  
Held your funeral on a Tuesday  
Holy waters, November cold  
The kid who pulled the trigger  
Knew too well, couldn't promise him hope

All these bastards are gathering rope  
You push into heaven all alone  
They're grabbing your ankles  
They won't let you go  
The ebb and the distant flow  
They're cutting your wings off  
Built your ceilings out of stained glass  
They were cutting your wings off  
I was staring at my idle hands  
Maybe I could've done something  
Maybe I could've made a difference

John Wayne with a God complex  
Tells me to buy a gun  
Like shooting a teenage kid is gonna solve any problems  
Like it's an arms race  
Like death don't mean nothing  
To know the heavy price of living, boy  
The world in my red lines, backed into a corner  
Not knowing growing up what it's like to belong here in America

With everyone built the same then how come building's so fucking hard for yo  
u?  
It's something we're all born into  
Enough is enough too gray [?]  
It's black or white and sometimes black and blue  
It's something we're all born into, whoa-oh  
Now I know what's in a name  
Not just my father  
This old man makes half of me  
Why should I bother?

Merchants of misery stacking the deck  
Fucking John Wayne's fucking God complex  
I have everything in front of me  
But there is far enough  
To touch those fever dreams  
They call America  
I am the general's chosen one  
The privileged bastard son

They're gathering anchors  
They're gathering rope  
You push into heaven all alone  
They're gathering anchors  
They're gathering rope  
You push into heaven all alone  
No, all alone