

Woven Hand

"Messes Of Men"

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I do not exist, but faithfully insist,
Sailing in our separate ships and from each tiny
caravelle.
Tiring of trying, with unnecessary dying,
Like the horseshoe crab in it's proper season sheds it's
shell.
Such distance from our friends,
Like a scratch across the lens,
Made everything look wrong from anywhere we stood.
And our paper blew away before we'd left the bay.
So half blind, we wrote these songs on sheets of salty
wood.

Caught me makin' eyes at the other boatman's wife,
And heard me laughing louder at the jokes told by their
daughter.
I'd set my course for land, but you well understand,
It takes a steady hand to navigate adultrous water.
The propeller's spinning blades held acquaintance with
the waves,
As there's mistakes I've made no rowing could outrun.
The cloth low on the mast, I say I got no past,
I'm nonetheless the librarian and secretary's son.

The tarnish on my brass, the mildew on my glass--
I'd never want someone so crass as to want someone
like me.
But a few leagues off the shore, I bit a flashing lure,
And I assure you it was not what I expected it to be.
I still tastes its' kiss, that dull hook in my lip
Is a memory as useless as a rod without a reel.
To an anchor ever dropped, sea-sick yet still docked,
Captain spotted napping with his first mate at the
wheel!

We'll float forgetfully along, with no need to be strong,
We keep our confessions long, but when we pray we
keep it short.
I drank a thimble full of fire,
I'm not ever coming back...
Oh, my God.

I do not exist, but faithfully insist,
While watching sink the heavy ship with everything we
knew!
And if ever you come near, I'll hold up high a mirror.
Lord, I could never show you anything as beautiful as
you.

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