

Strike.Fire.Fall

"Music and Spirits"

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If I could write a love song,
This would be the verse.
And articulated sound
Of the things I fear the most.
But do you want to listen,
And do I even want to try?
My lonely trumpet sounds off in the sky...
Four shots to take the pain away,
Three more to make it real.
I address it with neglect,
An empty bottle and a fear:
That I can touch the sun,
But only feel the rain.
Or that I can touch this love
And only feel the pain.
We're treading for forever singing:

Don't start giving up,
You're already home.
It's the sound of understanding
When there's no sound at all.
I can't fight that feeling when it runs through my bones.
It's you that's in my memory,
The sword in my stone.

(One, two, three, four)

They took him to the car port,
Oh, I mean the airport;
A boy trapped inbetween.
"Trust me, I'm your father."
"I know you, I'm your mother."
And both were unforeseen.
He cried out, "Come save me."
But the words just bounced right back.
He heard, "He saves he."
The three words hit him, smack.
We're treading for forever singing:

Don't start giving up,
You're already home.

It's the sound of understanding
When there's no sound at all.
I can't fight that feeling when it runs through my bones.
It's you that's in my memory,
The sword in my stone.

Come home Shawn.
(What dreams make.)
Come home Shawn.
(What dreams make.)
Come home Shawn.
(What dreams make.)
Come home Shawn.
(What dreams make.)
Oh, we're treading for forever singing...
Shawn, we're treading for forever singing:

Don't start giving up,
You're already home.
It's the sound of understanding
When there's no sound at all.
I can't fight that feeling when it runs through my bones.
It's you that's in my memory,
The sword in my stone.
The sword in my stone.
The sword in my stone.

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