

Death Cab For Cutie "St Peter's Cathedral"

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St. Peter's cathedral, built of granite
But ever fearful of the answer
When the candle in the tunnel
Is flickering and sputters and fading faster

It's only then that you will know
What lies above or down below
Or if these fictions only prove
How much you've really got to lose

At St. Peter's cathedral, there is stained glass
There is a steeple that is reaching
Up towards the heavens
Such ambition never failing to amaze me

It's either quite a master plan
Or just chemicals that help us understand
That when our hearts stop ticking
This is the end and there's nothing past this

There's nothing past this
There's nothing past this
There's nothing past this
There's nothing past this

There's nothing past this
There's nothing past this
There's nothing past this
There's nothing past this
There's nothing past this

There's nothing past this
(There's nothing past this)
There's nothing past this
(There's nothing past this)

There's nothing past this
(There's nothing past this)
There's nothing past this
(There's nothing past this)

There's nothing past this

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