

## Down "On March The Saints"

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Be something that amounts to nothing the threat  
A wreaking-ball plowing through our karma  
We have no confident in our ears for tonight  
Exist in memory only headline...

We have been through change  
By the season of the storms  
It's irony  
The cleansing  
Accept eccentric faith  
To need religion  
To sit high among the elect  
On march the saints...

There's no such thing as a good time for bad luck  
As minutes turn to distressed fragmented moments  
Reading lips unable to hear the talk  
Partake no tangible out in tomorrow...

We have seen the change  
From the season of the storms  
It's irony  
The cleansing  
With all our lives at stake  
From at rest to the present  
Are sitting high among the elect  
On march the saints...

March

We have been through change  
By the season of the storms  
It's irony  
The cleansing  
Accept eccentric faith  
To need religion  
To sit high among the elect  
On march the saints...

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