

From Autumn To Ashes

"Hang The Mason"

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We arrived at the sullen gates of heathens penniless
And we revised our laundry list of reasons to feel
distressed
We don't know what we're doing here but Heaven
seemed all too exclusive for my interests
I've never been any good at following those rules, they
taught in Sunday school

They keep you locked up till the time is right
they keep your mind and body occupied
Maybe I'm just jealous of your faith
Maybe I'd fair better as a saint

I am pleased to accept your application for my review
And I'll arrange for a proper orientation if you have a
clue as to what it is we're doing here
I don't expect you to show up qualified and fearless
Blow a kiss or throw a fist, what's it gonna be?
Cause now is your chance to leave

They keep you locked up till the time is right
they keep your mind and body occupied
Maybe I'm just jealous of your faith
Maybe I'd fair better as a saint

And on that day, they'll hang the mason, who laid the
stones for the wells we wish in
And on that day, they'll give a sermon
My ears do their best to listen

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