

# Church "Destination"

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Our instruments have no way of measuring this feeling  
Can never cut below the floor, or penetrate the ceiling  
In the space between our houses, some bones have  
been discovered  
But our procession lurches on, as if we had recovered

Draconian winter unforetold  
One solar day, suddenly you're old  
Your little envelope just makes me cold  
Makes destination start to unfold

Our documents are useless, or forged beyond  
believing  
Page forty-seven is unsigned, I need it by this evening  
In the space between our cities, a storm is slowly  
forming  
Something eating up our days, I feel it every morning

Destination, destination  
Destination, destination  
Destination, destination

It's not a religion, it's just a technique  
It's just a way of making you speak  
Distance and speed have left us too weak  
And destination looks kind of bleak

Our elements are burned out, our beasts have been  
mistreated  
I tell you it's the only way we'll get this road completed  
In the space between our bodies, the air has grown  
small fingers  
Just one caress, you're powerless, like all those  
clapped-out swingers

Destination, destination  
Destination, destination  
Destination, destination  
Destination

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