

## O Pioneers!!! "Providence"

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My eyes open up  
A sea of faces without names fills the room  
And we'll swallow God  
Our bread: his body left to rot.  
If it's all the same, we'll stay the same

Now hollower eyes allow us to see  
Our complacent bodies  
And if sight is opinion then how can it be  
Grounds for belief?  
And we'll blame it on providence  
Slipped through fingertips  
Stretched out to the splitting  
And accuse the thrones of greater men

If pride is a kingly crown  
Then on my head it's overturned  
I hear the simple swells of grace  
Falling down like rain

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