

Deepfield "Wayside"

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Where will you run when your kingdom falls?
Will you think of the world?
Where will you hide when your saviour laughs in your
face-
At the joke you've made of his name?

Here in this world how would you know
What the angels look like?
Here are my wings, flightless and tired of the burden

When things fall by the wayside
I have my faith in reason

What a man tells a man becomes institution
In your book of dead words
And it never ever fails how the idiots prevail
Or at least outnumber us

Here in this world how would you know

What the angels look like?
Here are my wings, flightless and tired of the burden

When things fall by the wayside
You have no reason for faith

Wise men still seek him now
But i'm skeptic of the holy epileptics
And the seers of visions
And the mocking of a fabulous fairy tale

Here in this world how would you know
What the angels look like?
Here are my wings, flightless and tired of the burden

When things fall by the wayside
I have my faith
You have fallen by the wayside

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