

The Axe That Chopped The Cherry Tree "Night Light"

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Strip my muscles away from my bones and let me take
pleasure in a bare-body type of faith
I want to feel you without skin--flesh is unimportant; it is
my soul that longs to touch
Give me strength to hold you, my voice to scream your
name
So that I might proclaim your glory and the faith it
deserves

Like an amateur of finesse I stretch my hands out, I call
for cleansing, calming, capture
This is my promise: uphold our famous deal
Obey

Like a light in twilight, splitting your hues to me and my
blues
You are the answer, I believe

Felling regrets, I'm left with only my pocketknife and
nothing to cut my way out of
These days it's either you find yourself in medie,
monogamy, or mayhem
But never in the arms of salvation

What's next? I ask of you
And why after finding you am I challenged so?

I'm left with ways to protect me from the world, but
none to see you with both eyes open

And I will be satisfied when I awake in your lifeness
When the dark ends and I can burn infallible

What's left for you and I and why after searching can't I
find you here?
What's left for you and I and why am I still here--what's
keeping me here?

Life is politics, and like all politics, I'm apathetic
I want only you to take opacity down
I will not succumb
I will not drown

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