

Sackcloth Fashion

"Summit Of Angels"

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what a day, a crazy way once again to start out the morning no time to stop, no time to eat but that s ok cause all the dishes are dirty thinks of her job, thinks of her friend thinks of her guy and her weekends just to convince her she s happy. won t look to deep to find the need won t give a chance to find the only forgotten

summit of angels
dancing like maybells

won t dry her face, wants the whole price she s at the place between a mirror and an open heart makes toward the door, gets in the car, knows where to go so she can make it by evening she stumbles in takes the back row, remembers when she left here at seventeen she listens now, takes it all in and then she swims in the cup of remembrance

it s whisked away that morning grey down past the groves so she can sun-dry the sugar leaf drinks a rose tea, down by the sea with a family of ancients and infants grace in the breeze that lets us raise into the skies our tattered box kites and gliders comes from the hill that s bloody still beneath the crossbeam of justification

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