

Lilium

"Whitewashed"

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Kiss a velvet doll
Strung high on the wall
Oak and pine
Mahogany mine
The eyes of mercy they are thine

We look for the better angels of our nature
We look in vain
Speak truth
Cost as it may
Every seeking a narrower way
Ever weak
However strong
They are most beautiful before they're gone

Whitewashed
Given foothold and license
You snuck in here on a folk song
Try yourself
Do something
Rise from the ground like a flower
Prove to be
Be found to be

What does the lord require
To do justly
To love mercy
To walk humbly on his ground
He does set straight with a glance
Guilt washed down in weeping

Don't come around my dreams no more
With a fist full of stick
Come in the smile of Elijah
He is the lord and healer of the sick

Les absents ont toujours tort
Les absents ont toujours tort

