

Ben Weaver

"Old Mission"

Visit "[Old Mission](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

From the banks of that old mission under a vein of
sycamore
I lay like a switchblade reflecting the moon
Scraping the spine blood from a trout with the back of
my thumb
Start a fire on the beach and just lay listening to it burn

Time is the river polishing the stone
Curiosity is faith with no backbone

An owl cuts your silhouette from the bark of an elm
And laces your boots with the twine from a scare crows
belt
Pitch fork dreams and typewriter prayers
The wind catches and turns the spades of your
windmill heart

Every time I thought I was lost
Just packed my bags and my chains fell off

I went into the woods like a cold hand goes into a glove
A salt box shack outlined by chimney smoke with parts
of old cars laying out in the yard
Everyday the sun rakes through the window across my
table across my floor
There's a family of starlings living in the soffit over my
front door

Sometimes I hide behind the man you think I am
But it's only because I don't want to come across
anything like them

Ambition has destroyed my morals but time has given
me grace
A kestrel Slaughterhouse birds sing behind all the
cracks in my porcelain face
Wish I had a million bucks so I could at least say I threw
it all away
Now my life is pitch black and I'm just counting down
the days

Ask me if it burns I'll show you the flame

Ask me if it bleeds I'll show you the vein

My story hangs from the clothesline leaking dead
sunlight all over my past

Youth has become the fabric the moth of old age
destroys

There is no romance in a lonely heart and a frozen soul
But a dog does what he does because he's a dog

I used to be skin and now I'm a soar

Closer I get to heaven quicker they shut the door

Visit [Ben Weaver](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.