

## 36 Crazy Fists

### "Absent Are The Saints"

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With so many words we stand upon our dreams  
With all the hell around,  
It's exactly what it seems  
Lying at the bottom we can't derive our fate  
In the dead of night, absent of the saints.

Changed men, will change  
There's only two kinds, ones with truth within and ones  
with plague inside

I don't want to see it all  
Come crashing down, down in the ocean  
Altering the course,  
Untangle this weight and send off the poisons

Mountain size the pain,  
If ceased would bring us sound.  
No clarity to shape the lost all went unfound  
But with hope of man, shine faith from all unseen.  
Braided hands that reach for nothing but belief.

Changed men, will change  
Hopes lives unlost, gain strength at all costs

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Absent are the saints, absent are the saints

