

The Church

"Destination"

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Our instruments have no way of measuring this feeling
Can never cut below the floor, or penetrate the ceiling
In the space between our houses, some bones have
been discovered
But our procession lurches on, as if we had recovered

Draconian winter unforetold
One solar day, suddenly you're old
Your little envelope just makes me cold
Makes destination start to unfold

Our documents are useless, or forged beyond
believing
Page forty-seven is unsigned, I need it by this evening
In the space between our cities, a storm is slowly
forming
Something eating up our days, I feel it every morning

Destination, destination
Destination, destination
Destination, destination

It's not a religion, it's just a technique
It's just a way of making you speak
Distance and speed have left us too weak
And destination looks kind of bleak

Our elements are burned out, our beasts have been
mistreated
I tell you it's the only way we'll get this road completed
In the space between our bodies, the air has grown
small fingers
Just one caress, you're powerless, like all those
clapped-out swingers

Destination, destination
Destination, destination
Destination, destination
Destination

