

A Punch Of Pacifist "Trick Of The Light"

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A Sunday proposal you got on one knee
down on Old Harold's farm, picnic under a tree
do you remember how a trick of the light turned the sky
green?

scraped up enough, barely enough to get by
and we bought that land when Old Harold retired
you wore those brown military shoes
married in fifty-two
you built this house with those slender strong hands
and a family was raised, grandchildren were planned
a spot of dirt but Heaven all our own
now I salt this earth

mortality binds, no one is truly free
sometimes tricks of light are all we see

hair cropped short, you never lost that style
even with the long hair we wore
nineteen-seventy-four
when we lost our first child to war
your strength kept me strong then
a massacre of fine mind brought down too fast
like paint peeling off a barn
life fades, it don't last
I've never seen you look so confused, and I'm
asking God what to do
Is the Good Book being untrue?
That bad things can't happen to good people like
you?

Seems like dust swept under the rug
Time slips by, it's never enough

Now as you lay
As I watch you fade
With eyes that stare, lost and away

Tell me what do you see? Skies of green?

Points of will shine like star
No matter how lost I know who you are

A miracle of clarity came so few and far between
As I see in your eyes who you used to be
Your rough voice begins to rasp, begging,
“set me free”

“please help me dear, before I lose my head
I can’t take another day of lying here in bed
Seeing ghosts from afar, my life hijacked like a car
And the worst is being condemned to live not
remembering who you are.
the pain is so great, can’t help but lie awake
And the shadows on the wall, echo past mistakes
As demons tear my life away, while everyone else
stays the same.
At times I can’t remember your name
I can’t do it myself would you please remove these
chains?”

My own life cried out, brought the walls crashing down
I will partake of your strength
Kitchen knife on the shelf
Don’t judge me tell me what you’d do
If your own loved one begged the same of you?

A Sunday requiem, if you ever happen to see
2 bodies buried, headstone under a tree
Look for a trick of the light turning the sky green

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