

Sleeping At Last

"Naive"

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Religion is a breeding ground
Where the devil's work is deeply found
Teeth are as sharp as cathedral spires
Slowly sinking in

God knows that I've been naive
But I think it makes Him proud of me
Now its so hard to separate
My disappointment from His name

Cause shadows stretch behind the truth
Where stained glass offers broken clues
And fear ties knots and pulls them tight
It leaves us paralyzed

But in the end such tired words will rest
The truth will reroute the narrow things they've said
The marionette strings will lower and untie
And out of the ashes, love will be realized

Cause God knows that we've been naive
And a bit nearsighted to say the least
It's broken glass at children's feet
That gets swept aside unexpectedly

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