

Thee Silver Mt. Zion

"Hang On To Each Other"

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We all got born so afraid
And still search for words
To describe that pain
And cling to each other
Like pigeons in the rain
And nuzzle over feathered breast
With beaks all worn and cracked an stained...

Hang on to each other

So this one's for the lost ones
And the dead ones & the ones who fell away
All our busted brothers
And tumbled lovers
Spitting at the rain

We all got born so afraid
And still search for words
To describe that pain

Hang on to each other...
Any fucking thing you love...

Birds toss precious flowers
From the murky skies above...

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