

Trunks & Tales

"A Faith For Heathens"

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We push on and we push upwards
We push our clenched fists toward the sun
We pray to god not to strike us down
Least we would if we believed there was one

Put my faith in all my family
Just to have faith in anyone
Lay my head down just to rest my weary eyes
Never believe in a god damn thing

Leave this earth as a jumper
Make my way south toward the sea
Swallow me as bone and spit me out as ash
I'm doing the best that I can be

You still put your faith in jesus
Cause you can't find faith in anything
I'm still breaking all these mirrors in my house
Just to prove that we are free, we are free

Haven't cleaned my house in six long months
Haven't washed my face in weeks
Use these scars as reminders, of the solitude I seek
Haven't cleaned my house in six long months
Haven't washed my face in weeks
Use these scars as reminders, of the solitude I seek

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