

Streetlight Manifesto

"Forty Days"

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And it's been forty days - I've tried forty ways
You will never quite leave your sins behind
They'll haunt you, taunt you until the day you die
You will never really go
You'll just think about it much but you'll need to know
how the story ends, so you'll sit around, even though
you should just go
Tell your friends what you have heard, show them all
the lies unlearned
And when you really go, you will really know you were
never meant for earth
What's it worth?
If we're going to break it down with any logic, it's
absurd

And no matter where we go, we are not alone
When the silence turns to cries of "Why?"
What a way to begin
We inherit sin
And nobody's going to quench your thirst when the well
runs dry
Well runs dry
And nobody's going to hold your hand on the day you
die

I've tasted seven sins - so they won't let me in
I knock knock knock until my knuckles are bruised and
raw
Stuck in the middle with my blood in a puddle on the
floor
We made our beds, we'll judge ourselves
And only then and there will we disappear to our final
resting place
What a waste!
So many decent people at the gates

And no matter where we go, we are not alone
When the silence turns to cries of "Why?"
What a way to begin
We inherit sin
And nobody's going to quench your thirst when the well

runs dry
Well runs dry
And nobody's going to hold your hand on the day you
die

And no matter who you know, you will be alone
When the silence turns to cries of "Why?"
What a way to begin
We inherit sin
And nobody's going to quench your thirst when the well
runs dry
Well runs dry
And nobody's going to hold your hand on the day you
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