Thursday
"Asleep In The Chapel"

Three chalk outlines sleep in the dirty street
And in our beds, under the sheets
They're the halo of guilt hanging around your neck
Next to the rosary you count falling asleep, and we're praying

These are the symptoms of letting go all our hope
Since we can't compete with martyred saints
We'll douse ourselves in gasoline
And hang our bodies from the lampposts
So that our shadows turn into bright lights

White lights, white heat
We'll make as we're blacking out in the center lane
We swerve to the beat, spill all the ink, no revisions
Do you hear the church bells ringing?

Wake up, wake up in an outline and try to speak
With the shattered voice of the lives we lead
Have we slept too long
Between the bullet holes in a stained glass window state?
And we're praying

These are the symptoms of letting go all our hope
When we repent and we're praying
We fall on the page, read in the margins
We are the symptoms of letting go all our hope

Someday we'll be complete like modern saints
Baptize our kids in gasoline
And hang our doubts up in cathedrals
So that they turn to faith in the colored sun

Red rain, red rain
We'll make as we're blacking out in the center lane
We swerve to the beat, spill all the ink, no revisions
Do you hear the church bells ringing? They ring for you

We woke up this morning to a sky with no air in it
And all the street's are filled with a thousand burning crosses

And what we thought was the sunrise was just passing
headlights

Still the choir girls sing
"Oh Lord, can You save us, save us?"
'Oh Lord, sing hallelujah'
'Oh Lord, can You save us, save us?'
'Oh, Lord, sing hallelujah'

They are the symptoms of letting go all our hope
We're falling asleep with open eyes
Falling asleep inside the chapel
Falling asleep in chalk outlines
Falling asleep as the headlights pass us by