

## Thursday "Mass as Shadows"

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You know it sounds better in the long run,  
where your words and symbols stack up into the night  
Hands are broken, folded like a steeple of my own  
symbol  
The song is the same, A simple word transcribed to  
hold your faith. (Ooh your faith.)  
We mass as shadows, light as dust silent to further the  
days  
Hold your frown . . .

I know it sounds better, but there's only so many things  
I want  
So we read between the lines, the song is the same as  
every sun  
Touched every sunrise on your face, that reminds us  
that spring will kill summer nights to get through  
The winter days, swaying with daylight away from harm  
All alone, where I, I roam . . .

When you can't sing, you're on your own  
When you can't sing, on your own  
when you don't have a thing to believe in  
you will find, you have something to scream about

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