

Iron Horse

"Saint Simon"

Visit "[Saint Simon](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

After all
These implements
And texts designed by intellects
We're vexed to find
Evidently there's still so much that hides
And though
The saints dub us divine
In ancient fading lines
Their sentiment is just as hard to
Pluck from the vine

I'll try hard not to pretend
Allow myself to mock defense
As I step into the night

Since I don't have time nor mind
To figure out the nursery rhymes
That helped us out in making sense of our lives
The cruel, uneventful state
Of apathy releases me
I value them but I won't cry every time one's wiped out
I'll try hard not to give in
Batten down to fare the wind
Rid my head of this pretense
Allow myself no mock defense
As I step into the night

Mercy's eyes are blue
And when she places them
In front of you
Nothing holds a
Roman candle to
The solemn warmth you feel

There's no measuring of it as nothing else is love

Visit [Iron Horse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.