

A brave morning
Thoughts flap their wings and fly
And I can still taste
Defeat on my lips

Bright tie, fish fly
I have not yet arrived
How can I not admit
I need to know you

Cause I just want to be
Something more than the mud in your eyes
I want to be the clay in your hands

Hey sorrow where are you
Tomorrow just won't be the same
Without you here
I'll wish for shoulders bold and broad to bear
And strength to hold my head above them

Cause I just want to be
Something more than the mud in your eyes
I want to be the clay in your hands

Cause Gloria is silent
And glory is a silent thing