

Man

The Church

We press on and on
Funny how the future's always waiting for you
When the day has gone
We hide away

Shadows that stalk you
The wind that calls your name
Voices in the thunder
Don't understand what they're saying

We build monuments
To celebrate our glorious dead now
Iron and cement
Above their tombs

We cast out our nets
Drag up the struggling contents surely
We must not forget
That hunger looms

Shadows that stalk you
The wind that calls your name (shadows that stalk you)
Shadows that stalk you
Child cries and he learns
And doubt returns

In the Darkest hours
We restle with our ancestors
We resist their power
The power of being

In the coldest night
Huddled 'round the dying embers
Praying for the light
Might set us free

Fingers that soothe you
Shadows that stalk you (the jokes that make you sleep)
Intricate harness
Shadows that stalk you (the harvest that you reap)

Man stalls, he flies
Man falls and he rise

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