

Blue Spade

Alexisonfire

My sweeping lie
Is drawn and getting tight
Tender teeth will gnash
On the wings of a crashing flight

Black out silence saves
As I sink in the summer sand
That cold embrace, but now I'm saved
By the grin, the reaching hand

This mad order has many faces
My lungs are tired
And now I quake
Is this what grace is?

So numb in this carbon process (Impression dies)
Impression dies, I return to the boundless (Emerging weightless)
Emerging weightless (Impression dies)
My lungs are tired
Is this what grace is?

Unanchored, drifting in caution
I can hear the heavy gospel fade
Cast below the midnight sun
I calmly dig with my blue spade

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