

## Shingles

Converge

I float above and these wings catch, and your sky holds you so  
beautiful  
And I understand if all this comes falling because my sky already has  
And my head bows, all of this I know  
And all of your precious love, you can paint as light as you see  
And you can make reasons for everything  
But as long as I dream some things will always be  
Gun in my mouth, I pray for the sunshine  
Gun in my mouth, I pray for the sunshine