

## Wayside

Deepfield

Where will you run when your kingdom falls?  
Will you think of the world?  
Where will you hide when your saviour laughs in your face-  
At the joke you've made of his name?

Here in this world how would you know  
What the angels look like?  
Here are my wings, flightless and tired of the burden

When things fall by the wayside  
I have my faith in reason

What a man tells a man becomes institution  
In your book of dead words  
And it never ever fails how the idiots prevail  
Or at least outnumber us

Here in this world how would you know  
What the angels look like?  
Here are my wings, flightless and tired of the burden

When things fall by the wayside  
You have no reason for faith

Wise men still seek him now  
But i'm skeptic of the holy epileptics  
And the seers of visions  
And the mocking of a fabulous fairy tale

Here in this world how would you know  
What the angels look like?  
Here are my wings, flightless and tired of the burden

When things fall by the wayside  
I have my faith  
You have fallen by the wayside