

## Faint Lines

Farmer Boys

The sun's your dress  
The moon's beneath your feet.  
And upon your head  
- immortality.  
Domination and reign,  
persecution and pain  
for those who stay.

I'm always, all days, in all ways with you.  
While we are drifting and falling away.  
Can't you see?

The sin's her dress  
The world lies at her feet  
The silk of crimson red  
- idolatry.  
The blood of the saints  
seduces, betrays  
and leads us astray.

I'm always, all days, in all ways with you  
While we are drifting and falling away  
I'm feeling, I'm feeling, I'm feeling it's true  
The world is drifting and falling away...

Faint lines.  
Great signs.  
Born in  
the end times

I'm always, all days, in all ways with you...