Mason Jennings

After all this useless fighting, after all our schemes We could sense a final battle and started picking teams Due to lack of good direction, i fell in with thieves And took to drinking as religion and landed on my knees Truth that starts as understanding finds you in the night And circles all around the ceiling a frightened bird in flight After spending hours beneath it, everything comes clear Truth will pose no danger to you, what hunts you both is fear Somewhere in our everafter telephones still ring Somewhere in future journals, love still means something I have learned a mighty lesson from this change of plans Loss is brutal, i can't stand it, i wonder how you can And all the while there's dogs a-barking Streets are talking out my window Out the light and the snow is flaking, hearts are breaking Words are making a mess out of these Thoughts i'm thinking, boats keep sinking It's drown or keep drinking And if this darkness came from light Then light can come from darkness i guess If this darkness came from light Then light can come from darkness i guess