

Earth Has No Sorrow

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It's time to get the lash
Time to get the rope
Sharpen the razor
Grab the microscope
It won't be pretty when they cut the tether
Sometimes you lose your address to find your shelter

Why is joy something I must steal?
Starving skeletons looking for a meal
Out in the graveyard, church bells peal
Earth has no sorrow heaven can't heal

I bought a crap detector
Emptied all my savings
It's got a hair-trigger feel for the slightest provocation
Not there to spill blood or judge out of line

It's just a modern convenience to save you some time

Johnny says to Sarah as he takes her by the hand
"I hear angels 'cross that river in Beulahland"
The waters are cold, and they're deep, my friend
I'm going down, down, down and coming up again
Now I'm checking my closets 'cos I don't know when
Surely life is more than learning how to live with your skeletons
Wind swing low
Whisper in my ear
Wind swing low
Dry these tears