

The Weary

Monolord

I clench my fist under my smile
To make it last another while
Fake the fast, learning the slow
A church is burning, what a show

Heal your wounds, the giant hole
While the heart is black and cold
A loss of words, losing again
Compromised the very end

And all this time
Nothing feels right

See the mysteries unfold
When you do what you've been told
The tears you cry, trembling with shame
The price you pay, you lost it all
Forgot to hear our nature call
I see a future left behind

And all this time
Nothing feels right
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