

# Bishop

Penny & Sparrow

Think ye not of  
Earthen autumn things  
On your lonesome  
To a neighbor bring  
Any dream that keeps you from sleeping well  
Be it Hell or if it be glory

Maranatha  
Science fiction king  
We come after, yes  
In a rocket bring  
We ourselves and naught else  
Save cosmic lust  
This frontier must  
Greater commission be anon

Heal me by degrees  
Heal me by degrees  
Fear is founded, be thou grounded  
Heal me by degrees

Dost thou not feel fed?  
Manage tempest, sing  
From a space ship bed  
Manna, blest, our voyage brings  
Hallelujah, praise every star crossed kid  
Try? We all did  
C'mon, darkness calls anon

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