

Television of Saints

Rocky Votolato

Flowers falling early this morning
Writing a chapter that I thought we never were
Words are spinning around my world
Weaving a web, washing over my heels
I can see it so clear but I make my bed and I climb in anyway
Crushed under the weight of what mistakes can cost and cause to
fall from up above
Til' this nightmare wakes up

The television is always on
Radio signals are calling you home
Waves of light and static wash away every trace of this dream of
madness
Oh, the suffering we do brings us each one that much closer to
you
Crushed under the weight of what mistakes can cost and cause to
fall from up above
Til' this nightmare wakes up

And it's calling me back to what I know is gone
How much longer can these failures go on?
Oh, the suffering we do brings us each one that much closer to
you
Crushed under the weight of what mistakes can cost and cause to
fall from up above
Til' this nightmare wakes up

And it's calling me back to what I know is gone
But I have to ask you
How much longer can these failures go on?