Visions they're dancing like puppets on strings Wait for the face in the choir to sing Cymbals and symbols you clang in my ear While rainclouds burst out into tears Burning your bridges on God's Holy Fire And all of the children you sire Over and over my blues start to roll Bypass my body head straight for my soul While speeches ain't silent and silence ain't gold When left in the dirt there to mould Burning your bridges on God's Holy Fire And all of, all of the children you sire Rainwater preachers hang vines on the road Lamplight reflections all turned into stone Of tall handsome strangers who pray down their nose And they're nailed to the cross, I suppose Burning your bridges on God's Holy Fire And all the children you sire