

Assumed Sundown

The Icicle Works

On the road into the assumed sundown a marching band is
playing
Her long hair frames her features, says this is the day
for praying
We learn so much in little time one thing they overlooked
Our textbooks made the fire in which the missionary
cooked

We believe the gospel wasn't holy
A picture house in every one-horse town
You can't disown the dream you only borrowed
Remember us to everyone you love.

On the road into the assumed sundown we'll be content to
stroll
They'll tear the shirt right off your back then come back
for your soul

Chorus