

Like carillon bells, the house of Augustus rings
With the echoing hymn of my fellow passerine, they took to it
Like a fox to a burrow, like an eagle to an aerie
And my god, it's getting hard to even hum a single thing

You were the song that I'd always sing
You were the light that the fire would bring
But I can't shake this feeling that I was only
Pushing the spear into your side again

See, my birds of a kind, they more and more are looking like
Centurions than any little messiah
And as I prune my feathers like leaves from a vine
I find that we have fewer and fewer in kind, but

My palms and fingers still reek of gasoline
From throwing fuel to the fire of that Greco-Roman dream
Purifying the holy rock to melt the gilded seams
It don't bring me relief, no it don't bring me nothing that

You were the song that I'd always sing
You were the light that the fire would bring
But I can't shake this feeling that I was only
Pushing the spear into your side again
And again and again

When he comes a knocking at my door
What am I to do, What am I to do, oh lord
When the cold wind rolls in from the north
What am I to do, What am I to do, oh lord

When he comes a knocking at my door
What am I to do, what am I to do, oh lord
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