

Vesper Light

Thrice

There's something wrong with the way that
There's something wrong with the way that they laugh
The way that they laugh
There's something haunted in how they
There's something haunted in how they look back
In how they look back

They speak of sacred light for hours
Then wrap themselves in gloom
They preach the beauty of the flowers
Then curse them as they bloom

They wear a blindfold to bury
They wear a blindfold to bury the past
To bury the past
I saw their eyes roll until they
I saw their eyes roll until they turned black
Until they turned black

Love falls by the wayside
Ashes turn to bones
Nightmares walk in daylight
Zealots fashion thrones
When the sun is gathered
Lift your sacred songs
Make the darkness scatter
Till we tread the dawn

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Stand in golden vesper light
Under the western sky, and sing
Stand amidst the fireflies
As fledgling stars arise, and sing
Stand in fields of rye and oak
Of pasque and prairie smoke, and sing
Stand with grass beneath your feet
Now gathering in the street, and sing, oh
Stand atop the barricade
Unbent and unafraid, and sing, oh
Stand in solidarity
With all humanity, and sing, oh
Stand in the embraces of
Your wild and gracious loves, and sing

Stand in golden vesper light
Under the western sky, and sing