

Samuel Aging Spalding was from Spokane  
Right around the corner from the church  
Just above his temples he was balding  
Hear him pray, hear him pray

You bestow your blessing on the heads of the living  
His words are like a soft bell  
Listen to the dead voice and the silence that is ringing  
Like an echo in a dying well

He dipped his pen in ink and stayed up writing  
half that night and the following day  
Breathing smoke and doing coke  
And fighting to stay awake  
To stay awake

If a thousand chandeliers could have been there shining  
In the country of a cold sleep  
He might've been steered to a faith that was blinding  
Instead of stumbling in his own defeat

Samuel  
I think you said too much  
Samuel  
There's always something there behind you  
Samuel  
Your sentence dead five times before it hit the ground  
and it the ground and it sounds like...

Well he raked his eyes and read what he had laid down.  
His tongue was dry, his eyes were moist and red.  
Exhausted from the work he went and laid down  
and the writing read and the writing read

Run walk or stagger to you old lifes hanging  
It doesn't matter if it feels right  
Funnel yourself through to the world your planning  
Riding on your insight.

Spells and curses, bells and churches  
Peeling bells the silence swells