

Andy Stochansky, Hymn

Fly down back by to my arms
And sing your songs about the stars
And when you're done, just be a bird
There's nothing else, just be a bird
And rest your song against the night
And close your eyes, put out the light
Your stars blew out without a word
Leave all alone to be a bird
Fall with your God
Let this hymn come help your fall
And let all those who judge you
Let all who condemn, be still
Brush your dust off from your heart
And never let it fall apart
I read the past across your wing
Tattooed names of nameless kings

Fall with your God
Let this hymn come help your fall
And let all those who judge you
Let all who condemn, be still
Is the last waiting room
And this is the last waiting room
This is the last waiting room
This is the last waiting room
And this is the last waiting room
And this is the last waiting room for us
So, fall with your God
Let this hymn come help your fall
And let all those judge you
Let all who condemn, be still