

I'm playing to the clap of,  
nail scarred hands,  
I'm singing to the rhythm,  
of my fallen-away, plans.

But whatever the floor,  
whatever the crowd,  
I'll stand in my socks,  
as the music sounds.

And to be without you,  
means a soul-less pursuit,  
and a soul-less passion,  
in soul-less shoes.

So I'll claim this ground,  
Representing an army,  
It's a battle field,  
But who on earth, could harm me?

**It's an audience of one, I'm singing to.  
One hand above them all I'm, clinging to.**

And there are all those books,  
on DIY,  
on how to fix ourselves,  
before we off, and die.

Everyday of the week,  
people ask the question,  
'what do we do with this life?'  
Well I'm glad, you mentioned.

**(Chorus) x2**

I will rejoice in all you are,  
And how you formed me from the start.  
Because surrounding me are angels,  
in the shape of my scars.

**(Chorus) x2**