

# 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