

The Duel

Allison Moorer

In this cemetery mist
Stands a newborn atheist
Even if you do exist
You're far from almighty
Flesh and blood's a sissy fist
Death's a gold glove pugilist
And everyday it's hit or miss
That's what I believe

I stared at my polished shoes
In front of your wooden pews
Prayed and prayed don't let me lose
What my heart adores
Are miracles old-fashioned news
No healing hands were ever used
Faithfulness was my excuse
Tell me what was yours

I don't know how many rounds
Are left in me 'til I stay down
And there's no telling where I'm bound
But one thing I'm sure of
The king of kings has lost his crown
It's buried here in marble town
In the god forsaken ground
With my only love