

Skin & Bones

Fit for a King

Forgive me now
For I have sold my soul for gold
Washed up on shore
A thousand miles away from home
Just as I begin to settle in to these skin and bones,
alone
I find the answers to questions I have never known

Is there life beyond the grave?
And will I make the same mistakes, day after day?
There must be a better way

Running from time to try and keep myself alive
Release my pride to keep from pushing the light aside
Now as I begin to let this in
I must keep the best in mind
And remove myself from the things that are wasting my
time

I know that one of these days
I'll finally see you face to face at the golden gates
Will you take me or will I fade into the grave?
I know these words won't hold any weight
But please don't turn away
Don't turn away from me

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