

When Comes Sunday

12 Rods

My will should come together, yea!
Just keep away from me, yea!
Look over my cloudy skies
'Cause I've got blood on my knees
From praying too hard to my bed

Fall on me I am your one and only love

Reach up high grab that northern star
Don't let your God say it's too far
You sketch my life on paper
And I'll swear to you one day that
You'll be begging on your knees
Begging please

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