

Thus from My Lips, by Yours, My Sin Is Purged

As Cities Burn

well, I've got a will but I want yours
I've got a growing heap of crosses and burdens
I've simply lost heart to shoulder
simply no strength to lift
I've always been a man in need
'cause I keep stepping in and out of the shadow

caught by the drift and pitch of whatever it is
that keeps me coming back
I want out
'cause I'm getting sick
sick from all this swerving
driver, sick from turning on you

someone show me a hole in this cycle
show me the way away and i'm coming back
the way I came
no! I've seen this place before
surely this is no place for the light of this world

oh how sweet the sound
I know it saved but is it changing a wretch like me
oh my God how sweet is the sound
I once was blind but now I just look away

my bride, I don't want to know what I'd be without
forgiveness brushing these adulterous lips