

Inside Ourselves

Bride

Flowers on my grave Jesus saves that's the bitter taste of blac
kness
Eyes closed tight, pitch of night, staring into the face of bl
indness
If I'm possessed if I confess kneeling feeling the earth beneat
h
Stumbling mumbling it ends at the cross,
Undistinguished words make me complete
Gazing, Raising, instinctively up, warmth to wrap the coldness
Draining, straining, all in me waning, to muster the faith of b
oldness
Teaching, reaching, outward and on, to touch what lays before m
e
Coping hoping to find a recall
Never disappointed in what I see
We only live inside ourselves
Until someone takes us out of here
You got to stand for something
You've got to stop the suffering