

## Separate

Bride

Motivated by reflexes  
Dragging air of remote disdain  
Sober the self grim satisfaction  
From the tides of time refrain  
Surf the pulse in my ears  
Unraveled string of consciousness  
Receding fear behind the darkness  
Yearning for the God I trust  
Nothing More I can say  
Nothing More I can say  
Separate yourself from them  
Separate yourself from them  
Consumed sentiment  
Blind emotion  
Interlace through common belief  
Sacrificed all they loved  
For the Savior that died as a thief  
Nibble at the fringes of circumspect  
Harvest the shredded doubt  
Gather what little remains  
And faith will quench the drought