

This world has whittled away my goodness  
A graying bitter man displayed  
An angel, 10 yrs old, repentant  
A half dead heretic

Embers of images playing through the Church's halls  
A mind so full of hymns and lessons from the basement  
The Holy Eucharist dissolved upon innocent tongues  
Eternal backslide, I've lost my way

Here I am, a lamb defaced  
Lost in the world of fables  
The nearer to the pew  
The further from the Son and the light

In times of woe you cease to be  
The rock for me to stand upon  
Drowning in the siren's song for me  
Never touch the face of love again  
~ Rohrbough~

In times of woe you cease to be  
The rock for me to stand upon  
Drowning in the tide that washes me  
Swaying lifeless to and fro

Come to me now, why so afraid?  
Your faith was tossed away  
Like branches withering and gathered for the burn  
Now we come face to face, my son, the trembling apostate  
This jealous God will show you what remains

I am the dumping ground of dreams unplanted in the soul  
A lantern left behind you stumble through the night  
A life of broken dreams, I tear upon delicate seams  
Eternal backslider you've paved your way