

The Circle

Deliverance

How much does it take for a man to feel rich?
Is a bag of silver enough to be betrayed with a kiss?
The wandering fool searches for his pot of gold
He doesn't know what is bid upon has already been sold
Lifts his eyes to the skies once again
The question of life and what has God done for him
Blames everyone else for his thoughtless life
And he talks to the dead for consent in what is right
Choosing to ignore the plan divine
And finds himself the dying fruit on the vine
And he centers in... on himself
You're kicking the pricks
Wasting all your time
You're kicking the pricks
It's all out of line
Misery has worn strength he once knew
At play in the fields of the Lord is what he thought he's do
Living in the night not wanting so the light of day
Only fooling yourself ignoring the only way
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