

Lost

Tomme Profitt

Out in the wild
Far from home
Wandering for miles
Feet turned stone
I feel the hunger
Of a different kind
Darker instincts
Flood my mind

Like a river, it takes me away
Like a river, it takes me away

I bang on the doors
Outside God's walls
Won't let me in
Don't hear my call
My skeleton shakes
It rattles bones
No place to rest in hell I roam

Like a river, it takes me away
Like a river, it takes me away

Lost
Oh Lord I'm Lost
Lost
Oh Lord I'm Lost
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