

## Pat Wictor

### "To Kingdom Come"

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That's a frosty way to speak  
To tell me how to live next to your potpourri  
All this talking pulls my teeth  
I believed in you so you'd believe in

Me, I cried out "God!"  
You dared me in the dark  
I felt a hush fall quietly from my spark  
So now I hide in piles  
Of princely orange peels  
It feels the way you told me  
How it'd always feel

Once I had a name to claim  
I scraped on all the walls  
Like an orthodox saint  
I wish for the same old things  
That turned me inside out,  
Keeling in such pain  
It's all a game

Me, I cried out "God!"  
You dared me in the dark  
I felt a hush fall quietly from my spark  
So now I hide in piles  
Of princely orange peels  
It feels the way you told me  
How it'd always feel

Never have I ever been  
Clutching at your hair  
To cure you of some sin  
But that's the kind of state I'm in  
Swimming in a pool of godly medicine

Come, come hear it calling me yelling like  
If ever there was someone who could make things  
Heavenly again  
Feel alright!

Me, I cried out "God!"

You dared me in the dark  
I felt a hush fall quietly from my spark  
So now I hide in piles  
Of princely orange peels  
It feels the way you told me  
How it'd always feel

Me, I cried out "God!"  
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