

Rich King

"Freedom"

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Oh I turned it off
I turned my heart back to safety mode
Today I'm not so strong
No I don't feel so brave at all

Now I'm looking through this book of poems
But you'll never convince me
That I'm the author of these words
My exclamations
They're bending like question marks

So I'll carry on
Maybe I'll live again
Angels of light
Spare me some grace
Bring me power
Bring me water
Bring me daylight
Could you bring me hope
But most of all I
Ask would
You please
Bring back my freedom to me

Fell in love with a pyromaniac
You wouldn't know she was such a fire starter
I took her down to my secret hiding place
But she had no consideration for what was sacred
I would've preferred if she just got a two by four
And struck me to my knees

Now her body
Has taken shape into my mattress
And when I turn over
I fall back into her

So I'll carry on
Maybe I'll live again
Angels of light
Spare me some grace
Bring me power

Bring me water
Bring me daylight
Could you bring me hope
But most of all I
Ask would
You please
Bring back my freedom to me

Bring me power
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