

## **Atheist "Third Person"**

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I feel so outside, of the realms of the stitching.  
So very inside, arms frailing and kicking  
Symbolically I'm taking hold  
Harmonically my soul is sold to me  
I was the highest bidder, dripping blood on the dark  
side  
In my veins not a quitter.  
First and second and third person  
First and second and third person!

Once seemed like mountains, proceed to the fountains  
Of the angriest youth, you could ever imagine.  
7300 sunsets have passed since we last tapped that  
fountain  
That mountain of anger has grown a brain with  
thought, and reason.  
No better sight than before my eyes.  
It's as though history repeats itself... again.

Much different this time  
Better form, better fitting.  
An angle from up high, born when I first listen.  
Historically it has been told, harmonically your soul is  
sold to old.  
I was the highest bidder, dripping blood on the dark  
side  
In my veins not a quitter  
First and second, and third person  
First and second and third person!

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