

## Concept Of God "Traces"

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I have no doubt that you are blind  
Walk a holy path broken from inside  
Gracious creatures flail tearing at flesh  
Traces of life are broken from inside

We sing a lonely song  
Fall to your knees  
Fall to the ground  
See life slip out  
Fall to your knees  
Fall to the ground

Righteous wisdom we trip on false words  
Pious sanctity broken from inside  
Endless hours of psychobabble  
Walking straight lines follow narrow path  
Now the day has come to wake from your sleep

Twisting writhing no power left inside

We sing a lonely song  
Fall to your knees  
Fall to the ground  
See life slip out  
Fall to your knees  
Fall to the ground

Gracious creatures flail tearing at flesh  
Traces of life are broken from inside  
Endless hours of psychobabble  
Walking straight lines follow narrow path

We sing a lonely song  
Fall to your knees  
Fall to the ground  
See life slip out  
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